HOMERS Odysses.

Translated
By THO. HOBBES
of *Malmsbury.*

With a Large
PREFACE
Concerning the VERTUES
OF AN
HEROIQUE POEM.

Written by the Translator.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. C.* for *W. Crook*, at the *Green Dragon* without *Temple-Bar.* 1675.

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TO THE READER.

CONCERNING The VERTUES of an HEROIQUE POEM.

THe Vertues required in an Heroick Poem (and indeed in all Writings publiſhed) are comprehended all in this one word *Diſcretion*.

And Diſcretion conſiſteth in this, That every part of the Poem be conducing, and in good order placed to the End and Deſigne of the Poet. And the Deſigne is not only to profit, but alſo to delight the Reader.

By Profit, I intend not here any acceſſion of Wealth either to the Poet, or to the Reader; but acceſſion of Prudence, Juſtice, and Fortitude, by the Example of ſuch Great and Noble

Perſons as he introduceth ſpeaking, or deſcribeth acting. For all men love to behold, though not to practiſe Vertue. So that at laſt the work of an Heroique Poet is no more but to furniſh an ingenuous Reader (when his leiſure abounds) with the diverſion of an honeſt and delightful Story, whether true or feigned.

But becauſe there be many men called Critiques, and Wits, and Vertuoſi, that are accuſtomed to cenſure the Poets, and moſt of them of divers Judgments: How is it poſſible (you'l ſay) to pleaſe them all? Yes, very well; if the Poem be as it ſhould be. For men can judge what's good, that know not what is beſt. For he that can judge what is beſt, muſt have conſidered all thoſe things (though they be almoſt innumerable) that concur to make the reading of an Heroique Poem pleaſant. Whereof I'll name as many as ſhall come into my mind.

And they are contained, firſt, in the choice of words. Secondly, in the

the construction. Thirdly, in the contrivance of the Story or Fiction. Fourthly, in the Elevation of the Fancie. Fifthly, in the Justice and Impartiality of the Poet. Sixthly, in the clearness of Descriptions. Seventhly, in the Amplitude of the Subject.

And (to begin with words) the first Indiscretion is, The use of such words as to the Readers of Poesie (which are commonly Persons of the best Quality) are not sufficiently known. For the work of an Heroique Poem is to raise admiration (principally) for three Vertues, Valour, Beauty, and Love, to the reading whereof Women no less than Men have a just pretenee, though their skill in Language be not so universal. And therefore forein words till by long use they become vulgar, are unintelligible to them. Also the names of Instruments and Tools of Artificers, and words of Art, though of use in the Schools, are far from being fit to be spoken by a

Heroe. He may delight in the Arts themselves, and have skill in some of them; but his Glory lies not in that, but in Courage, Nobility, and other Vertues of Nature, or in the Command he has over other men. Nor does *Homer* in any part of his Poem attribute any praise to *Achilles*, or any blame to *Alexander*, for that they had both learnt to play upon the Ghittarre. The Character of words that become a Heroe are Property, and Significancie, but without both the malice and lasciviousnes of a Satyr.

Another Vertue of an Heroique Poem is the Perspicuity and the Facility of Construction, and consisteth in a natural contexture of the words, so as not to discover the labour but the natural ability of Poet, and this is usually called a good Style. For the order of words when placed as they ought to be, carries a light before it, whereby a man may foresee the length of his period; as a torch in the night shews a man the stops and unevennes in his

his way. But when plac'd unnaturally, the Reader will often find unexpected checks, and be forced to go back and hunt for the ſenſe, and ſuffer ſuch uneaſe, as in a Coach a man unexpectedly finds in paſſing over a furrow. And though the Laws of Verſe (which have bound the Greeks and Latines to number of Feet, and quantity of Syllables, and the Engliſh and other Nations to number of Syllables and Rime) put great conſtraint upon the natural courſe of Language; yet the Poet, having the liberty to depart from what is obſtinate, and to chuſe ſomewhat elſe that is more obedient to ſuch Laws, and no leſs fit for his purpoſe, ſhall not be (neither by the meaſure, nor by the neceſſity of Rime) excuſed; though a Tranſlation often may.

A third Vertue lies in the Contrivance. For there is difference between a Poem and a Hiſtory in Proſe. For a Hiſtory is wholly related by the Writer; but in a Heroique Poem the Narration is, a great part of it, put

upon ſome of the perſons introduced by the Poet. So *Homer* begins not his *Iliad* with the injury done by *Paris*, but makes it related by *Menelaus*, and very briefly as a thing notorious; nor begins he his *Odyſſes* with the departure of *Ulyſſes* from *Troy*, but makes *Ulyſſes* himſelf relate the ſame to *Alcinous*, in the midſt of his Poem; which I think much more pleaſant and ingenious, than a too preciſe and cloſe following of the time.

A fourth is in the Elevation of Fancie, which is generally taken for the greateſt praiſe of Heroique Poetry; and is ſo, when governed by diſcretion. For men more generally affect and admire Fancie than they do either Judgment, or Reaſon, or Memory, or any other intellectual Vertue, and for the pleaſantneſs of it, give to it alone the name of Wit, accounting Reaſon and Judgment but for a dull entertainment. For in Fancie conſiſteth the Sublimity of a Poet, which is that Poetical Fury which the Readers for the moſt part call

call for. It flies abroad ſwiftly to fetch in both Matter and Words; but if there be not Diſcretion at home to diſtinguiſh which are fit to be uſed and which not, which decent, and which undecent for Perſons, Times, and Places, their delight and grace is loſt. But if they be diſcreetly uſed, they are greater ornaments of a Poem by much than any other. A Metaphor alſo (which is a compariſon contracted into a word) is not unpleaſant; but when they are ſharp, and extraordinary, they are not fit for an Heroique Poet, nor for a publique conſultation, but only for an Accuſation or Defence at the Bar.

A fifth lies in the Juſtice and Impartiality of the Poet, and belongeth as well to Hiſtory as to Poetry. For both the Poet and the Hiſtorian writeth only (or ſhould do) matter of Fact. And as far as the truth of Fact can defame a man, ſo far they are allowed to blemiſh the reputation of Perſons. But to do the ſame upon Re-

port, or by inference, is below the dignity not only of a Heroe but of a Man. For neither a Poet nor an Historian ought to make himself an absolute Master of any mans good name. None of the Emperors of *Rome* whom *Tacitus* or any other Writer hath condemned, was ever subject to the Judgment of any of them, nor were they ever heard to plead for themselves, which are things that ought to be antecedent to condemnation. Nor was (I think) *Epicurus* the Philosopher (who is transmitted to us by the Stoicks for a man of evil and voluptuous life) ever called, convented, and lawfully convicted, as all men ought to be before they be defamed. Therefore 'tis a very great fault in a Poet to speak evil of any man in their Writings Historical.

A sixth Vertue consists in the perfection and curiosity of Descriptions, which the ancient Writers of Eloquence call *Icones*, that is *Images*. And an Image is always a part, or rather

ther the ground of a Poetical compariſon. As (for example) when *Virgil* would ſet before our eyes the fall of *Troy*, he deſcribes perhaps the whole Labour of many men together in the felling of ſome great Tree, and with how much ado it fell. This is the Image. To wch if you but add theſe words, So fell *Troy*, you have the Compariſon entire; the grace whereof lieth in the lightſomneſs, and is but the deſcription of all (even of the minuteſt) parts of the thing deſcribed; that not only they that ſtand far off, but alſo they that ſtand near, and look upon it with the oldeſt ſpectacles of a Critique, may approve it. For a Poet is a Painter, and ſhould paint Actions to the underſtanding with the moſt decent words, as Painters do Perſons and Bodies with the choiceſt colours, to the eye; which if not done nicely, will not be worthy to be plac'd in a Cabinet.

The ſeventh Vertue wch lying in the Amplitude of the Subject, is nothing but variety, and a thing without which

a whole Poem would be no pleaſanter than an Epigram, or one good Verſe; nor a Picture of a hundred figures better than any one of them aſunder, if drawn with equal art. And theſe are the Vertues which ought eſpecially to be looked upon by the Critiques. in the comparing of the Poets, *Homer* with *Virgil*, or *Virgil* with *Lucan*. For theſe only, for their excellencie, I have read or heard compared.

If the compariſon be grounded upon the firſt and ſecond Vertues, which conſiſt in known words and Style unforc'd, they are all excellent in their own Language, though perhaps the Latin than the Greek is apter to diſpoſe it ſelf into an Hexameter Verſe, as having both fewer Monoſyllables and fewer Polyſyllables. And this may make the Latin Verſe appear more grave and equal, which is taken for a kind of Majeſty; though in truth there be no Majeſty in words but then when they ſeem to proceed from an high and weighty imployment of the mind.

mind. But neither *Homer*, nor *Virgil*, nor *Lucan*, nor any Poet writing commendably (though not excellently) was ever charged much with unknown words, or great constraint of Style, as being a fault proper to Translators, when they hold themselves too superstitiously to their Authors words.

In the third Vertue, which is Contrivance, there is no doubt but *Homer* excels them all. For their Poems (except the Introduction of their Gods) are but so many Histories in Verse; whereas *Homer* has woven so many Histories together as contain the whole Learning of his time (which the Greeks call *Cyclopædia*) and furnished both the Greek and Latin Stages with all the Plots and Arguments of their Tragedies.

The fourth Vertue which is the height of Fancie, is almost proper to *Lucan*, and so admirable in him, that no Heroique Poem raises such admiration of the Poet, as his hath done, though no:

not ſo great admiration of the perſons he introduceth. And though it be a mark of a great Wit; yet it is fitter for a Rhetorician than a Poet, and rebelleth often againſt Diſcretion; as when he ſays

Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.

that is,

The Side that Won the Gods approved moſt,
But Cato *better lik'd the Side that loſt.*

Than which nothing could be ſpoken more glorioufly to the Exaltation of a man, nor more diſgracefully to the Depreſſion of the Gods. *Homer* indeed maketh ſome Gods for the *Greeks*, and ſome for the *Trojans*; but always makes *Jupiter* impartial. And never prefers the judgment of a Man before that of *Jupiter*; much leſs before the judgment of all the Gods together.

The fifth Vertue, which is the Juſtice and Impartiality of a Poet, is very

very eminent in *Homer* and *Virgil*, but the contrary in *Lucan*. *Lucan* ſhews himſelf openly in the *Pompeyan* Faction; inveighing againſt *Cæſar* throughout his Poem, like *Cicero* againſt *Cataline* or *Marc Antony*; and is therefore juſtly reckon'd by *Quintilian* as a Rhetorician rather than a Poet. And a great part of the delight of his Readers proceedeth from the pleaſure which too many men take to hear Great Perſons cenſured. But *Homer* and *Virgil* (eſpecially *Homer*) do every where what they can to preſerve the Reputation of their Heroes.

If we compare *Homer* and *Virgil* by the ſixth Vertue, which is the clearneſs of Images (or Deſcriptions) it is manifeſt that *Homer* ought to be preferr'd, though *Virgil* himſelf were to be the Judge. For there are very few Images in *Virgil* beſides thoſe which he hath tranſlated out of *Homer*, ſo that *Virgils* Images are *Homers* Praiſes. But what if he have added ſomething to it of his own? Though he have, yet

it

it is no addition of praiſe, becauſe 'tis eaſie. But he hath ſome Images which are not in *Homer*, and better than his. It may be ſo, and ſo may other Poets have which never durſt compare themſelves with *Homer*. Two or three fine ſayings are not enough to make a Wit. But where is that Image of his better done by him than *Homer*, of thoſe that have been done by them both? Yes, *Euſtathius* (as Mr. *Ogilby* hath obſerv'd) where they both deſcribe the falling of a Tree prefers *Virgil*'s deſcription. But *Euſtathius* is in that, I think, miſtaken. The place of *Homer* is in the fourth of the *Iliads*, the ſenſe whereof is this:

As when a man hath fell'd a Poplar tree
Tall, ſtreight, and ſmooth, with all the fair boughs on;
Of which he means a Coach-wheel made ſhall be,
And leaves it on the Bank, to dry i'th' Sun;
So lay the comely Simoiſius,
Slain by great Ajax, *Son of* Telamon.

It is manifeſt that in this place *Homer*

mer intended no more than to ſhew how comely the body of *Simoiſius* appeared as he lay dead upon the Bank of *Scamander*, ſtreight, and tall, with a fair head of hair, and like a ſtreight and high Poplar with the boughs ſtill on; and not at all to deſcribe the manner of his falling, which (when a man is wounded through the breaſt, as he was with a Spear) is always ſudden.

The deſcription of how a great Tree falleth, when many men together hew it down, is in the ſecond of *Virgil's Æneads*. The ſenſe of it, with the compariſon is in Engliſh this:

(ſmoke,
And Troy, *methought, then ſunk in fire and*
And overturned was in every part:
As when upon the mountain an old Oak
Is hewn about with keen ſteel to the heart,
And pli'd by Swains with many heavy blows,
It nods and every way it threatens round,
Till overcome with many wounds it bows,
And leiſurely at laſt comes to the ground.

And here again it is evident that *Virgil* meant to compare the manner how

how *Troy* after many Battles, and after the losses of many Cities, conquer'd by the many Nations under *Agamemnon* in a long War, and thereby weak'ned, and at last overthrown, with a great Tree hewn round about, and then falling by little and little leisurely.

So that neither these two Descriptions, nor the two Comparisons can be compared together. The Image of a man lying on the ground is one thing; the Image of falling (especially of a Kingdom) is another. This therefore gives no advantage to *Virgil* over *Homer*. 'Tis true, that this Description of the Felling and Falling of a Tree is exceeding graceful. But is it therefore more than *Homer* could have done if need had been? Or is there no Description in *Homer* of somewhat else as good as this? Yes; and in many of our English Poets now alive. If it then be lawful for *Julius Scaliger* to say, that if *Jupiter* would have described the fall of a Tree, he could not have

have mended this of *Virgil*; it will be lawful for me to repeat an old Epigram of *Antipater*, to the like purpose, in favour of *Homer*.

The Writer of the famous Trojan *War,*
And of Ulysses *Life, O* Jove *make known,*
Who, whence he was; for thine the Verses are,
And he would have us think they are his own.

The seventh and last commendation of an Heroique Poem consisteth in Amplitude and Variety; and in this *Homer* exceedeth *Virgil* very much, and that not by superfluity of words, but by plenty of Heroique matter, and multitude of Descriptions and Comparisons (whereof *Virgil* hath translated but a small part into his *Æneads*) such as are the Images of Shipwracks, Battles, Single Combats, Beauty, Passions of the mind, Sacrifices, Entertainments, and other things, whereof *Virgil* (abating what he borrows of *Homer*) has scarce the twentieth part. It is no wonder therefore if all the ancient Learned men both of *Greece* and

Rome

Rome have given the first place in Poe-
try to *Homer*. It is rather strange tha
two or three, and of late time, and
but Learners of the Greek tongue
should dare to contradict so many com-
petent Judges both of Language and
Discretion. But howsoever I defend
Homer, I aim not thereby at any re-
flection upon the following Transla-
tion. Why then did I write it? Be-
cause I had nothing else to do. Why
publish it? Because I thought it might
take off my Adversaries from shewing
their folly upon my more serious Wri-
tings, and set them upon my Verses to
shew their wisdom. But why without
Annotations? Because I had no hope
to do it better than it is already done
by Mr. *Ogilby*.

T. HOBBES.

HOM. ODYSS.

Lib. I.

TEll me, O Muſe, th' Adventures of the Man
That having ſack'd the ſacred Town of *Troy*,
Wandred ſo long at Sea; what courſe he ran
By winds & tempeſts driven from his way:
That ſaw the Cities, and the faſhions knew
Of many men, but ſuffer'd grievous pain
To ſave his own life, and bring home his crew.
Though for his crew, all he could do was vain.
They loſt themſelves by their own inſolence,
Feeding, like fools, on the Suns ſacred Kine.
Which did the ſplendid Deity incenſe
To their dire fate. Begin, O Muſe divine.
The Greeks from *Troy* were all returned home,
All that the War and winds had ſpar'd, except
The diſcontent *Ulyſſes* only; whom
In hollow caves the Nymph *Calypſo* kept.
But when the years and days were come about,
Wherein was woven his return by fate
To *Ithaca*, (but neither there without
Great pain) the Gods then pitied his eſtate,
All ſaving *Neptune*, who did never ceaſe
To hinder him from reaching his own ſhore,
And perſecute him ſtill upon the Seas
Till he got home. Then troubled him no more.
Neptune was now far off in Black-moor land
(The Black-moors are the utmoſt of Mankind,
As far as Eaſt and Weſt aſunder ſtand,
So far the Black-moors borders are disjoyn'd.)

In

Invited there to feast on Ram and Bull.
There sat he merry. Th'other Gods were then
Met on *Olympus* in a Synod full,
In th'house of *Jove*, Father of Gods and Men.
And first spake *Jove*, whose thoughts were now upon
Ægistus death, which he but then first knew,
By th'hand of *Agamemnons* valiant Son,
Who to revenge his Fathers blood him slew.
Ha! How dare mortals tax the Gods, and say,
Their harms do all proceed from our Decree,
And by our setting; when by their crimes they
Against our wills make their own destiny?
As now *Ægistus* did *Atrides* kill
Newly come home, and married his wife;
Although he knew it was against my will,
And that it would cost him one day his life.
Sent we not *Hermes* to him to forbid
The murder, and the marriage of the wife,
And tell him if the contrary he did
Oreſtes should revenge it on his life?
All this said *Hermes*, as we bad him. But
Ægistus, for all this, was not afraid
His lust in execution to put.
And therefore now has dearly for it paid.
Then *Pallas* moved on *Ulysses* part,
And said, O Father *Jove*, the King of Kings,
Ægystus fate was fit for his desert,
So let them perish'all that do such things.
'Tis for *Ulysses* that I live in pain,
Poor man, long absent from his friends, forlorn
In a small Isle, the Centre of the Main; (mourn.
Kept from his home doth nought but grieve and
The Isle is beautifi'd with goodly trees.
And in it dwells a Nymph. Her Fathers name
Atlas, that all the depths of th'Ocean sees;
And beareth up the Pillars of the same,
And Heaven and earth to boot. His daughter 'tis
That with fair words and gentle courtesie
Detains *Ulysses*. And her meaning is
Forever there to have his company.

Whilst

Whilſt he, alas! even dies for very grief.
To ſee the ſmoke of *Ithaca* he wiſhes,
And would take that for ſome, though ſmall relief.
And yet you are not mov'd. Were not *Ulyſſes*
His Sacrifices on the *Trojan* ſhore
Both free and bountiful? They were, you know,
In th'*Argive* Camp, I dare ſay, no mans more.
Why therefore, Father, ſhould you hate him ſo?
To her, the mighty *Jove* made this reply.
Child, what a word is this that you let fall?
Do I neglect *Ulyſſes*, or do I
Ulyſſes hate, that amongſt mortals all
For wiſdom and for piety excels?
Neptune that backs and ſhakes the earth, 'tis he
Whoſe breaſt with anger and revenge ſtill ſwells
Againſt him, for his Sons calamity,
The God-like *Polypheme*, *Cyclops* the great,
Whom on *Thooſa*, *Phorcys* daughter brave
Neptune the King of Waters did beget,
Embracing her within a hollow cave;
And him *Ulyſſes* has depriv'd of ſight.
For which, though *Neptune* do not him deſtroy,
He croſſes him with dangers day and night,
And drives him up and down out of his way.
But well, let us that are aſſembled now
Bethink us how to bring him home. 'Tis odds
'Twill cool his rage. He has not ſtrength enough
T'oppoſe the power of all the other Gods.
Then *Pallas* ſaid, O *Jove*, of Kings the King,
Since the bleſt Gods have thought good, and decreed
Ulyſſes to his native ſoil to bring,
Let's *Hermes* ſend unto the Nymph with ſpeed,
In th'Iſle *Ogygia*, to let her know
Our ſentence, that ſhe may the ſame obey.
And I to *Ithaca* mean while will go,
And cauſe his Son to call without delay
The Common-Councel; and to make him bold,
To warn his Mothers Suiters to be gone,
And feaſt no longer on his Herd and Fold,
As they before had inſolently done.

To

To *Sparta* too, I'll send him, and to *Pyle*
T'enquire about his Fathers Navigation,
That in the world by Travel for a while
He may acquire a greater reputation.
This said, upon her feet her shooes she binds,
Ambrosian Golden shooes, that do her bear
On land and water swiftly as the winds.
And takes in hand her brazen-headed Spear;
A heavy, massie, and strong Spear, the same
Wherewith, when angry, she the armed bands
Of mighty men of War does eas'ly tame.
That was the Spear she carried in her hands.
Then from the high *Olympus* leapt she down
T'*Ulysses* house, and stood in the Hall-door
I'th' shape of *Mentes* that possest the Crown
O'th' *Taphian* people, whom he reigned o'r.
And thence beheld the Suiters in the Court
Sitting upon the hides of beeves, which they
Themselves had kill'd, and wanting other sport,
Playing at Chess they pass'd their time away.
Mean while their Officers and Serving-men
Were busie mingling water with the wine,
Others the meat divide, others make clean,
Set up and rub the Tables till they shine.
Telemachus now with the Suiters sate
Fancying, in case his father should appear,
Brought home by th' Gods or by some lucky fate,
How then these knaves would slink away for fear;
And he again recover his estate,
And in his own land rule without a Peer.
He was the first that spi'd the Goddess, and
Then presently he hast'ned to the door;
Receives her Spear and takes her by the hand,
And both go in, she after, he before.
You shall (said he) stranger be welcome here:
But first let's sup, and afterwards wee'l find
Sufficient time both for me to inquire,
And you to tell your business and your mind.
When they were come into the stately Hall,
Her Spear within a case he sets upright

a pillar, in which caſe the Spears were all,
His father left behind going to fight.
hen led her to a chair, which ſtood upon
A dainty Carpet curiouſly wrought,
nd put t'her feet a ſtool to reſt upon,
And for himſelf a handſom ſtool he brought:
hen did a Maid in a fine golden ewer
Bring water for their hands, and pours it on
ver a Baſon large of ſilver pure,
And ſet a table to them, for both, one.
rom others ſeats remoter than to fear
Their rudeneſs might offend her, or that they
ight peradventure liſtening overhear
What he and ſhe did of *Ulyſſes* ſay.
nother ſets on bread and other things
To eat, ſuch as in her charge were at home.
ut fleſh of many ſorts the carver brings,
And the cup-bearers often go and come.
hen came the Suiters in, and took their places
All on a row. To each a table ſtands,
nd golden boul, one way look all their faces,
The waiters bring in water for their hands.
he Maids in baſkets bring both bread and meat
On which they lay their hands with great good will,
nd heartily and haſtily they eat,
And to the brim their cups the Servants fill.
When they of hunger had pluckt out the ſting,
The luſty Suiters thoughts converted were
To dancing, and to hear the minſtril ſing,
Sports that are conſecrated to good chear.
To *Phemius* the minſtril that was by
Unwillingly, forc'd by th'unruly throng,
They brought a Cittern, and he preſently
Began to play, and then to ſing a ſong.
But to the Goddeſs *Pallas*, in her ear
Telemachus began to ſpeak his mind,
Not being willing any elſe ſhould hear.
Excuſe me, Friend, that I ſay what I find.
You ſee the care of theſe men what it is,
Singing and dancing. And no wonder, ſince

That

That which they ſpend is not their own, but his
Whoſe bones lie ſomewhere naked far from hence
Unburied, it may be on the ground,
There rotting as he lies i'th' dew and rain,
Or elſe at Sea, perhaps, if he be drown'd,
The waves his body roll upon the main.
If him at home the beſt of them ſhould meet
Safely arriv'd in *Ithaca*, he would
Much rather wiſh, I think, for nimble feet
Than to be rich in garments or in gold.
But Oh! He's dead, and of ſome cruel death;
And though ſome tell us he is coming home,
'Tis comfortleſs, for he's bereav'd of breath.
To *Ithaca* I ne'r ſhall ſee him come.
But let this paſs, and tell me truly now
Your own, your Fathers, and your Countries name,
And further I deſire you'll let me know,
Whence are the Mariners that with you came
Unto this Town, and tell me this likewiſe
Where rideth the good ſhip that brought you to't.
For verily I can no way deviſe
How you ſhould come on horſback or on foot.
And tell me were you never here before,
Nor ſaw my Father whilſt he here abode?
For ſtrangers came to viſit him good ſtore
As having much converſt with men abroad.
I'll clearly ſpeak (ſaid *Pallas*) t'every thing.
My Father was *Anchialus*, and I
Mentes, my City *Taphos*, and I King;
My people to the Oar themſelves apply.
At preſent bound I am to *Temisè*
For Braſs; and Iron I carry with me thither.
Under mount *Neion*, not near *Ithaca*
My Ship at *Reithrus* rideth ſafe from weather.
As for your Father, we were mutual Gueſts,
(Aſk the old Lord *Laërtes*) from our youth.
With one old Maid alone his meat to dreſs,
He lives at's Country-houſe, he'll tell you truth.
There creeps he in his Vineyard up and down.
And I came hither now, 'cauſe I was told

By

By ſome, his Son *Ulyſſes* was in Town.
But 'tis not ſo. The Gods do him withhold
From his dear wife, and native Country ſtill
Within an Iſland, where the Savage men
By force detain him, much againſt his will:
But all in vain. He ſhall return agen.
For I preſage, and come it ſhall to paſs,
That am no Prophet, nor Birds underſtand;
Though he were tied there with Chains of Braſs,
He ſhall get looſe and ſee his native Land.
But ſay, are you indeed, that are ſo grown,
His Son? Your heads and eyes are like (I mark)
For we were well to one another known,
But 'twas before he did for *Troy* imbark
With other Princes of the *Argive* youth;
But never ſaw him ſince. That I'm his Son
(Said he) my Mother ſays. But who in truth
Knoweth who 'twas that got him? I think none.
If I might chuſe my Father, I would be
His Son that groweth old on's own eſtate.
But whom they tell me is my Father, he
Of all men is the moſt unfortunate.
Then ſaid the Goddeſs, Howſoe'r that be,
The Gods will never nameleſs leave your kind,
That are the Son of fair *Penelope*,
And ſo well fram'd in body and in mind.
But ſay, What Feaſt is this, and who theſe be.
You have no cauſe to feaſt. Their converſation
Pleaſes me not. 'Tis rude, unmannerly.
What is't a Wedding, or is't a collation?
Friend, ſince you aſk (ſaid he) take the whole Story,
This houſe was rich, my Father being here,
But th'unkind Gods have taken hence that glory:
For where he is, a word we cannot hear.
Leſs had I griev'd, if he his life had loſt
With other *Argive* Lords under *Troy* wall,
Or (the War done) 'mong thoſe that love him moſt.
Then had he had a noble Funeral,
At which th'*Achæan* Princes would have been,
And th'honour had redounded to his Son.

But now alas! devour'd by Harpies keen,
Unheard-of and unaskt-for he is gone,
Leaving me here behind to sigh and grone.
Besides, the Gods have given me other care
Bitter enough. 'Tis not for him alone
My heart is rent. There other mischiefs are.
How many Lords within these Isles do sway
Same, *Dulichium*, *Ithaca*, and *Zant*,
So many Suitors duly every day
For marriage with my Mother the house haunt.
Whilst she can none put off, and will none marry,
They spend my corn and wine, and cattle kill,
And eating here and drinking still they tarry,
And me perhaps at last they murder will.
Then *Pallas* said, Is't so? 'Tis time indeed
Your Father hither were come back again,
Having so long been absent hence, with speed
To lay his hands upon these shameless men.
Oh! that just now within the gates he stood
Of th'outer Court, I would desire no more,
Arm'd with two Spears, Buckler, and Helmet good,
Such now, as I have seen him heretofore.
From *Ephyné* he took our house in's way,
Where first I saw him merry drinking wine.
For he had been with *Ilus*, him to pray
To give him for his shafts a medicine,
Wherewith to make them all they wound to kill.
But he refus'd, fearing the powers above.
And 'twas my Father gave t'him for good will:
For why, he did him very dearly love.
If such as then, *Ulysses* should appear
Amongst the Suiters now, short-liv'd, I trow
They'd be, and have but bitter wedding chear.
But when he shall come home, Gods only know,
Or whether you shall see him any more.
Mean while consider by what means you may
Get the unruly Suiters out of door,
That so oppress you, and your house annoy.
And first observe what I shall you advise.
Convoque the People to the Market-place;

Protect

Proteſt the Gods againſt their injuries,
And let the whole Aſſembly know your caſe.
Say, if they needs will wed her, let her go
Back to her Father, who the match ſhould make,
And offer for her what is fit; and ſo
Which of them ſhe likes beſt him let her take.
And for your ſelf, I think it your beſt way,
In a good Bark of twenty Oars abroad,
T'enquire what men can of your Father ſay,
Or what ſome lucky ſigne from *Jove* may bode.
Go firſt to *Pyle*, enquire of *Neſtor*; Then
To *Sparta*. Aſk of *Menelaus*, whom
Of all which had at *Troy* commanded men
The Gods t'*Achaia* brought the lateſt home.
If of his ſafety and return you hear,
How much ſoever they waſte your eſtate,
Indure their riot yet another year.
If dead, come back, and fairly celebrate
His Rites, and give your Mother whom ſhe will
For Huſband. Then bethink you, how you may
By open force, or howſoever kill
Theſe ſhameleſs Suiters that your means deſtroy.
Be fool'd no more. You're now at mans eſtate.
Ægiſtus ſlew *Oreſtes* Father. He
Ægiſtus ſlew. Who does not this relate
With honour to *Oreſtes* memory?
And you, my Friend, you are a goodly man.
Take heart. Gain honour. I muſt now be gone;
My crew with patience no longer can
Stay for me; therefore think what's to be done.
Your counſel (ſaid *Telemachus*) is ſuch
As might become a Father to his Son.
I'll not forget it. Though your haſt be much,
Stay yet a while; be not ſo quickly gone.
Waſh and take food, and then go merrily;
And with you a fair Preſent from me take,
Whereby to keep me in your memory;
Such as kind friends to one another make.
Then ſaid the Goddeſs, Now I cannot ſtay.
As for your Preſent I will not deny it,

But take it at my coming back this way,
How much soe'r you mean t'oblige me by it.
This said, she mounted from him to the Sky
In likeness of an Eagle, to his wonder,
Who thought it was some God, and grew thereby
Bolder, and on his Father more did ponder.
And streightway to the Suiters went, who were
Now come again into the house, and seated
A Song which *Phemius* then sung to hear,
Containing how the Grecians retreated
Unfortunately from the Trojan shore
By *Pallas* doings whom they had offended.
Penelope that heard it and was more
Concerned than they all streightway descended.
She entred not but in the door did stand
Vail'd with a Scarf which on her head she wore,
Having a waiting-woman on each hand,
And to the singer thus said, weeping sore.
Phemius y'have better Songs, why sing you then
This sad one? Fitter 'twere the deeds to tell
Of mighty Gods, and mighty deeds of men,
Which sure would please the Company as well.
Sing one of those, and let them hear and drink.
Give over this. You touch my interest,
And wound my heart in forcing me to think
Upon my husband, of all Greeks the best.
Then said *Telemachus*, Good Mother why
Should not the Singer chuse what Song to sing,
Whose part it is to please the Company?
It is not he that does the evil bring.
'Tis none of *Phemius* fault, but th' Act of *Jove*
Who deals to all men, all things as he please.
Should he not sing the Songs that men most love
The new'st? The Grecks sad passage o'r the Seas?
Be patient, many more besides *Ulysses*,
Come short from *Troy* by one fate or another,
Nor are you th'only wife her husband misses.
Many men else are lost. Therefore good Mother
Go to your work again above, and see
Your Maids do theirs, leave censuring of Songs

Unto

Unto us men, and ſpecially to me,
To whom the greateſt power here belongs.
Then to her Chamber up ſhe went again
With her two Maids, and there began to weep,
Being for her dear huſband in great pain,
And wept till *Pallas* clos'd her eyes with ſleep.
Men while the Suiters into cluſters ran,
And one t'another his thoughts uttered
With noiſe enough. But there was not a man
That did not wiſh to have her in his bed.
Then to them ſpake *Telemachus*; D'ye hear
Proud Suiters of my Mother, let's I pray
Give ear unto the Singer, and forbear
Clamour. To morrow is the Council day,
There I ſhall warn you publikely, no more
To haunt my houſe, but each man home to go,
And there to feaſt by turns on your own ſtore;
And if you be not willing to do ſo,
But your own means to ſpare, ſhall think it beſt
To feaſt your ſelves on one mans ſubſtance all,
And ruine his eſtate, go on and feaſt
While I upon the Gods for vengeance call.
O that the mighty *Jove* would ſo ordain,
That all mens actions might be repaid
As they deſerve! Then ſhould you all be ſlain
Within my doors. After he this had ſaid,
The Suiters bit their lips, and ſilent muſed
At the ſtrange boldneſs of *Telemachus*,
And at the Language which the Youngman uſed,
To which none anſwer'd but *Antinous*:
The Gods (quoth he) have taught you a high ſtrain
Of Language, and undaunted Oratory.
But if their meaning were that you ſhould reign
Here, o'r us all, I ſhould be very ſorry.
Telemachus repli'd, Think what you will.
If *Jove* conſent, why ſhould not I be King?
What harm is it; with wealth my houſe to fill,
Beſides the honour it will with it bring?
In *Ithaca* there many Princes be,
You'll ſay, would be as glad to rule as I.

No matter, whosoe'r be King, not he,
But I am King in my own Family.
Who (said *Eurymachus*) shall have the hap
To reign in *Ithaca* is hard to guess,
It lies yet folded up within *Joves* lap,
None shall, *Telemachus*, you dispossess
Of house, or land, or goods, by violence,
As long as there in *Ithaca* be men.
But tell me who that was, that now went hence,
Where he was born, and where he dwells, and then
His errand, whether business of his own,
Or some news from *Ulysses* brought perchance,
And went so soon away, t'avoid being known.
He was no mean man by his countenance.
Then said *Telemachus*, My Father's dead,
We never shall again see one another,
With Messengers I trouble not my head,
Nor Soothsayers that do but sooth my Mother.
The man my Fathers old acquaintance was,
Mentes Anchialides, and his Town
Taphos, and he thereof the ruling has.
His people for their Trade by Sea well known.
Thus said he, though he doubted not at all
But 'twas some God. Mean while the Suiters staying
For th'evenings coming on, to dancing fall,
Or listen to the minstrel's Song and playing.
The evening came, the Suiters went away,
Telemachus went also to his bed
In a warm stately Chamber, where he lay
Ranging the many cares he had in's head;
Eurycleа a Torch before him bore,
Daughter of *Ops*, now old, but at the time
Laertes did her purchase heretofore
For twenty Oxen, she was in her prime.
He honour'd her as if sh'had been his wife;
But from her bed perpetually forbore,
T'avoid suspition, and domestick strife.
Sh'had nurst *Telemachus*, and lov'd him more
Than did the other Maids, and now she stands
To light him. He unlocks the door, goes in,

Takes

Takes off his Coat, puts it into her hands,
She foldeth, bruſheth, hangs it on a pin.
Then forth ſhe went, and by a ſilver ring
Pulls to the door. And there all night he lay
Remembring *Pallas* words, and pondering
Upon the buſineſs of the following day.

LIB. II.

SOon as the Roſie Morning did appear,
Telemachus himſelf array'd and ſhod,
Puts on his Sword, and takes in hand his Spear,
And out he went appearing like a God.
And ſtreight unto the Cryers gave command,
To call the People to the Publike place.
The People met. And then with Spear in hand
He to them takes his way; and followed was
By two white Dogs. Then takes his Fathers Throne;
His Elders gave him way; all on him gaze.
For why, the Goddeſs *Pallas* of her own
Had ſet Authority upon his Face.
The firſt that ſpake was old *Ægyptius*,
Stooping with age, of great experience:
One Son of his whoſe name was *Antiphus*,
Went to the Siege of *Troy*, but coming thence
He died in the Savage *Cyclops* jaws,
When with *Ulyſſes* he was in his den.
Eurotymus one of the Suiters was;
The others with their Father dwelled then.
But ſtill he grieved was for *Antiphus*.
The tears ran down his cheeks, and weeping he
Roſe up, and ſaid unto th'Aſſembly thus,
Ye men of *Ithaca*, I pray hear me:

Since we to *Ulysses* sent with Ships,
We ne'r convoked were to Parliament.
What need have young or old men of our Lips?
And who is he that now doth us convent?
Has he informed been of some Invasion,
And unto us the same would first report?
Or on some other Publike great occasion
Would give us Counsel? The Gods bless him for't.
Telemachus then presently up stands,
Though well contented with his Fathers praise.
The Crier puts the Scepter in his hands.
And to *Ægyptius* first he speaks, and says,
Here am I, that the people have convok'd.
Nor do I any news or counsel bring.
But by my private suffrings am provok'd.
Which here I offer t'your considering.
Is it not grief enough, my Fathers loss,
That ruled like a Father to us all,
But that I must yet bear a greater cross,
To see his house to utter ruine fall?
My Mothers house the Suiters daily fill,
And of the best of you they Children are.
She wedded must be with her Fathers will.
But to her Father go they do not dare.
But in my house continually they stay,
And Sacrifice my Beeves, and Goats, and Sheep,
My wine exhaust, and much they cast away.
For why, *Ulysses* lost is on the deep.
And I my self unable to defend.
But shall I so be still, or once be able
To bring upon these men unjust their end,
Whose injuries no more are tolerable?
Take it to heart. Think how 'twill taken be
By other States. Fear from the Gods some change,
That are not pleas'd with such iniquity,
And may in closer order make you range.
By *Jove* I you adjure, and *Themis*, who
Convokes Assemblies, and revokes again,
Forbear these evil deeds your selves to do,
And of your Sons the liberty restrain.

Leave

Leave me to ſuffer miſery alone.
Hurt none but me. Unleſs my Father have
In hatred of you ſome great evil done,
And for revenge theſe men ſuch power you gave.
But better 'twere for me, that you than they
Should ſpend my Treaſure and my comings in.
For if among ſo many men it lay,
Begging I might from them the value win.
But for my caſe no help can now be found.
So ſaid *Telemachus* in choler high,
And from him threw the Scepter to the ground.
Nor could forbear to let fall tears and ſigh.
The People pitied him, but ſilent ſat.
None but *Antinous* durſt anſwer make.
Telemachus, ſaid he, too paſſionate
You are, and too much liberty you take.
The Peoples hatred you would very fain
Draw to the Suiters, and procure them ſhame.
But from your Mother cometh all your pain;
And therefore her, not us you ought to blame.
Three years are gone and paſt, the fourth is this,
Since ſhe her Suiters baffled has with Art,
Putting each one in hope by Meſſages,
And Promiſes that he had gain'd her heart.
Moreover, ſetting up a Beam to weave,
Suiters (ſaid ſhe) ſince dead *Ulyſſes* is,
Stay yet a little while, and give me leave
To make an end but of one buſineſs.
I muſt for old *Laertes* make a Cloath,
Which in his Sepulchre he is to wear.
T'offend the wives of *Greece* I ſhould be loath.
For to accuſe me they will not forbear;
But ſay I very haſty was to wed,
If I go hence and not provide a ſhroud
Wherein *Laertes* may be buried.
Out of ſuch wealth, that might have been allow'd.
Her Suiters all were well content. And then
All day ſhe wove, but ere ſhe went to bed,
What ſhe had wov'n, ſhe ravell'd out agen,
Three years her Suiters thus ſhe fruſtrated.

In the fourth year her women her betrayd,
And in we came, whilſt ſhe the web undid.
And then to end it ſhe could not avoid.
Since now her purpoſe could no more be hid:
To your complaine the Suiters anſwer thus,
(Take notice of it you and all the reſt)
Send back your Mother to *Icarius*.
There let her marry whom they both think beſt.
But if ſhe think to vex us longer yet,
Caring for nothing but for *Pallas* Gifts,
To have the reputation for wit,
And skilfulneſs in curious work and ſhifts,
Wherein the *Athean* wives ſhe doth excel,
Both old and young, *Iro*, *Alcmen*', *Micen*',
Although with us ſhe hath not dealed well.
But if to uſe us ſo ſhe longer mean,
So much the longer with you we ſhall eat.
Which to *Penelope* will be a glory.
But we conſume ſhall ſo much of your meat,
If long we ſtay there, that you will be ſorry.
For ſo long as ſhe dodges with us thus,
No whither from your houſe will we depart.
Then to him anſwered *Telemachus*,
Antinous, I ne'r ſhall have the heart
To ſend my Mother hence againſt her will.
Abroad my Father is, alive or dead.
That I her Father ſhould repay, were ill,
For forcing her to leave her husbands bed.
And from the Furies I ſhall ſuffer worſe.
For if I force her from my houſe to go
Whether ſhe will or not, ſhe will me curſe.
And men will of me be revenged too.
If it diſpleaſe you that ſhe ſtayeth here,
You have your remedy; you may go home
And, ev'ry one make all the reſt good chear
By turns, and into my houſe never come.
But if you needs will feed on me alone,
I can but to the Gods, for vengeance call,
And reparation for what is done.
Which may enough be to deſtroy you all.

This

This ſaid, two Eagles coming were in ſight,
And when they were the Market-place juſt o'r,
Th'Aſſembled heads ſurveying, ſtope their flight,
And on their broad and levell'd wings they ſoar.
Then having torn themſelves both neck and cheek,
They to their right wing riſe and fly away.
What this ſhould mean th'Aſſembly was to ſeek.
And to them thus did *Alitherſes* ſay.
Hear me ye men of *Ithaca* (ſaid he)
And you the Suiters that are moſt concern'd.
Deſtruction is rouling toward ye,
Although it be not by your ſelves diſcern'd.
Ulyſſes from his Friends will not be long.
And now from *Ithaca* far off is not,
Seeing what daily done is in the throng.
And how to kill the Suiters lays his plot.
Nay many more beſide the Suiters may
Of their misfortune chance to have their part,
If they deſiſt not ſoon and come away.
I ſpeak not this at random but on Art.
For all muſt come to paſs I told him then,
When with the *Argive* Lords he went to *Troy*,
That after twenty years he ſhould agen
Return with pain, his men all caſt away.
Then ſaid *Eurymachus*, Old man go home,
And there to your own Children propheſie,
Leſt to them any harm hereafter come.
A better Prophet for theſe things am I.
Under the Sun be many Birds that fly,
And yet not all of them do fortunes tell.
Ulyſſes far hence dead is certainly.
I know not where. I would thou wert as well,
For then you would give over to enflame
Telemachus, who but too angry is;
In hope to get ſome Preſent for the ſame,
If you will give it. But I tell you this,
If any old man with his wiſdom dare
To ſet againſt us any young man here,
He ſhall be ſure himſelf the worſe to fare.
And when 'tis done he ſhall be ne'r the near.

Well it

We'll set a Fine upon your head so wise,
Which you to pay will not be well contens.
I my self will *Telemachus* advise
His Mother may be to her Father sent,
To make the match, and on the Dower agree,
Such as becomes him to his Daughter dear.
Till that be done no hope at all I see,
The Suiters should desist. For they not fear
Telemachus, as haughty as he is,
And full of words; and much less do they care
For such deceitful Propheſies as this,
For which you only the more hated are.
Mean while *Telemachus* his Goods decay,
And he shall never make them up again
While she persists her Suiters to delay,
And make us all expect her love in vain.
And 'tis her vertue makes us thus to strive
Amongst our selves who shall her favour win.
For many other Ladies we could wive,
And be sufficiently delighted in.
Then said *Telemachus*, No more will I
This matter to you press, or to the Woo'rs.
You and the Gods know all, I do not lie.
But I demand a Bark of twenty Oars.
For I intend to travel for a while,
To hear what men can of my Father say.
To *Lacedæmon* I will go, and *Pyle*,
Or seek from *Jove* some notice of his way.
And if alive he be and coming home,
Though to my cost, I'll stay another year;
If dead he be, then back again I'll come,
And Rites of burial will give him here
Splendid and well becoming his estate,
And let my Mother her own liking take.
Having thus spoken, down again he sate,
And then *Ulysses* old friend *Mentor* spake,
With whom *Ulysses* left his house in trust.
Hear me, Ye *Ithacesians*, said he.
Let no King ever be hereafter just,
Nor to his People soft and gentle be,

Since

Since you *Ulysses* have so soon forgot,
That ever rul'd us like a Father kind.
But I the Suiters so much accuse not,
Although on force and fraud they set their mind.
(For 'gainst *Ulysses* goods which they devour
They stake their heads in hope he'll ne'r come [home)
As you, that many are, and have the pow'r
To check them sit as if you all were dumb.
And then rose up *Leocritus* and spake,
Mentor, said he, more busie much than wise,
That would about a Supper quarrel make.
Ulysses were he here I'd not advise
To seek by force the Suiters to remove.
For though he much be wish'd for by his wife,
She would not of his coming well approve;
But he the sooner be depriv'd of life.
And you the people now may hence retire.
Mentor and *Alitherses* will provide
A Bark for what place ever he'll desire.
And if at *Ithaca* he mean t'abide,
No news he will hear of him a great while.
But never t'*Ithaca* shall come agen.
If he to *Lacedæmon* go or *Pyle*.
This said, dismiss'd and scatter'd were the men
And to *Ulysses* house the Suiters went,
Telemachus to the Sea-side, and pray'd,
O God that gavest me Commandement
To pass the Seas canst not now be obey'd.
I am both by the Town and Woo'rs delaid.
Then in the form of *Mentor*, *Pallas* came,
And standing by *Telemachus*, she said
With such a voice as *Mentor*'s seem'd the same.
If in you you retain the Spirit brave
Your Father had to make his word his deed,
Then also the assurance I shall have
To tell you in your Voyage you shall speed.
But if *Ulysses* Son you be not right,
For ought I know you may this labour spare.
Few Sons exceed or reach their Fathers might,
But commonly inferiour they are.

But ſince in you I ſee your Fathers Wit,
I hope your Voyage ſhall have good ſucceſs.
Therefore no more with th'Woo'rs in Council ſit,
Expect from Fools to have no more redreſs,
That ſee not their own end that is ſo nigh.
Nor ſhall you long be forced here to ſtay.
For with a good Ship furniſh you will I,
And with you will my ſelf go all the way.
Mean while go you into your houſe agen,
And put up ſtore of Wine and of cold meat,
And good bread, which the marrow is of men.
I'll for you Mariners together get.
In *Ithaca* are good Ships old and new
Good ſtore, of which I will go chuſe you one,
The beſt of all that come within my view
And make it ready that we may be gone.
This ſaid, to th'houſe return'd *Telemachus*.
The Woo'rs in killing Cattle were imploy'd,
And ſtreight unto him went *Antinous*,
And laughing, took him by the hand and ſaid,
Telemachus, bold and brave Orator,
Fear from us neither evil word nor deed.
Eat and drink merrily as heretofore,
We'll ſee you furniſhed with what you need
Both Ship and Men, and ſee you ſoon convei'd
To *Pyle*, that of your Father you may hear.
Telemachus then anſwered and ſaid,
Antinous, can I be merry here?
D'ye think that yet too little was the wrong
The Suiters did me, my eſtate to waſte,
When I perceiv'd it not, as being young?
But ſince I grown am, and my childhood paſt,
And ſomewhat know, and more hear others ſay,
I'll do my beſt to bring them to their end,
Whether yet I go to *Pyle* or here do ſtay.
And yet to go to *Pyle* I do intend,
And think my paſſage will not be in vain.
For I go like a Merchant not a Gueſt,
As if to me no Ship did appertain.
It muſt be ſo. The Suiters think it beſt.

This

This said, his hand from his hand he snatch'd out.
And then the Suiters that were in the Court,
Some give him evil words, and others flout,
And one another with him make good sport.
He'll come from *Pyle* with Succours, God knows what
(Said one) or *Sparta*, which shall on us fall.
Or poyson bring from *Ephiré*; and that
Put in the Temperer shall kill us all.
Who knows (then said another) if he go,
But he his Fathers fate may also have
Whilst seeking him he wanders to and fro;
Which would to us no little trouble save.
His goods amongst us we should soon divide,
And to his Mother leave his houses free
And him she chuses to lie by her side.
Thus they derided him. Then down went he
Into a large and high roost room where lay
In Chests packt up great store of cloth of Gold,
And Garments very many rich and gay,
And many Barrels of sweet wine and old,
Which for *Ulysses* were preserved there
When he returned to his native Soil.
In the same room many brass Vessels were,
And many Barrels of sweet smelling Oyl.
And double were the Locks upon the door,
Whereof the Nurse *Euryclea* had the Key.
Telemachus call'd for her, and says to her,
Come Nurse, this night I am to go away.
Fill me of wine twelve Pitchers of the best
Next to that which you for my Father save,
And fine flour twenty measures at the least;
In good thick leather sacchels let me have,
Quickly. For when my Mother is a bed
To *Lacedemon* and to *Pyle* I go,
That of my Father, if alive or dead
There any news be, I the same may know.
Euryclea then wept and lob'd, and said,
Dear Child, why will you go from hence so far
Alone? Your Mother you will make afraid,
Of whom so dearly you beloved are.

Your

Your Father far off is already dead,
And by the way the Suiters seek to kill you,
And share your goods amongst them by the head.
I pray stay here and do not go. Why will you?
Nurse, said *Telemachus*, be of good chear.
'Tis by the Counsel of a God I go.
And I require you solemnly to swear
You'll not my going let my Mother know.
Telemachus to th' Suiters went agen,
And *Pallas* in his likeness to the Town,
For his transporting to procure him men,
From house to house she goeth up and down.
And of *Noemon* borrowed a Bark,
Who not unwillingly it to him lent.
And now the Sun was down, the Streets were dark,
And down to the Sea-side the Goddess went.
And the good Ship into the Sea they hale,
And in it stow all that was needful for't.
The Mariners were there together all,
And ti'd the Ship at far end of the Port.
Mean while the Suiters merrily carouse,
And *Pallas* then their fancies to confound,
From the Sea-side went back into the house,
And from their hands the Cups threw to the ground
And with the love of sleep possest their eyes,
And made them nod and let their eye-lids down.
And not long after from their seats they rise,
And for that night took lodging in the Town.
Then like to *Mentor* both in Form and Voice,
Telemachus he calleth out of doors.
Your men are ready at the Port, she says,
There they expecting you sit with their Oars.
Then out they went, and *Pallas* led the way,
And found the Rowers ready on the Beach.
Telemachus then said, Come back I pray,
To th'house with me, our Victual thence to fetch.
Which well put up I there have ready laid.
But nothing of it does my Mother know,
Nor any else but I and one old Maid.
Then with *Telemachus* to th'house they go,

And

And to the Ship at once bring all away,
And ſtow it as *Telemachus* thought fit.
Pallas and he embark without delay,
And at the Stern they both together ſit.
And now the Mariners their Tackle ply.
Firſt in the midſt they ſet the Maſt upright,
And it unto the Ship with ſtrong ropes tie,
And then their Sails they hoiſe up to their height.
Which *Pallas* with a luſty gale from Weſt
Kept full all night. The Ship the Sea then gores.
The water ſwiftly running from her breſt
By both her ſides wounded and broken roars.
And then unto the Gods they offer Wine,
And to them all were praying for a while,
But ſpecially unto their Guide Divine.
Then ſail'd all night, and were next morn at *Pyle*.

LIB. III.

UP from the Sea the Sun leapt to the Sky,
To hold the light up before Gods and men.
Telemachus with all his Company
Unto the Town of *Pyle* arrived then.
Then *Neſtor* had a Sacrifice in hand
To *Neptune*, and upon the Sea ſide ſtood,
And with him ſtore of people on the ſand.
Black Bulls he eighty one had to him vow'd.
Nine ſeats there were, five hundred to each ſeat,
And to the ſame nine Bulls appointed were.
The Entrails broil'd upon the coals they eat,
The Thighs to *Neptune* burnt to aſhes were.
The Ship then came within the Port to land,
And diſembarqu'd, upon the ſhore they ſtaid.

With

With furled Sails the Ship did by them ſtand.
Then *Pallas* to *Telemachus* thus ſaid,
Telemachus, by no means baſhful be.
For wherefore did you undertake this taſk,
But of your Father to hear certainty?
To *Neſtor* then directly go and aſk,
If of *Ulyſſes* any thing he know.
He'll tell you truly. He's too wiſe to lie.
Mentor (ſaid he) I'm young, and know not how
With one ſo old to anſwer and reply.
Telemachus (ſaid *Pallas*) do not fear.
You'll ſomewhat prompted be by your own breſt.
(You never by the Gods neglected were)
The God that loves you will ſupply the reſt.
Then up to *Neſtor* they directly went,
And *Pallas* foremoſt. All about him there
They found upon the Sacrifice intent,
(His Sons and Lords) to haſten the good chear.
Some broaching, and ſome roaſting were of meat.
And preſently about the Strangers come,
And with their hands ſalute them, and intreat
To ſit. And then *Piſiſtratus* went to'em,
Saluted them, and took them both by th'hands,
And for them (ſince there was no empty ſeat)
Laid Sheepſkins with the Wool upon the ſands;
And of the Entrails gave them part to eat.
And to her hand held up a Cup of Wine.
To *Neptune* (ſaid he) offer up your Vow,
For he expreſly is the Pow'r Divine,
That we to worſhip be aſſembled now.
And having drunk, give it to this mans hand,
That he may alſo give the Gods their due,
For all men of the Gods in need do ſtand.
And I thought fit to give it firſt to you,
'Cauſe you are th' elder, th'other young as I.
Then *Pallas* from his hand receiv'd the Cup,
And pleaſed was to ſee his Equity.
And then to *Neptune* ſent her Prayers up.
Neptune (ſaid ſhe) have to my Prayer regard.
Firſt *Neſtor* and his Sons with Honour bleſs,

nd of his people th' Hecatomb reward.
And give *Telemachus* and me ſucceſs.
hus prayed ſhe, and gave for what ſhe pray'd.
And to *Telemachus* then gave the Cup.
nd he to *Neptune* the ſame Prayer ſaid.
The meat being ready now and taken up,
nd into Meſſes cut, themſelves they feaſt.
And when of hunger extinct was the force,
hen to his Gueſts *Neſtor* his ſpeech addreſt.
Friends, ſaid he, now we time have to diſcourſe.
ell me who are you, whence d'ye croſs the Main?
Is it for Traffick? Or d'ye pleaſure take,
s Pyrates walk at Sea, to and again,
Others to ſpoil to ſet your lives at ſtake?
o this *Telemachus* with confidence
(Which into him the Goddeſs did inſpire,
he better to obtain Intelligence,
And reputation to himſelf acquire)
nſwer'd: O *Neſtor Nilaigades*
The Glory of the Greeks we hither came
From *Ithaca* on no ſhare-buſineſs,
But of my Father to ſeek news from Fame.
Unbleſt *Ulyſſes* who at *Troy*
Together with you fought before the Town.
Of th'other Chiefs we hear what is become.
But where *Ulyſſes* di'd is ſtill unknown.
Whether as Lord he ſlain were by the Foe,
Or by the Sea devoured he hath been.
But at your knees we hither come to know,
What you ſince then have heard of him or ſeen.
Wandring about, born to calamity.
Let no reſpect, or pity mitigate
Your Story, howſoever ſad it be.
Nothing but naked truth to me relate.
And I beſeech you for my Fathers ſake,
If he before the Town of *Troy* did well
Perform the Service he did undertake,
That nothing but the very truth you tell.
O Friend, ſaid *Neſtor*, ſince you bring again
To memory our miſeries at *Troy*,

Under

Under *Achilles* first by Sea, what pain
We suffer'd then; and after when we lay
And fought before King *Priam*'s Royal Seat
What we endured, what Great Men we lost.
The doughty *Ajax*, and *Achilles* great,
That were the Chief of all the *Argive* host.
The valiant *Patroclus*, and my Son
Antilochus, both valiant in fight,
And if an enemy were put to run
Before him, he could hardly scape by flight.
But numberless were our sad chances there;
No mortal man can count them one by one.
And if you five or six years should stay here,
You'ld weary be of asking, and be gone.
Nine years we plots contriv'd to take the Town,
Which *Jove* made prosperous with much ado.
Ulysses had for plotting the renown.
For none compar'd himself your Father to.
If it be true you are *Ulysses* Son;
And I confess, hearing you speak your mind,
And stedfastly your person looking on,
Much respect for you in my self I find.
While we together were at *Troy*, we never
In Council or Assembly disagreed,
But what was for the *Argives* good we ever
Endeavour'd what we could to get decreed.
But when of *Troy* we had destroy'd the Town,
And back unto our Ships again were come,
Then *Jove* upon the *Greeks* began to frown,
Intending to them ill returning home.
For few there were amongst them just or wise,
But on themselves they drew down their own fate.
Which made the Goddess *Pallas* to devise
To set the two *Atrides* at debate.
Then of the People they a meeting call
At almost Sun-set, and the people came
(Having their heads with wine disorder'd all)
Th' *Atrides* told them why they call'd the same.
Where *Menelaus* votes to cross the Seas,
And each man to his Country to repass.

But

t this advice his Brother did not p'eaſe.
To ſtay there yet a while his counſel was.
d firſt a Hecatomb to Sacrifice,
The Goddeſs *Pallas* anger to appeaſe.
t *Agamemnon* therein was not wiſe.
Men cannot change the will o'th' Gods with eaſe.
hile they contending were with words unmeet,
One part aroſe reſolv'd to ſtay all night,
d in the Morn to go aboard the Fleet,
And each one towards his home to take his flight.
d ſhipt our Captive Women and our Prey.
One half we were, and came to *Tenedus*.
e other half with *Agamemnon* ſtay.
And *Pallas* then again divided us.
d one part back to *Agamemnon* went.
But I with all my own Ships homeward fled.
Knowing that *Jove* to the *Greeks* evil meant.)
So did the Son of *Tydeus Diomed*.
Lesbos to us *Menelaus* came,
Where we which way to go conſulting ſtaid
us within, or elſe without the ſame.
And for direction to the Gods we prai'd
r the wide Sea t'*Euboea* they bid ſail,
That we in ſafety be the ſooner might.
nd ſent us therewithal a luſty gale
Wh ch brought us to *Gereſtus* when 'twas night.
nd there to *Neptune* we burnt many Thighs.
On the fourth day the Ships of *Diomed*
Argos came. The ſame Wind ſtai'd i'th' Skies
Till I at *Pyle* was ſafe delivered.
came I home, ſweet Child, and cannot tell
Which of the *Greeks* came ſafe home, and which
t what has ſince been told me I know well. (not.
(And ſo far as is reaſon you ſhall know't.)
e *Myrmydons*, they ſay came ſafely home,
Conducted by ſtout *Neoptolemus*.
nd *Philoctetes* very well did come
Unto his Fathers houſe *Pallantius*.
omeneus to *Creet* brought all his men
That were not ſlain at *Ilium* in fight.

How

How *Agamemnon*, when come home agen,
was butchered, I need not to recite.
Nor how he came, nor of *Ægistus* plot,
Nor yet how bitterly he smarted for't.
'Tis good, you see, to have a Son begot,
That can revenge his Father in that sort.
And you, my friend, that tall are and well made,
Be valiant, and get 'mongst men good fame.
Telemachus then answered and said,
O *Nestor*, but my case is not the same.
Sharp the revenge was of *Atrides* Son,
And far and wide will matter be for Songs,
But from the Gods such power I have none
To be revenged of the Suiters wrongs.
O Friend (said *Nestor*) since I have been told,
That many who your Mother seek to marry,
Without your leave do with your house make bold
And spending of your substance daily tarry,
Is it because you are therewith content?
Or are you forc't to bear such injury
Because your people are against you bent,
Provok't thereto by some Divinity?
But who knows but at last they may be paid
For all the Injuries which they have done,
And insolence, by the *Achæans* aid,
Or peradventure by your self alone?
For if of you *Pallas* as careful were,
As carefully she did your Father guide
At *Troy* (a God to man ne'r did appear
So plainly as she there stood by his side.)
If *Pallas* were so kind to you, you'ld see
The Suiters quickly would forget to wooe.
Then said *Telemachus*, 'Twill never be,
Although the Gods should give consent thereto
Telemachus, said *Pallas*, what a word
Have you let fall? A man may be with ease
Though far off, to his native Soil restor'd
By any of the Gods, if so he please.
And I at home had rather lose my life
Fighting than sitting as *Atrides* di'd,

Slain by *Ægiſtus* and his own bad wife,
Baſely by them in whom he did confide.
And yet the Gods unable are to ſave
A man from death, although he be a friend,
Whoſe end the cruel Fates determin'd have.
Then ſaid *Telemachus*, Let's make an end
Of this diſcourſe. *Ulyſſes* lateſt day
Determin'd by the Gods already is,
And I to *Neſtor* ſomewhat elſe will ſay;
For three mens Ages do but equal his.
O *Neſtor*, I would fain informed be
How *Agamemnon* was of life depriv'd.
And *Menelaus*, where mean while was he?
And how *Ægiſtus* had the Plot contriv'd.
Was it that *Menelaus* too long ſtai'd,
Ægiſtus ventur'd on a better wight?
I'll tell you all the truth (then *Neſtor* ſaid.)
And yet what you your ſelf have gueſs'd is right.
For why, if *Menelaus* coming home
Ægiſtus in the houſe alive had found,
He never had at *Argos* had a Tomb,
But eaten been by Dogs above the ground,
And Fowls of Prey Nor had he had the pity
Of th' *Argive* women, nor lamented been,
But lien had i'th' fields far from the City.
For why, a viler act was never ſeen.
For when at *Troy* we ended had the ſtriſe,
Long time it was before we came away.
Then Siege laid he to *Agamemnons* wife,
And ſecretly hidden in *Argos* lay.
And ſhe at firſt refus'd, and counſel took
Of a Learn'd man, whom *Agamemnon* left
Going to *Troy* his wife to overlook,
But ſoon *Ægiſtus* him of life bereft.
For in a deſert Iſland he him kill'd,
And left him for a booty to the Kites,
And then unto *Ægiſtus* ſhe did yield,
And richly were perform'd the wedding rites.
Then on the Altars many Thighs they burn,
And with them Rich mens baubles, and gold ſtuff.

For

For why, for ſo unhop't-for a good turn,
They thought they could not thank the Gods e-
Now coming *Menelaus* was and I, (nough.
And were as far come as to *Sunium*,
When *Phrontis*, his good Steers-man chanc'd to die,
The beſt that in a ſtorm e'r Ship brought home,
And hindrance of his coming this was ſome
To bury him. But when he put to Sea,
And was with all his Ships in ſafety come
Under the windy Mountain of *Malea*,
Then an ill paſſage for them *Jove* provided.
The wind then whiſtled, and the water danced,
And into two parts was the Fleet divided;
And one part to the Coaſt of *Creet* advanced.
Where *Cydons* dwell, near *Jardan* rivers mouth.
There in the Sea ſtandeth a ſtone upright
That breaks the water when it rolls from South,
So that it comes to *Phæſtus* without might;
And there the men came in and ſav'd their lives.
But all the Ships upon the Rock were ſplit.
The other part the wind to *Ægypt* drives
With *Menelaus*. Five ſhips were in it.
Whilſt *Menelaus* did in *Ægypt* ſtay,
And viſit Princes, and their gifts receiv'd,
Ægiſtus made the *Argives* him obey,
And *Agamemnon* of his life bereav'd.
And ſev'n years in *Mycene* reigned he.
But then *Oreſtes* came, whom they not knew,
From *Athens* to them unexpectedly,
And there the ſlayer of his Father ſlew.
And feaſted th'*Argives* at the Funeral
Of him and her. That very day did come
King *Menelaus*, his Ships laden all
From *Ægypt* with his coſtly Preſents home.
And you, my Friend, take heed you do not ſtay
Too long abroad, leaving your goods among
So many Knaves that waſte them every day,
And will conſume them utterly ere long.
But go to *Menelaus* who came laſt,
And wandring has among much people been.

A

A Bird could hardly ſo much Sea have paſt
In a years time, as wandring he has ſeen.
Therefore to *Sparta* go with Ship and Crew.
Or if by Land, my Coach is ready for ye.
Alſo my Son ſhall go along with you
And aſk of *Menelaus* all his Story.
He's wiſe. Beſides the truth he'll nothing ſay.
This ſaid, the Sun was down, and dark the Sky.
Neſtor, ſaid *Pallas*, you before us lay
That to which we have nothing to reply.
Now ſlit the Tongues, and let wine temper'd be,
That we may offer to th'Immortals all.
The light is gone, and need of ſleep have we.
So *Pallas* ſaid, and they to offering fall.
The Waiters then brought water for their hands,
And young men to them all brought temper'd wine.
The Tongues lay on the fire Each one up ſtands
And offers wine unto the Powers divine.
And when the Offering was at an end
Telemachus and *Pallas* were about
To go aboard, and there the night to ſpend.
But *Neſtor* on the other ſide cri'd out,
The Gods forbid that you ſhould lie aboard
As if I were a man ſo rude or poor
As not good bedding for a friend t'afford.
Since then I have of Rugs and Bedding ſtore,
And many Sons alive with me at home,
That able are my friends to entertain,
And 'tis *Ulyſſes* Son that's to me come,
Surely this night he ſhall with me remain.
O *Neſtor*, then ſaid *Pallas*, that is right.
And at your houſe to lodge for him 'tis beſt.
But at the Ship I needs muſt lie this night,
His purpoſe to make known to all the reſt.
Amongſt them there no old man is but I,
The company t'encourage that expect
Telemachus. Not with Authority,
But my adviſe they'll follow for reſpect.
The next day with the *Caucons* I muſt be
About an old and not a little debt.

And then that he may *Menelaus* see,
With strong swift horses on his way him set.
This said, the Goddess *Pallas* went away
In likeness of an Eagle to the Skies.
The people star'd, and knew not what to say,
And *Nestor* wondring saw it with his eyes.
And took *Telemachus* by th'hand, and said,
A good man you will be *Telemachus*
And valiant, that are by a God convoy'd:
And this same God that guided you to us,
Is none but *Pallas* daughter of great *Jove*,
That did at *Troy* your Father always guide.
Let me and mine, O Goddess, have your love,
And amongst men a Noble Fame and wide.
A Heifer on your Altar shall be laid
That ne'r bare yoke, a yearling from the field;
And gilt shall be her horns. So *Nestor* prai'd.
And *Pallas* hearing, to his Pray'r did yield.
And *Nestor* to his house then led them all,
Both Sons and Sons-in-Law, and being there,
They sat on Chairs and Couches in the Hall.
Then *Nestor* bids one fill the Temperer
With Wine that aged was eleven year,
From out a Vessel first uncover'd then.
And when the Wine and water mixed were,
Then *Nestor* pray'd and offered. And when
The Offrings to the Goddess ended were,
The rest unto their lodgings went away.
Telemachus by *Nestor* stai'd was there,
And in a soft and costly bed he lay.
And near unto him lay *Pisistratus*,
Who of the Sons of *Nestor* was the last,
And *Nestor* in the inmost part of th'house,
Where, by the Queen his wife, his bed was plac't.
Soon as *Aurora* did the day restore,
The old Knight *Nestor* rose up from his bed,
And sat upon the Bench before the door,
O marble white and smooth that glistered.
His Father used to sit there before,
King *Neleus*, but that since he was dead,

And

And that King *Neſtor* now the Scepter bore
There ſat he now, and to him gathered
Were all his Sons. *Echephron*, *Stratius*,
Perſeus, *Aretus*, Godlike *Thraſymed*.
Piſiſtratus. (Dead was *Antilochus*.)
Along with them *Telemachus* they led.
Then to his Children *Neſtor* ſpake and ſaid,
Do quickly, Sons, what you ſhall from me hear.
A Vow I made to *Pallas* muſt be paid,
Who did to me ſo viſibly appear.
Let one of you unto the Paſtures hie
And bid a Herdſman bring a Heifer home;
One to *Telemachus* his Ship quickly
And bid his Mates, ſave two, all hither come.
Another bid the Gilder hither come,
To gild the ſacred Heifers horns with ſpeed.
The reſt ſtay here to look to things at home,
That all things may be ready that we need.
Seats, dry wood, and fair water. So ſaid he.
Then buſie were they all. The Heifer came,
And all *Telemachus* his Company.
The Gilder came, *Laerces* was his name,
And every tool that to his Art belongs,
And neceſſary is, had in his hands;
His Anvil, and his Hammer, and his Tongs.
And *Pallas* alſo now amongſt them ſtands.
Then fell the man to work on *Neſtors* Gold,
And ſo elaborate it was when done,
That it might pleaſe the Goddeſs to behold.
Then came in *Stratius* and *Echephron*,
And by the horns they led the Heifer in.
The Baſon and the Ewre, and Barly white
Aretus brought; and with an Axe full keen
Stood *Thraſymed* ready the Beaſt to ſmite.
Then *Neſtor* prai'd, and from the Heifers head
Cut off ſome hair, and into th'fire it threw
Then prai'd the reſt; and Barly ſprinkled
Upon the fire, and *Thraſymed* then ſlew
The Heifer with his Axe, and cut in twain
The tendons of the neck, and down ſhe fell;

And *Neſtor*'s Wife and Daughters ſhout amain
To ſee the ſacred act performed well.
Piſiſtratus then cuts the Victims throat,
And up they held it to let out the blood
Into a Pail which *Perſeus* thither brought,
And to that purpoſe ready with it ſtood.
The life together with the blood outflies.
Then from the Body they the Bowels draw,
And next cut off the Shoulders and the Thighs,
As is of Sacrifice the Ritual Law.
And them ſlit into two parts they diſplay,
And cover them all over with ſweet fat.
Shoulder on Shoulder, Thigh on Thigh they lay.
And *Neſtor* on the Altar burneth that.
And with it on the fire black wine he poured.
By him a ſpit was ready with five points.
The fire the Thighs, the men th' Entrails devoured.
The reſt divided was in ſmaller joynts
To roſt on Spits. *Telemachus* the while
Into the Bath retired, and was there
Well bathed, and anointed with ſweet Oyl
By *Polycaſte Neſtor*'s daughter dear.
And in a Robe and Coat clad glorioufly,
And came as if no mortal he had been
Into the Hall, and ſat down *Neſtor* by.
The meat now ready ſtraightway was brought in.
Then in the young men came to fill them wine.
When they with fleſh and wine were ſatisfi'd,
Then to his Sons, ſaid *Neſtor*, Children mine
The Horſes to the Coach ſee quickly tied.
Away they go, and to the Coach they ſet
The Horſes ſwift; and in it bread and wine
A Maid laid in; and with it choiſeſt meat,
Which none but God-fed Kings eat when they dine.
Up to the Seat then went *Telemachus*
(The Seat was large and capable of two)
And after him went up *Piſiſtratus*,
And Whip and Reins he took his hands into.
Toucht with the Whip, the Horſes take the way,
And all the day long made their Harneſs ſhake.

The

The Sun went down, dark were the Streets. Then they
At *Pheræ* were. And there their reſt they take.
There *Diocles*, *Orſilochus* his Son,
Son of *Alphæus* them did entertain,
And with fair Gifts preſented them each one.
But ſoon as Morning did appear again,
Their Horſes to the Coach again they tie,
And from the Porch drive them into the way.
Toucht with the Whip again away they fly.
The Sun now down, and ended was the day.

LIB. IV.

AND then to *Lacedæmon* come were they,
And drove up to the Houſe of *Menelaus*.
At home they found him. For there on that day
A double Wedding celebrated was.
One, of his Daughter, fair *Hermione*,
Whom he before at *Troy* had promiſed
Of *Neoptolemus* the Wife ſhould be.
And on this day the ſame accompliſhed.
And her he ſent unto the *Myrmidons*
Where reigned he. To *Phthia* ſhe was brought.
And then the ſecond Wedding was his Son's,
Whom on a woman bond he had begot.
And *Megapenthes* nam'd. (For *Helens* bed
Fruitleſs was after fair *Hermione*.)
And he *Alector*'s daughter married.
Of *Lacedæmon* Citizen was he.
And now they merry ſat that bidden were,
Making good chear, and hearing Voice and Fiddle,
And wondring at two Tumblers that were there.
That moving to the time ſtood in the middle.

Mean while by th'Horſes th'utter Gate without
Telemachus ſtood and *Piſiſtratus*.
Then *Eteoneus* by chance came out,
A careful Servant of *Menelaus*.
And having ſeen them, in he went agen,
And being near to where his Maſter ſate,
O King (ſaid he) there are without two men
Like Great mens Sons with their Coach at the Gate,
Shall I take out their Horſes? Or ſhall I
Tell them where they may lodged be elſewhere?
At this *Atrides* grieved, made reply,
Eteoneus, ſure once you wiſer were.
Have we not oft by ſtrangers heretofore
In our neceſſity relieved been?
And I pray God it may be ſo no more.
Go, looſe the Horſes, and the men bring in.
This ſaid, he went again with Servants more.
Takes out the Horſes. Ties them to the Mangers,
And throws before them Provender good ſtore.
Sets up the Coach, and then brings in the ſtrangers,
Who at the beauty of the houſe amazed.
(For bright it ſhined as the Moon or Sun)
And when they had ſufficiently gazed,
To where the Bathing-room was walked on.
After they were well waſhed and anointed,
And cloathed with ſoft nappy Cloak and Coat,
That they ſhould near him ſit the King appointed,
And near unto his Throne their Chairs were brought.
A Maid the Golden Baſon and the Ewre
To waſh their hands over a Caldron brings.
(The Caldron alſo was of ſilver pure)
Another on the Table laid good things.
Another Bread. The Carver alſo cuts
Of every ſort of meat the choiceſt bits,
And them on trenchers on the Table puts.
And *Menelaus* pointing to it ſits.
And heartily invites them to fall to.
Eat now, ſaid he, we ſhall have time enough
When you have ſupp'd to aſk you where and who.
Your Anceſtors are not obſcure I know.

Such

Such Children are not got by wretched men.
And as he ſpake he took from his own Meſs
As much as both his hands could comprehend
Of good Chine-beef, and gave it to theſe Gueſts.
And then they laid their hands upon their meat.
But when their hunger and their thirſt was gone,
Telemachus that near ſat to his ſeat
Whiſper'd *Piſiſtratus*, You, *Neſtors* Son,
Do you not mark the ſplendour in this houſe
Of Braſs, Gold, Amber, Silver, Ivory?
Such ſure the houſe is of *Olympius*,
So many and ſo glorious things I ſee.
But *Menelaus* heard him. Let, ſaid he,
No mortal man with *Jupiter* compare.
His houſe decays not, nor goods waſted be.
What men compare with me I do not care.
For why, my Goods I paid for very dear
With pain and peril in my coming home,
And wandring up and down at Sea eight year
Before I could into my Country come.
I was in *Cyprus* and *Phœnicia*,
Came to the *Cydons* and *Erembians*,
To *Ægypt* and to *Ethiopia*,
And to the fertile grounds o'th' *Libyans*.
Where ev'ry year the Sheep three times do breed,
And all the Lambs fall horned from the Dam.
Nor maſter nor his man there ſtands in need
Of Cheeſe or Milk, or tender fleſh of Lamb.
While I my Goods amongſt them wandring got,
I loſt my Brother by his Wife betrai'd.
And therefore in my riches glory not.
And all this to you have your Fathers ſaid.
Abſent, I loſt my houſe, and much rich ſtuff.
Had I my fellows ſav'd I led to *Troy*,
I'd been content with the third part thereof.
So all to all I've little cauſe of joy.
For all my Friends at *Troy* loſt griev'd was I,
And ſometimes wept, yet ſometimes alſo not.
For quick of tears is the ſatiety.
But one there is, when he is in my thought

I neither food nor sleep desire to take.
For all the while we were besieging *Troy*,
None suffer'd so much for the *Argives* sake
As did *Ulysses*, nor so oft did pray.
And more perhaps he is to suffer yet.
Long stays he, and whether alive or dead
He be, I can from no man notice get,
Nor from my sorrow be delivered.
Mean while as for a Son of life bereft
Laertes weeps. So does *Penelope*.
Telemachus whom young *Ulysses* left,
Spends his best age in pain and misery.
This said, *Telemachus* before his eyes
Held up his Purple Robe, the tears to hide
Drawn from him by his Fathers Miseries.
And *Menelaus* when he that espi'd
Consider'd whether best it were or no
To tell him first what he had heard or seen
About his Father, or what he would know
To let him ask. But *Helen* then came in
Like to *Diana* in great Majesty.
Adreste came in with her with a Chair.
Alcippe a soft Carpet layed nigh.
Her Basket brought in was by *Phylo* fair.
At *Thebes* in *Ægypt* it was given her
By *Polybus* his wife *Alcandre*, when
King *Menelaus* travelling was there,
And *Polybus* gave to him Talents ten
Of Gold, and Lavers two of Silver fine,
And two three-footed Caldrons of good Brass.
Then by *Alcandre* to *Helena* Divine
A silver brim guilt Basket given was
With fine and curiously-spun thred prest full
With Distaff on it more thred yet to spin
Ready invested with soft Purple wool.
This was the Basket *Phylo* then brought in.
Then *Helen* sat, and by her Husband told
What thitherto had past, I know, said she,
King *Menelaus*, now I them behold
The Guests that are come to you, who they be.

But

But shall I tell you what I think or no?
I'll tell you true. I never yet saw one
So like another, as this man is to
Telemachus, *Ulysses* only Son.
Whom when with other *Greeks* to *Ilium*
He went to fetch away this Monky me
By bloody War, he left a Child at home.
Then *Menelaus* spake. Since you, said he,
Have put it in my mind, I think so too.
His eyes, his feet, his hands, his head, his hair,
Are like *Ulysses* his, who I'd tell you now
What misery for me he suffer'd there,
But that it makes him weep and hide his eyes.
Then to *Atrides* said *Pisistratus*,
The truth to you, O King, I'll not disguise.
This is *Ulysses* Son *Telemachus*.
But jealous of his tongue and fearful is
Before a man experienced and wise,
Lest he should say something at first amiss,
And lay his weakness open to your eyes.
Nestor sent me along with him for guide,
Because he so much longed you to see,
And hear what of his Father was betide,
And by you holpen and instructed be.
Unhappy is the Child whose Father's gone
And this is now *Telemachus* his case.
For of *Ulysses* news he can hear none,
Who to defend him left none in his place.
How, how! then said *Atrides*, I have here
The Son of one that I esteemed most,
And for my sake suffer'd and did more there
Than any other in the *Argive* Host.
To whom I meant, had we come safely home,
To shew more kindness than to any one
Of all the *Greeks*. Assoon as we were come
I had to *Argos* brought him and his Son;
Built them a City; made both but one State,
And laid the Cities round about us waste;
And often there with one another sate;
And only death our friendship had displac't.

But by the Gods theſe thoughts are rendred vain.
They have *Ulyſſes* from his Country kept.
This ſaid, from tears they could no more abſtain.
Jovis Daughter *Argive Helena* then wept,
And *Menelaus* and *Telemachus*.
Nor could *Piſiſtratus* his tears reſtrain,
But on his Brother thought *Antilochus*,
That by the fair *Aurora*'s Son was ſlain.
And him remembring, to *Atrides* ſpake.
Atrides, oft have I heard *Neſtor* tell,
(As oft as we did of you mention make)
That you 'mongſt men in wiſdom do excel.
I pray you think not I take any pleaſure
To act at Supper-time the rites of mourning.
For that another time we ſhall have leiſure;
Unleſs we look no more to ſee the Morning.
Not that I weeping for the dead condemn,
Or cutting off of hair. It is a debt
We owe to our dead friends. And one of them
My Brother is, whom I cannot forget.
He was not of the *Greeks* the meaneſt man.
For ſwift he was of foot and bold in fight.
(Which you than I much better witneſs can)
To kill his Foe in battle or in flight.
Dear friend, *Atrides* anſwer'd, you have ſaid
What might an older man have well beſeemed
To ſay and do; and *Neſtor*'s ſtock bewrayed,
Whoſe wiſdom is of all mens moſt eſteemed.
'Tis eaſie to diſcern the race of one
To whom a happy life the Gods ſhall grant,
As unto Noble *Neſtor* they have done,
Long life, and Sons diſcreet and valiant.
Let's put off for the preſent tales of ſorrow,
And to our meat again our minds apply.
Bring water for our hands. Betimes to morrow
We'll talk of th's *Telemachus* and I.
This ſaid, *Aſphalion* came in with water.
They waſh'd, & on the meat their hands they lai'd.
But in the mean time *Helena Jovis* Daughter
An Antidote into the wine convei'd.

An

An Antidote that vertue had to keep
The man that drank it mixed with his wine
So as for all that day he ſhould not weep,
Nor for what ever ſhould befal him whine:
No though his Father or his Mother di'd,
Or Friend or Brother ſlain were in his ſight
By cruel enemies that them envi'd.
Such was of *Helens* Medicine the might,
Which t'her in *Ægypt Thon*'s wife given had,
Where many Drugs of wondrous vertue grow,
Some here, ſome there, and ſome good, and ſome bad.
For all men there the Art of Phyſique know.
For why, from *Pæan* ſprung are all thoſe men.
The Antidote put in, ſhe bad the wine
Be born about. And then ſhe ſaid agen,
King *Menelaus* offspring of Gods divine,
Deſcended from the Gods are alſo theſe.
And *Jove* good fortune gives ſometimes to one,
And ſometimes to another, as he pleaſe.
For he can do whatever can be done.
Feaſt then, and merrily together ſit,
And pleaſe your ſelves with Stories. I'll tell one,
And which as to the time, is not unfit,
Of what at *Troy* was by *Ulyſſes* done.
I will not tell you all the pranks he plaid,
But only how he came into the Town,
With canvas Mantle o'r his ſhoulders laid,
Bloody with ſtripes, from no hand but his own:
And by the name of *Dolies* there did paſs,
And as a ſlave went freely up and down,
When ſuch man in the Fleet at all none was.
And was to every one but me unknown.
I queſtion'd him, and he at firſt was ſhy.
But when I bath'd him and anointed had,
And cloth'd, and tane an Oath of ſecreſie,
He told me what deſigne the *Argives* had.
Then having gotten much Intelligence,
And many of the *Trojan* people ſlain,
He ſafely to the Fleet departed thence
Leaving their Wives lamenting there in vain.

But out

But I was glad. For changed was my mind,
And griev'd by *Venus* t'have been made so mad,
To leave my Child *Hermione* behind,
And my good Husband when no cause I had.
Then *Menelaus* said, Your Story, Wife,
Is to the purpose. Countries I have seen
Many; and oft with Heroes in my life
In Councels sitten; but was never in
The place where any like *Ulysses* sat.
I'th' Wooden Horse, I'll tell you what he did:
(No man did ever such a thing as that)
The Princes of the Army there lay hid
Death and destruction bearing into *Troy*.
Some Dæmon then that was no friend to us,
Made you come forth our Counsel to destroy.
And with you also came *Deiphobus*.
And thrice about the Wooden Horse you went,
And called to us ev'ry man by name,
And our Wives voices so did represent,
As not to be discerned from the same.
I'th' midst *Ulysses*, *Diomed*, and I
Heard well your call as we together sat,
And ready were to go forth, or reply;
But by *Ulysses* hindred were of that.
But *Anticlus* had answered certainly,
Had not *Ulysses* when he heard her call,
Laid hand upon his mouth immediately,
And held, till you were gone. That sav'd us all.
'Twas much (then said *Telemachus*) but this
Was not enough the man alive to keep
Though made of steel, whose end determined is.
But now, O King, the time is come for sleep.
Then *Helen* to her women order gave
To see their Beds made ready, and lay on
Fair Purple Rugs, and under them to have
Soft Blankets, and fine Coverlids upon
Before the house in Chambers o'r the Gate.
But in the Inmost of the Palace lay
King *Menelaus* with his Royal Mate,
And rose again together with the day.

And

And when he had himself attir'd and shod,
And hung his trusty sword had by his side,
Out of his Chamber came he like a God
And to *Telemachus* himself appli'd.
Telemachus said he, what bringeth you
To *Lacedæmon* o'r the Sea so wide?
Publike or private bus'ness? Tell me true.
Telemachus unto him then repli'd.
To you, King *Menelaus*, I am come
T'enquire what of my Father is betide.
My house is full of Enemies at home,
That me consume; and there resolve t'abide.
I'th' fields they fruitless make my husbandry.
My flocks they eat; and would my Mother wed.
This made me come to know the certainty,
Whether my Father be alive or dead.
Whether you saw him after he left *Troy*
Wandring abroad. (For he was born to woe.)
Or of him any thing heard others say.
Let tenderness hide nothing that you know.
If in the *Argive* Host he useful were
In Counsel or in Battle, when need was,
Tell me the truth be't never so severe.
To this, much griev'd, answer'd *Menelaus*,
Yes, yes (said he) there many enter'd be
Into a strong mans house while he's away.
And are in hope to dwell there constantly,
Though not so valiant, as he, be they.
As when a Stag and Hind entring the Den
Of th'absent Lion lulls his whelps with tales
Of Hills and Dales, the Lion comes agen
And tears them into pieces with his nails;
So shall *Ulysses* all those Suiters slay.
Oh that the Gods, *Apollo*, *Pallas*, *Jove*,
Amongst the Suiters set him would one day,
Such as when with *Philomelid* he strove,
And threw him flat, and made the *Argives* glad.
If such as then *Ulysses* should be there,
Short would their lives be and their wedding bad.
But to the matter whereof you would hear,

I can ſay nothing upon certainty,
And my own knowledge. But what I was told
By *Proteus*. And tell I will no lie,
Nor any thing of what he ſaid with-hold.
Before the Land of *Ægypt Pharos* lies,
An Iſland, and therein a Haven good
Againſt whatever wind ſhall chance to riſe.
And ready to depart my ſhips there ſtood.
A days ſail diſtant ſtands it in the Main;
But 'cauſe the Hecatomb I offer'd not,
The Gods a long time did me there detain.
For they are angry when they are forgot.
There twenty days together we were pent,
Though fain we would have put again to Sea;
And our Proviſion had quite been ſpent,
But that I then met with *Idothoë*.
She daughter is of *Proteus*. And he
A Herdſman old of *Neptune* is, and has
The charge his Sea-calves kept and fed to ſee.
His daughter met me when alone I was.
My Company their dinner to provide,
With Angle-rods were fiſhing on the ſtrand.
Then ſaid ſhe to me ſtanding by my ſide,
Why ſtay you here and nothing take in hand
To help your ſelf, as if a Child you were,
Or negligent, or loved-miſery,
Suffring your ſelf to be ſo long pent here?
Or can you no way find to be ſet free?
What God you be ſoever (anſwer'd I)
Thus much unto you I muſt plainly ſay,
That in this Iſle I ſtay unwillingly,
And for my freedom to the Gods I pray.
But tell me you (for Gods know every thing)
What God is it that to this place me ti'd;
And what it is that muſt me from it bring.
I'll tell you then, ſaid ſhe, and nothing hide.
By an old Sea-God haunted is this Iſle,
Call'd *Proteus*, that nothing ſays untrue,
Servant to *Neptune*. Whom if by ſome wile
You could but catch and hold, he'd anſwer you

To

To all you ask. And he my Father is.
He'll tell you how to get your Ships to Sea;
And how you shall get home. He knows all this,
And what's there done. So said *Idothoe*.
But how (said I) is't possible for man
Upon a God Immortal to lay hold,
When he foreseeing it avoid it can,
If how to do't he be not by you told?
I'll tell you (said she) how it may be done.
Hidden in the Curls of the Sea each day
Brought in by *Zephyrus*, he lands at Noon,
And on the sand himself to sleep will lay.
About him will his footless Sea-calves lie,
And of the brine abominably smell.
And thither bring you in the morn will I,
And how to place your selves instruct you well.
For three more must come with you lusty men,
Whom you shall chuse from out your company.
The old Sea-God his flock will number then,
And having done, i'th' midst of them will lie,
Just as a Shepherd lies amongst his sheep.
Now waver not, but bold and constant be.
Assoon as you shall see he is asleep,
Lay hold on him, and keep it constantly.
For he in divers shapes will with you struggle.
He will be any Serpent that he please.
Himself he'll into Fire or Water juggle.
Therefore hold fast, left he your hands disseize.
When of himself he shall contented be
In his first form the matter to debate;
Take off your hands, and set the old God free.
Then of your business him interrogate,
What God it is that hath your hurt contrived.
How you shall put to Sea. Which way go home.
This said, into the Sea again she dived.
Then full of thoughts back to my Ships I come,
And supt. And when we supped had 'twas night.
Then slept we by our ships upon the sand.
But when *Aurora* had brought back the light,
Then went I with my three men to the strand,

And

And prayed to the Gods; my men I chose,
Such men as for the purpose fit I thought.
Idothee then from the Sea arose,
And in her hand four Sea-calves skins she brought
All raw, her Father thereby to betray.
And with those skins upon us on the shore
Scrap'd hollow by her, like Sea-calves we lay.
And there our lodging had been very sore,
(For so abominably do they stink,
That no man neat them can endure to lie.
Is it good lying with a Whale d'ye think?)
But that she for it had a remedy.
Ambrosia she with her brought, and laid
The same unto our Noses one by one,
Which the ill savour of the Fish allai'd.
And thus we lay expecting till 'twas Noon.
Then all at once the Sea-calves came ashore,
And there themselves they bedded orderly.
At noon came *Proteus*, and counts them o'r,
And first were counted my three men and I.
Then lay he also down. And by and by
He fell asleep. Then we unto him ran,
And laid hands on him with a hideous cry.
And he to shew his wondrous Art began.
A shaggy Lion first he seem'd to be;
And then a Dragon; then a Leopard;
And then a Boar; then Water; then a Tree.
But still we kept our hold, and prest him hard.
He weary was at last, and then he said,
Atrides, how came you by so much skill
To hold me thus? What God has me betrai'd?
What needed you to vex me? What's your will?
What need, said I, have you from me to hear,
That bound am to this Isle, and know not how
To put to Sea, nor what God holds me here,
When you can tell me (for Gods all things know.)
Then back, said he, to *Greece* you cannot come,
Till you to *Ægypt* do return again,
And pay to all the Gods a Hecatomb.
That done, you shall pass safely o'r the Main.

Thus

Thus *Proteus* ſaid. But that I muſt go firſt
Back into *Ægypt*, an ill and long way,
My heart to hear it ready was to burſt.
'Tis hard, ſaid I, but I'll do all you ſay.
But tell me of the *Argives* firſt, if they
With their good Ships came all in ſafety home,
That I and *Neſtor* left behind at *Troy*.
How many by the way they loſt, and whom.
Some of them ſcap'd, ſaid he, and ſome are loſt.
But of the Princes loſt are only twain
In their return. (Upon the *Trojan* Coaſt
You know who di'd.) And one the Gods detain.
Firſt *Ajax* ſhips by winds were laid aground
At *Gyræ*, Rocks that on the Deep look down,
And 'gainſt the Sea protection there had found,
However *Pallas* did upon him frown,
But that a high provoking word he ſpake.
I'll paſs, ſaid he, although the Gods ſay no.
And *Neptune* then the Rock he ſat on brake.
Both he and it into the water go,
Where, when he had drunk brine enough, he di'd.
Your Brother alſo ſafely paſt the Sea,
And came to *Argos*. (*Juno* was his Guide.)
And when he was come near to Mount *Malea*,
Forc'd by foul weather he diſbarked, where
Thyeſtes formerly his age had ſpent.
But now his Son *Ægiſtus* dwelled there. (went.
The Gods then chang'd the wind, and homeward
Full glad he was, and kiſs'd the ground for joy,
And from him fell the tears abundantly.
Ægiſtus that long ſought him to deſtroy,
Had plac'd a man on purpoſe to deſcry
Th'arrival of the Fleet; whom he had hired
To watch upon a Hill a year together,
For Talents ten of Gold that he required, (ther.
And tell him when the Fleet from *Troy* came thi-
The Watchman ſaw them, and t'*Ægiſtus* went
And gave him notice of their coming in.
Ægiſtus then t'effect his bad intent,
Choſe twenty luſty men, and them within

An-

An Inner-room he placed out of ſight.
And a great Supper bids his men provide;
Then down went, *Agamemnon* to invite,
With Horſes and with Coaches to th'Seaſide,
And brought him up to Supper in great ſtate.
Then roſe the Traytors that in ambuſh lay,
And killed him as he at Supper ſate.
Not any man alive went thence away
That with *Atrides* or with him took part.
When of his Story he had made an end,
To break with pity ready was my heart.
In ſtreams down on my cheeks the tears deſcend.
I wiſhed never more to ſee the Sun,
And weeping on the ſand my ſelf I roll'd.
But when my Lamentation was done,
Then *Proteus* ſaid again, Your weeping hold.
Tears are no remedy. But make haſte home.
There lives *Ægiſtus*, or if he be ſlain
Already by *Oreſtes*, you will come
To his Interment. This chear'd me again.
And then I aſked further of him this,
Since you have told me what's become of two,
Tell me, the third that ſtays abroad, who 'tis,
Alive or dead; though that will grieve me too.
It is (ſaid he) *Ulyſſes*. Whom I ſaw
In th'Iſland where *Calypſo* dwells, o'th' Shoar
Weeping, who fain would come to *Ithaca*,
But with him neither has a Ship or Oar.
And you, O *Menelaus*, ſhall not die
In *Argos* (for 'tis otherwiſe decreed)
But be convey'd t'*Elyzium*. For why,
Of *Jupiter* you wedded have the Seed.
There humanes lead their lives in greateſt eaſe.
No Snow nor Froſt there is. Refreſhed there
They are by *Zephyr*'s riſing from the Seas.
And *Joves* Son *Rhadamanthus* dwelleth there.
This ſaid, into the Sea he went agen.
But I with thoughts confuſed in my head
Returned back unto my ſhips and men.
And ſoon as we had ſup'd the night was ſpread.

Then

Then back again into the *Nyle* we go,
And offer'd to the Gods a Hecatomb;
When we their anger had appeaſed ſo,
For *Agamemnon* there we rais'd a Tomb.
When this was done, for *Argos* we ſet ſail,
And quickly to our native Soil we came.
Th'Immortal Gods gave us a luſty gale,
And all the way continued the ſame.
Telemachus, yo've heard all I can ſay.
But muſt not therefore ſtreightway take your leave.
Until th'eleventh or twelfth day you muſt ſtay,
The Preſents I intend you to receive.
A Chariot you ſhall have and Horſes three,
And a fair Cup emboſs'd to offer wine,
That in your Vows you may remember me.
Then ſaid *Telemachus*, I here have li'n
Long time already. And my men at *Pyle*
Are weary of expecting me. Elſe I
Could ſtay a year, and never all that while
My mind have on my houſe, or Family.
So much I taken am with your diſcourſe.
But let my Preſent be ſome Monument:
To *Ithaca* I'll never carry horſe,
They for the Plains are more convenient.
Large Plains, which you have here in many places,
And where ſtore is of Wheat, and Rice, and Lote.
In *Ithaca* there is no ground for races,
Nor Paſtures good enough to feed a Goat.
In th'Iſles about it, gallop can no Horſe.
In th'Iſle it ſelf, nor gallop, nor be fed.
When he had made an end of his diſcourſe,
Atrides ſmiling on him ſtroak'd his head.
'Tis ſpoken, ſaid he, like a gallant man,
And that deſcended is of Noble blood.
I'll give you other Preſents (for I can)
In place of theſe, that ſhall be full as good.
A Monument kept in my Treaſury,
Of maſſie ſilver a fair Temperer,
The work of *Vulcan*, which was given me
At *Sidon*, by the King, when I was there.

Whilſt

Whilſt they together thus diſcourſing ſtaid,
The bidden Gueſts, fat ſheep, rich wine bring in,
And bread their Wives upon the Tables laid,
And about Supper buſie were within.
And now the Suiters at *Ulyſſ's* houſe
Were throwing of the Stone and Darts. And by
Antinous ſat and *Eurymachus*
Chief of the Woo'rs. Then came *Noemon* nigh.
Unto *Antinous* he ſpake, and ſaid,
When will *Telemachus* return from *Pyle*?
My Ship I lent him, and am now afraid,
I ſhall have need of her my ſelf the while.
For over into *Elis* I muſt paſs.
Twelve Mares of mine there go, and with the ſame
Twelve unbroke Mules, their Foals, at graſs.
And ſome of them I would fetch home and tame.
At this they ſtar'd. For never dreamed they
That in good earneſt he would go to *Pyle*,
But in the fields would with ſome Herdſman ſtay,
And there from us conceal himſelf a while.
Antinous then aſkt, When parted he?
What Company went with him hence? His own
Servants and Huſbandmen (for that might be)
Or youngmen of the beſt account i'th' Town?
And tell me further, was it willingly
You lent your ſhip? or were you forc'd thereto?
To this *Noemon* did again reply,
I lent it willingly. What ſhould I do?
Who would not yield to ſuch a man's requeſt
(When he has need and aſks) as well as I?
And with him went of *Ithaca* the beſt,
And *Mentor* chief of all the company.
If he it were not, 'twas ſome Deity.
For (which is ſtrange) I ſaw him yeſterday
Before the Sun was mounted half the Sky.
Yet went the Ship the night before away.
Th's ſaid, he went his way. *Antinous*
And th'other ſate there yet, and wondered.
The Suiters left their ſport, ſat down, and thus
Antinous the Caſe then opened,

And

And in an angry tone, with fiery eye,
'Tis true, said he, *Telemachus* has done
A work to us of great indignity.
We thought he never could that way have gone.
We many are, and men. Yet he a Boy
Has got a Ship, and of our men the best.
But may *Jove* him, before he us destroy.
Give me a good ship, e'r we be oppress,
And twenty able men. And in the Strait
'Twixt *Ithaca* and *Same* I will lie,
And for their coming back from *Pylus* wait,
And entertain him with hot coming by.
The Suiters all were pleased with the Plot,
And then they 'rose together and went in.
But *Medon* had heard all. Which they knew not.
For he without the Court was, they within.
And to inform *Penelope* he went,
And when she saw him coming in a door,
Medon, said she, what are you hither sent
To bid my Maids trouble themselves no more,
With how the Suiters they shall entertain;
But only for themselves make ready meat?
Lest when they hither come to sup again,
It prove the last that they shall ever eat.
Telemachus his wealth you wasted have,
As if your Fathers never told you how
Ulysses with them did himself behave
That never did unkindness to them shew
In Deed or Word. Although a liberty
Kings often take, one man to love or hate
Above another, without telling why.
But he cause of offence to no man gave,
But of good turns received heretofore
Your nature altogether senseless is.
O Queen, said *Medon*, would it were no more.
But I must tell you somewhat worse than this.
The Suiters have conspir'd to kill your Son
(Which *Jove* avert) as he is coming home.
For he to *Pylus* is and *Sparta* gone
T'enquire what of his Father is become.

This

This said, *Penelope* was stricken dumb,
And filled were with tears her eyes. But when
Her voice at last again was to her come,
She spake to *Medon*, and him asked then.
Medon, said she, why went my Son away?
What need had he upon the Sea to ride?
Meant he his name amongst men to destroy?
And *Medon* to her then again repli'd,
I cannot tell. Perhaps encouraged
By some o'th' Gods, or Presage of his own
T'enquire about his Father whether dead,
Or on what Coast he is by fortune thrown.
This said, her tears she could no longer hold,
And lets her self sink down upon the Sill.
Then came her Maids about her, young and old.
Did ever Gods, said she, bear such ill will
To any woman as they bear to me?
Why deal they with me worse than with the rest?
O my dear Husband! What a man was he!
All manly vertues lodged in his breast.
Through *Hellas* and through *Argos* known was he.
Of him the Gods unkind me first bereft.
And now away my Child must taken be
That to sustain the House at home was left.
Sluts that you are, and of his going knew,
Why was it not to me discovered?
For had I of it been inform'd by you,
I had him staid, or he had left me dead.
To *Dolius* let one or other go
(The Servant which my Father gave to me,
And with *Laertes* at the Lodge is now,
And of my Garden has the custody)
And tell him what the Suiters are about.
That he may to *Laertes* tell the same;
And he unto the people may come out,
And them against these wicked men inflame.
Then spake *Eurycles*. Dear Child, said she,
Kill me, or let me live as you think best;
No longer shall the truth concealed be.
I knew all this. So did none of the rest.

I furniſh'd him with all that he commanded,
Sweet Wine and Flour. But firſt he made me ſwear
I would not tell you till it was demanded,
Or that the ſame by others told you were;
For fear leſt with much weeping hurt you take,
But waſh, put on clean Garments, and up go
Into your chamber, and your Prayers make
To *Pallas*, who your Son to ſave knows how.
The griev'd old Man, why ſhould you further grieve?
Hated is not *Arceſius* his ſeed
By all the Gods. For I cannot believe
But ſome of them will help them in their need,
And both their Houſes and their Lands protect.
This ſtop'd her ſobbing, and her weeping ſtaid.
Then went ſhe up, her ſelf ſhe waſh'd and deckt,
And to the Goddeſs *Pallas* thus ſhe prai'd.
O Goddeſs, if you well accepted have
The Victims by *Ulyſſes* ſacrificed
Upon your Altar here, his Son now ſave,
And bring to nought what th'Wooers have deviſed.
Her Prayer granted was. Then ſhouted they.
The Suiters heard it in the Hall, and one
T'another ſaid, 'Tis for her Wedding-day.
She knows not we intend to kill her Son.
Thus ſaid they, but upon no ground at all.
Alcinous then ſpake. Madmen, ſaid he,
Such words as theſe what mean you to let fall?
What if within they ſhould reported be?
Come riſe, thus, gently, and the work effect
To which we all have given our conſent.
Then did he twenty able men elect,
And down unto the water-ſide they went.
And firſt of all they laid their ſhip afloat,
And in it with white Sails the Maſt they laid,
And fit their Oars. Then in their Arms were brought.
The Maſt then rear'd was, and the Sails diſplaid.
Then went they t'Anchor in the open Sea,
And ſtaid till night. And then aboard they eat.
Then to her Chamber went *Penelope*
Grieving, and taſting neither drink nor meat,

Caſting

Casting about whether more likely 'twere
Her Son should scape the Suiters hands, or die.
Just as a Lion that enclosed were
With Toils about, would cast which way to fly.
When her sad reck'ning sleep had blotted out,
Dissolv'd her strength, and closed had her eyes,
Pallas another bus'ness went about.
She made an Idol in a womans guise,
Like to the Daughter of *Icarius*
Wife of *Eumelus* (at *Pheræ* dwelled he)
And sent the same unto *Ulysses* house,
T'allay the sorrow of *Penelope*.
In at the Key hole then the Idol goes
Into her Chamber, and stood at her head.
Penelope, said it, amidst such woes
How can you sleep? But now be comforted.
You must no longer weep nor grieved be.
For from the Gods you no such cause shall have.
For of your Son the safe return you'l see.
To this *Penelope* then answer gave.
Sister, said she, 'tis strange to see you here.
You come but seldom. For far off you dwell.
And now you bid me weeping to forbear,
When how much cause I have you cannot tell.
A good and noble Husband I have lost
That had a Lions heart within his breast.
Hellas and *Argos* of his valour boast.
What Vertue is there that he not possest?
And now my Child at Sea is in a Tub,
And has no skill in Fight or Parlament.
I fear extremely lest he meet some rub.
For him more than for th'other I lament.
What may befall him on the Sea I dread;
And what at Land, if e'r to Land he come.
For many Foes he hath that wish him dead,
And wait to kill him as he cometh home.
To this again repli'd the Idol dim,
Take courage, be not frighted for your Son.
He has a Guide that taketh care of him.
A better would be wished for by none.

'Tis *Pallas*. For of you she pity takes.
And what I said, I said by her Command.
Penelope again this Answer makes,
Who ere you be, answer one more demand.
Is my poor Husband yet alive, or no?
Then said the Idol, That I do not find.
Nor will I tell you what I do not know.
Then through the Key-hole went, and turn'd to wind.
Then wak't *Penelope*, and joyful was
I have had a dream so evident and clear.
Then o'r the humid Plain the Suiters pass,
Destruction to *Telemachus* to bear.
'Twixt *Ithaca* and *Same*, middle way,
There lies an Island, and but small it is,
Yet hath it on each side a good safe Bay.
There watch'd the Wooers. 'Tis call'd *Asteris*.

LIB. V.

UP rose *Aurora* from *Tithonus* bed,
Before the Gods and men to bear her light.
The Gods were then to Counsel gathered,
And *Jove* amongst them, of the greatest might.
And there before them *Pallas* open laid
The painful life *Ulysses* did endure.
O *Jove*, and all ye blessed Gods (she said)
Henceforth his people let no King enure
To gentle Government, but keep them down,
And to their honesty no longer trust,
That of *Ulysses* are forgetful grown,
Whose Government so gentle was and just.
And now he pent up lieth in an Isle
Where dwells *Calypso*; and to come away

Has neither Ship nor men, and all the while
Weeping for sorrow forc'd he is to stay.
The Suiters also seek to kill his Son,
And lie to meet him in his coming home.
For why, to *Pyle* and *Sparta* he is gone,
To hear what of his Father is become.
Why Child (said *Jove*) why say you this to me?
'Twas you that sent *Telemachus* away.
And you consenting were to our decree,
Ulysses should come back and th'Wooers slay.
Go you and bring *Telemachus* from *Pyle*,
And send the Suiters home that lie in's way.
And *Mercury* (said he) go you the while
And tell the Nymph *Calypso* what I say.
The Gods in Councel sitting order'd have,
Ulysses shall return to *Ithaca*.
And first upon a Raft himself shall save,
Without a Convoy, in *Phæacia*
In twenty days; and there be honoured,
And to his Country richly sent away,
With Brass and Gold, and Garments furnished,
More than his share had mounted to at *Troy*,
Though he had brought it thence all safely home.
For why, by Destiny ordain'd it is
That to his friends he honourably come.
No sooner *Jupiter* had spoken this,
But that his Shooes upon his feet he binds,
Ambrosian, Golden Shooes, wherewith he flies
On Land or Water, swifter than the winds.
Then takes the Rod wherewith upon the eyes
Of Mortals, he lays on or takes off sleep,
And with his Rod in hand jumpt down to th'Hill
Pierius, and thence into the Deep.
And over the wide Sea he passed, till
At last he was arrived at the Isle
Where was the Nymph *Calypso* resident.
And like a Cormorant was all this while
That hunts the Fishes. Then ashore he went.
And coming to her Rock found her within,
Upon the hearth a fire was of sweet wood.

There

There did she sing, and as she sung did spin.
About the Cave many fair Trees there stood.
Beech, Poplar, and the Cypress of sweet smell;
And many Birds, Hawks, and Sea-crows, and Owls
Within their branches used were to dwell;
And (such as haunt Sea-water) other Fowls.
The Rock it self with Vines was covered,
And Grapes abundance hanging were thereon.
Four Springs arow four ways clear water spread.
Sweet Meadows were about it many a one
Stuck full of Violets and Flowers gay,
Which, though a God, he saw with admiration,
And for a little while he there did stay
Pleas'd with the beauty of the habitation.
And then into the spacious Cave he goes.
At the first sight *Calypso* knew him well.
For perfectly one God another knows,
How far soever they asunder dwell.
Ulysses now was gone out to the Shore,
To look upon the Sea that kept him in,
To sigh and weep as he had done before.
At *Hermes* coming he was not within.
To *Hermes* seated in a glistering Chair
The Goddess fair *Calypso* then begun,
Tell me beloved *Hermes* your affair.
If it be possible it shall be done.
Come nearer, and with food you self restore.
Then sets she him a Table, and lays on
Of Nectar and Ambrosia good store.
Then *Hermes* took his Food, and having done,
Goddess (said he) since me (a God) you ask,
You may be sure I tell you shall no lie.
Jove sent me 'gainst my will. For such a task
Who undertake would, think you, willingly?
For first a horrible long Journey 'tis;
And then no Town to bait at by the way
On Hecatomb or lesser Sacrifice.
But what God is there dares *Jove* disobey?
There is, said *Jove*, a man that staid is here
Of th' *Argives* that besieged *Ilium*

The moſt unhappy. There they ſtaid nine year.
The tenth they took it, and were coming home.
But by the way they *Pallas* had offended.
And ſhe againſt them raiſed ſtormy weather,
In which *Ulyſſes* Mates their lives all ended.
But he himſelf by ſtorms was driven hither:
Him *Jupiter* would have you ſend away.
For he is deſtin'd not to die from home,
Nor any longer from his Friends to ſtay,
But back unto his houſe and Country come.
Calypſo troubled at it anſwered,
Malicious ye Gods, and jealous are,
That think much Goddeſſes ſhould Mortals wed.
See but how hardly did *Orion* fare,
After *Aurora* was become his wife.
How angry at him, O ye Gods, were you,
Until *Diana* took away his life,
With Shafts inviſible before 'twas due.
And ſo when *Ceres* with *Iaſion*
Themſelves delighted with the gift of Love,
How ſoon it was by th'other Gods made known,
And with a Thunder-bolt he ſlain by *Jove!*
And now they angry are with me. And why?
Becauſe I taken have a man to bed
Who in the Sea had periſh'd, had not I
Receiv'd him in my houſe and cheriſhed.
For when his Ship with Thunder *Jove* had ſplit,
And all his Company away were caſt,
Him on the Maſt unto the Rudde[illegible]r,
The wind and waves brought [illegible] at the laſt.
And here I him receiv'd and lov[illegible]l,
And meant to give him Immortality.
But ſince *Jove* will not let him with me dwell,
And I cannot reſiſt him, Farewel he.
But o'r the Sea I ſhall not him convoy.
For in my power I have no Ship, nor men
That have the art to walk in liquid way.
Prompt him I will how to get home agen.
'Tis well, ſaid *Mercury*, ſend him now hence.
The manner how, is left unto your will.

Be

Be wiſe, and do not *Jupiter* incenſe
Leſt he upon you bring a greater ill.
This ſaid, away went *Mercury*. And ſhe
Unto *Ulyſſes* went to the Sea-ſide.
Himſelf lamenting ſitting there was he.
And when ſhe came his eyes were not yet dri'd.
For now he lov'd the Nymph leſs than before,
And lay with her a nights unwillingly.
A days he weeping ſat upon the ſhore,
And on th' unbounded Sea oft caſt his eye.
Then to him ſaid the Nymph, Poor man, alas,
No longer weep, but fall your work unto.
For on a Raft you are the Sea to paſs,
And I will tell you what you are to do:
Cut down great Trees, and them together joyn
With bands of braſs, and on them make a Deck
And on it I will lay both Bread and Wine
And water freſh, hunger and thirſt to check.
And Garments I will give you, and a Wind,
That you my ſafe go home and ſpeedily;
Unleſs the Gods be of another mind.
For ſtronger they and wiſer are than I.
At this *Ulyſſes* troubled was and ſaid,
I looked for a Convoy me to waſt:
For on this Sea a man would be afraid
Though in a Ship; much more upon a Raft.
I will not therefore paſs upon a Raft
Unleſs to do me no more hurt you ſwear.
And when he had ſaid that, *Calypſo* laught,
And of his head ſhe ſtroaked down the hair.
You are (ſaid ſhe) a true bird of the neſt,
As by your anſwer very well I ſee.
By Heaven and by Earth I do proteſt,
And *Styx*, which is the greateſt Oath can be,
I'll never any thing hereafter do
That ſhall procure you hurt in any caſe.
And what at preſent I adviſe you to,
I would my ſelf do, were I in your place.
For why, the Fates I alſo muſt obey,
And in my breſt no iron heart I bear.

This ſaid, he turn'd and homeward took her way,
And on her ſteps *Ulyſſes* follow'd her.
When they were come together in the Cave,
She made him ſit where *Hermes* ſat before.
And meat and wine the beſt that Mortals have
The Maids upon the Table laid good ſtore.
Before *Calypſo* they laid other meat;
Ambroſia and Nectar, food divine.
There face to face they ſit, and drink and eat.
When ſhe refreſh'd him had with meat and wine,
Noble *Ulyſſes* (ſaid ſhe) you that long ſo
To ſee your Houſe and Wife without delay,
If what you were to ſuffer you did know
Before you there arrived, you would ſtay
And live with me here, and Immortal be.
Nor than that Wife for whom you take ſuch care
Leſs fairer or leſs wiſe can you think me.
Women with Goddeſſes cannot compare.
Goddeſs (ſaid he again) I know all this.
Penelope I not compare with you
In form or ſtature. For ſhe mortal is,
And you Immortal. Yet (though this be true)
I cannot chuſe but wiſh my ſelf at home.
And though I were to periſh in the Deep
By th'anger of the Gods, and never come,
I'd rather ſuffer that, than always weep.
For patience long ſince I learned have
Sufficiently in tempeſt and in fight.
This ſaid, they both in one part of the Cave
To ſleep went, where in Love they took delight.
And when the morning was again diſplai'd,
Ulyſſes cloath'd himſelf with Cloak and Coat.
The Nymph her ſelf in a great Robe arrai'd
Of dainty ſtuff with Gold all over wrought,
Which on her loins a golden Girdle ti'd,
And cover'd with a golden Scarf her head.
And how *Ulyſſes* o'r the Sea ſo wide
Should ſafely paſs, ſhe there conſidered.
Then puts a Plainer and an Axe in's hand
Two-edged, with a Haft of Olive tree.

Then

Then ſhew'd him where the greateſt Trees did ſtand;
And all the way before him walked ſhe.
And when they were arrived at the Wood,
Beeches they find, Poplars, and Fir-trees high
Already dry, that lie light on the Flood.
Calypſo to her Cavern back did hie.
Mean while *Ulyſſes* twenty Trees brought low,
And hewed them, and plain'd them ſkilfully,
And laid them on the ground all in a row,
At corners ſquare, and of one length they lie.
And then with Wimbles back *Calypſo* came.
Then pierced them, and ſet them one to one.
And with ſtrong joynts and nails faſt bound the ſame.
And by the time that all this he had done,
As a good ſhip as broad it was and long.
Then for his Decks he placed ſtoops upright
On every ſide, and many to be ſtrong;
And laid upon them planks at equal height.
Then made his Maſt, and ſet it up on end,
His Rudder, and a place to ſit and guide,
And laid on boughs from waves it to defend,
And all his Cordage made of good Cow-hide.
And then with Levers ſet his Raft afloat.
Four days in making of the Raft he ſpent.
When he had done, and all his work had wrought,
Upon the fifth the Nymph away him ſent.
But firſt ſhe bath'd him, and with cloaths arrai'd
Fine and perfum'd. Then wine of pleaſant taſte
One Goat-ſkin full upon the Raft ſhe laid,
And one of Water, greater, by it plac't.
And Sweet-meats, and good Fleſh of ev'ry kind.
And after he his Sails had hoiſt and ſpread,
She fill'd them with a warm and chearful wind.
Then he aſtern ſate down and governed.
And on *Bootes* look'd and *Pleiades*,
And on the *Bear*, which people call the *Wain*,
Which dogs *Orion* riſing from the Seas.
But ſhe her ſelf ne'r dives into the Main.
This *Bear* ſhe bad him leave on the left hand.
Then ſeventeen days he ſail'd, on th'eighteenth day

He came in ſight of the *Pheacian* Land
In that part where it neareſt to him lay.
Which look'd as 'twere upon the Sea a ſkin.
But now by *Neptune*, who returning was,
Ulyſſes Raft from *Solymi*, was ſeen.
For o'r thoſe Mountains *Neptune* was to paſs.
Who wounded at the ſight, with anger keen,
Thus ſaid unto himſelf, What, what, I find.
While I in *Ethiopia* have been
The Gods about this man have chang'd their mind.
The Iſle *Pheacia* is near at hand,
In which he deſtin'd is himſelf to ſave.
But yet, I think, before he be on Land
He ſtruggle ſhall with many a luſty Wave.
Then with his Trident he the Sea enraged,
And made a Night of Clouds the Sea upon,
And 'gainſt *Ulyſſes* all the Winds engaged.
And from their Quarters they came out each one,
Eurus, and *Notus*, *Zephyr*, *Boreas*
Each one a mighty Wave againſt him roll'd.
And then *Ulyſſes* heart near broken was,
And with himſelf, himſelf he thus condol'd.
Ay me, what will become of me at laſt!
I fear the Nymph *Calypſo* all this knew,
Who told me then, that as I homeward paſt
I ſhould meet danger. Now I find it true.
With what thick Clouds *Jove* cover'd has the ſky!
In what a tumult is the Sea! And how
On ev'ry ſide the Winds the Water ply
And ſtorm! My death (I ſee) is certain now.
Thrice, four times (*Argives*) happy were you, who
For *Agamemnon*'s ſake were ſlain. Would God I
At *Troy* in Battle my life loſt had too,
Eth' ſhow'r of Spears about *Achilles* Body.
Then had I had a noble Funeral,
And great among the *Greeks* had been my Fame,
But now a wretched death will me befal.
For ever will unhear'd-of be my name.
This ſaid, he daſh'd was 'gainſt a point of Land,
Which with great force whirled the Raft about.

And

And then the Rudder flew out of his hand;
And he into the water was caſt out.
Of divers Winds then follow'd one great blaſt,
And Sail and Tackle o'r-broad far off bears,
And in the middle breaks in two the Maſt,
While he was in the Sea o'r head and ears.
At laſt he rais'd his head above the pickle
(His heavy Cloaths a while had hindred him)
Then from his hair into his mouth did trickle
The brine, which he ſpits out, and falls to ſwim.
And when he had his Raſt recovered,
And plac'd himſelf i'th' midſt; then both together
The Wind uncertainly them carr'ed
From place to place, now hither and now thither.
Juſt as the wind in harveſt blows Peaſe-ſtraw
Upon the plain field whilſt it holds together;
So on the Sea without a certain Law
Ulyſſes Raſt was driven by the Weather.
In this diſtreſs by *Ino* he was ſeen
A Sea-Nymph and Immortal ſhe was then,
Though Woman (*Cadmus* Daughter) ſhe had been:
And now in Figure of a Water-hen,
She ſat upon the Raſt and to him ſpake.
What meaneth *Neptune* that he hates you ſo?
Do what he can your life he ſhall not take;
Do what I bid you. Off your Garments throw,
And quit the Raſt. And to *Phæacia*
Swim with your hands. And there you ſhall find reſt.
For ſo it is ordain'd by Fatal Law.
Here take this Scarf. Apply it to your breaſt.
And fear not death. But when you come to Land
Throw't in the Sea as far off as you can.
Then turn. This ſaid, ſhe put it in his hand,
And diving there alone ſhe left the man.
Ulyſſes grieving to himſelf then ſays,
What is it now I am adviſ'd unto!
Ay me! Some other God now me betrays
To quit my Raſt. I know what I will do.
For ſince my refuge is ſo near at hand,
Such Counſel I will not too ſoon obey.

But do what does with greateſt reaſon ſtand.
Upon my Raft I mean ſo long to ſtay.
As it ſhall hold together and be one.
But when the Wind has broken it in pieces
I'll ſwim; ſince better counſel I have none.
While with himſelf conſulting was *Ulyſſes*,
Neptune with wind the Water ſets upright
Into a high and formidable wave,
And threw it on the Raft with all his might,
Which all the parts thereof aſunder drave.
Juſt as the wind ſcatters a cock of hay,
So ſcatter'd was *Ulyſſes* Raft of Trees.
Whilſt he on one of them aſtride did ſtay,
And of his Garments there himſelf he frees.
Then *Ino*'s Scarf applies he to his breaſt,
And on the troubled Sea himſelf he laid
With open arms. To Swim he now thought beſt.
Which *Neptune* ſeeing, thus unto him ſaid,
Go wander now upon the Sea in woe,
And do not make account that this is all.
This ſaid, away to *Ægæ* did he go,
Where many men that need him, on him call.
When he was gone *Pallas* the Winds did lay
All but a luſty gale of *Boreas*,
And broke the Waves before him all the way,
That to *Pheacia* he might ſafely paſs.
Two nights and days perpetual he ſwam,
And was of drowning all the while afraid.
But when the morning of the third day came,
The Air was calm, and all the Winds allaid.
And now unto the Iſle he was ſo nigh,
That from a high Wave he could ſee the ſhore.
And glad he was. As when about to die
Li'n has a man long time by ſickneſs ſore,
Is by the Gods recover'd ſuddenly,
Glad are his Children; So *Ulyſſis* was
To ſee the ſo-much wiſh'd-for Land ſo nigh,
And thither made what haſte he could to paſs.
When he was gotten ſo near to the ſhore
That one might hear another when he calls,

Torn

Born by the Rocks he heard the water rore.
(Loud is the Sea when on hard rocks it falls.)
There neither haven was nor place to Land,
But upright Banks and Cliffs, and Brows of ſtone:
And every where too deep it was to ſtand.
And now again quite was his courage gone,
And ſpeaking to himſelf he ſaid, Ay me,
This is the Iſland. *Jove* has brought me to't,
That what muſt help me only I might ſee,
But not upon it ever ſet my foot.
There is no landing here Rocks high and ſteep,
And unacceſſible are all about.
The Sea below ſo rugged is and deep,
That from it there will be no getting out.
If I ſhould cry, ſome mighty wave, I fear,
Againſt ſome rugged Rock will carry me,
And make me find but woful landing there
Amongſt ſo many ſharp ſtones as there be.
But if I ſwim along the Coaſt to find
Some Port or Beach though ſtormy to land on,
I fear I ſhall again by ſome great Wind
Far off from ſhore into the Sea be blown;
And there by ſome great Fiſh devoured be
(For many ſuch are fed by *Amphitrite*)
Which *Neptune* may command to ſwallow me.
For well I am acquainted with his ſpite.
While he thus doubted, came a mighty wave
That caſt him to the Bank amongſt ſharp ſtones.
But for the Counſel *Pallas* to him gave,
He torn his ſkin and broken had his bones.
A Rocher with his arms he then imbrac't
And held it till the wave roll'd back again;
And thought the danger of it now was paſt.
But then the ſame wave bore him to the Main.
As looks a Polypus when he is drag'd
From out his hole, ſtuck full of ſtone and ſands
So, when *Ulyſſes* left his hold, were ſhag'd
With broken ſkin all over both his hands.
And now, had not *Athena* giv'n him wit
He periſht had. For up his head he purs,

Above

Above the briny Sea, and having ſpit
He with his ſtretched arms the water cuts.
And ſwam along the ſhore; but kept his eye
Continually upon the Land, to ſee
If any landing place he could eſpy.
At laſt before a Rivers mouth came he;
And knew it was a Rivers mouth. For there
Within the Land ſmooth water might be ſeen,
And 'twixt the Rocks a pauſe there did appear.
And here *Ulyſſes* thought fit to go in.
And in his mind unto the River ſpake.
Hear me, O King, from *Neptunes* rage I fly,
And of a Man diſtreſt ſome pity take,
That at your knee and Stream here proſtrate lie.
Th'Immortal Gods their Suppliants reſpect,
When they before them humbly lay their want.
What e'r your name be, do not me neglect
That am afflicted, and your Suppliant.
This ſaid, the Stream ſtood ſtill and ſav'd the man.
But weary were his knees and arms. And Brine
Abundance from his Mouth and Noſtrils ran.
And all his body ſwell'd was. And in fine
Speechleſs and breathleſs was he like one dead.
But when he came unto himſelf again
The Scarf he to the Stream delivered,
Which carried it again into the Main.
And *Ino* took it then into her hand.
Then on a Bulruſh-bed himſelf he laid,
And g'ad he had eſcaped, kiſs't the Land.
But fearing ſtill unto himſelf he ſaid,
Ay me, what will become of me at length!
For in the River if I ſpend the night,
So much already waſted is my ſtrength,
With Froſt and Dew, I ſhall be killed quite.
If up the Hill I go into the Wood,
And in ſome Thicket there lie warm and ſleep,
I fear I ſhall for Beaſts and Fowls be food.
At laſt concludes into ſome wood to creep.
A Wood there was unto the River nigh;
Two Thickets in it were; of Olive one,

The

The other was of *Phylia* close by,
So twin'd they were together that nor Sun,
Nor Wind, nor Rain to th'ground could find a way.
Between them of dry leaves a bed made he,
And over head and ears there close he lay.
For leaves there were enough for two or three,
To keep them warm although cold weather 'twere.
As when a man takes up a brand of fire
In Country-house, few neighbours dwelling near,
To warm himself withal if need require;
So buri'd in dry leaves *Ulysses* lay.
And then *Athena* closed up his eyes
With sound and gentle sleep to take away.
Sad thoughts suggested by his miseries.

LIB. VI.

THere slept *Ulysses*. But *Athena* went
Unto the people of *Phaecia*,
Who once dwelt near a Nation insolent,
The great *Cyclopses* in *Hyperia*,
And by the odds of strength were there oppress.
But by *Nausithous* transplanted were
To *Scheria*, that they might live at rest.
Who built them Houses, and a City there,
And fortifi'd the same with strong Walls round,
And Temples built, and gave them shares of land.
But he departed was, and under ground.
And now *Alcinous* had the Command.
His house it was the Goddess went unto,
And into a Chamber gay (where lay abed
A Godlike Maid asleep) with less ado
Than could a gentle wind have entered.

This

This the Kings Daughter was *Nauſicaa*.
Within the door ſhut cloſe, on each ſide one,
Two of her Waiting-maids aſleep ſhe ſaw,
And as the Graces fair to look upon.
Then ſtanding at *Nauſicaa*'s Beds-head,
In form of *Dymas* Daughter, there ſhe ſtai'd,
Who of her age was, and moſt favoured,
And to *Nauſicaa* ſhe ſpake, and ſaid,
Careleſs *Nauſicaa*, what do you mean,
When to your Wedding-day you are ſo near,
To let ſo many Garments lie unclean?
You would be glad your ſelf fair cloaths to wear,
And give to them that are to lead you out.
For even ſuch things as theſe procure good fame
Amongſt the people that dwell round about.
Your Parents alſo take joy in the ſame.
Come therefore, to the River let's be gone
By break of day; For I will with you go,
And help, that you the ſooner may have done.
I'm ſure your Wedding is not far off now.
For ſought you are in Marri'ge by the beſt
Of all the Town where your were born and bred.
Go early to your Father and requeſt
You may with Mules and Coach be furniſhed.
That Aprons, Gowns, and Mantles you may bear
Unto the waſhing place. For far 'tis to't,
And for your perſon ſo 'tis comelier
Than to be ſeen to go ſo far on foot.
This ſaid, the Goddeſs up to Heaven went,
Where is the dwelling of the Gods in bliſs.
A pure and undecaying Firmament
Which by no wind moved or ſhaken is,
Nor wet nor ſlabber'd is with ſhowr of rain,
Nor clouded, nor approach'd unto by ſnow;
But Bright and ſhining always doth remain.
Here dwell th'Immortals, and no ſorrow know.
Thither went *Pallas*. Then *Nauſicaa*
Awak'd, and through the Houſe went to relate
Unto her Parents what a Dream ſhe ſaw.
Her Mother by the fire-ſide ſpinning ſate

With

With distaff laden with fine purple-wool.
Her Father going out, she met i'th' Hall
Call'd by the Lords sitting in Councel full,
And waiting for him to consult withal.
And to him said, Pray Father shall not I
Allowed be a Coach your Clothes to bear
(Which in the house sull'd and spotted lie)
Unto the River-side to wash them there?
For you your self when you to Councel go
Would gladly have your Garments clean & sweet.
Your five Sons, whereof two be wedded now,
Would fain with clean clothes at the Daneings meet.
So said *Nausicaa*. But to her Father
To talk of Wedding she forbore for shame.
Yet what she thought on he could eas'ly gather,
However she dissembled had the same.
Dear Child (then said her Father) you shall have
Both Mules and Coach with handsome covering.
Unto his Servants then command he gave
To see it done. And out the Coach they bring,
And to it set the Mules. Then came her Mother,
And laid in things to eat, of relish fine,
And such as eaten are with bread, much other;
And in a bag of Goat-skin pleasant wine.
When in the Coach the Garments all were plac't
Nausicaa went up into her seat,
And with her took (when their toil should be past)
A cruse of Oyl to help wash off the sweat.
Then out, with whip and reins in hand did drive.
And then with strained limbs and clatt'ring feet
The Mules soon at the River-side arrive,
And pasture for them there was very sweet.
And there the Mules first they unharnassed,
Then pusht them off to graze on the Bank-side.
The Clothes in Pits with water covered
They tread, and who should fastest tread, they vi'd.
Then on the Beach the Garments wet they spread
Upon the cast-up Pibbles one by one.
Then washed they and dri'd themselves, and fed;
And left the Garments drying in the Sun,

And

And after they with food were satisfi'd,
It came into their minds to play at Ball,
And spend the time so till the clothes were dri'd.
The tune *Nausicaa* sung for them all.
As when upon Mount *Erymanthus* high
Or on *Taygetus* stands *Artemis*,
And many Rural fair Nymphs playing by.
But she than all the rest much taller is;
And the wild Boars and Harts delights to see,
But more her Mother *Leda* to see her.
For though they fair were all, yet fairer she;
So shew'd *Nausicaa* and her Maidens there. (go,
And when 'twas time that they should homewards
And that the Clothes into the Coach were laid,
And Mules set to, *Athena* thought on how
Ulysses should awake and see the Maid,
And be conducted by her to the Town.
Nausicaa then throws the Ball and misses;
The Ball unto the River falleth down.
Then shout the Maids. At that awakt *Ulysses*.
And sitting up unto himself he said,
Ay me, where am I now? 'Mongst men unjust,
And such as of the Gods are not afraid?
Or good and godly men, whom I may trust?
But female are the voices which I hear. (high,
Are they some Nymphs that haunt the Mountains
Or keep the Meadows green, or waters clear
Or are they Mortals whom I am so nigh?
But why go I not out my self and see?
Then with strong hand he wringed off a bough,
With many leaves upon it from a Tree,
To cover what became him not to show.
Then as a Lion confident and bold,
Howe'r it blow or rain with fiery eyes
Comes from the Mountain to a Herd or Fold,
And on the Flock at last his fortune tries;
So came *Ulysses* boldly from the Wood
Stark naked, forc'd to't by necessity,
And in the presence of the Maidens stood.
The sight was terrible and made them fly.

Nausicaa

Nauſicaa fled not, but hid her eyes:
Off ſtood *Ulyſſes* with himſelf to weigh
Whether to ſpeak from thence was the more wiſe,
Or elſe himſelf before her feet to lay.
To ſtay there right at laſt reſolved he,
Leſt ſhe ſhould take his coming near her ill,
Then ſaid, O Queen, I beg upon my knee
That you with patience hear my Prayer will.
You are a Goddeſs, or of Humane race.
If Goddeſs, you can then no other be
Than *Artemis Jove*'s Daughter. In your face
Such beauty is; in height ſuch Majeſty.
If mortal, and of Humane race you be,
Thrice happy are your Parents and your Brothers
How glad in the Proceſſions they will ſee,
How much they are more grac'd by you than o-thers.
For ſuch a branch I ne'r ſaw with my eyes
On mortal ſtock. To ſee't I am amazed.
But once a Palm at *Delus* ſaw ariſe,
In the ſame manner, and long on it gazed.
(For that way went I once well followed,
Which the firſt cauſe was of my trouble ſore)
And then, as I do now, I wondered,
For I had never ſeen the like before.
T'approach unto your knees I was afraid,
Or ſhew my ſelf. But ſuch is my eſtate.
For twenty days upon the Sea I ſtrai'd,
And here in ſtorms was thrown aſhore by Fate
From th'Iſle *Ogygia* laſt night, and fear
I am to ſuffer yet more miſery,
And that the Gods will perſecute me here.
And ſince my landing you the firſt I ſee.
Now pity me, O Queen, and ſhew we where
The City ſtands. And t'hide my nakedneſs
Give me ſome rag if there be any here.
And may *Jove* you with all you wiſh for bleſs,
A Huſband and a Houſe, and Concord good.
For man and wife to live in Unity
Is the great'ſt bleſſing can be underſtood.
It joys your friend, and grieves your enemy.

Nauſicaa

Nauſicaa then ſpeaks, and to him ſays,
You ſeem to be a good man and diſcreet.
But *Jove* on good and bad ſuch fortune lays,
Happy or otherwiſe, as he thinks meet.
And ſince diſtreſs is fallen to your ſhare,
You muſt contented be to ſuffer it.
But ſeeing to this place arriv'd you are,
You ſhall have Rayment, and what elſe is fit.
The City I will ſhew you, and the name
The people of this Iſle are called by.
Pheacians they are call'd. And I am
Daughter of him that has th'Authority,
Alcinous the King. And then ſhe cri'd
Aloud unto the Maids to make them ſtay.
Why (ſaid ſhe) run you ſo away and hide?
D'ye think the man will carry you away?
For why, no Enemy can come in hither,
The Gods ſo with the Sea have wall'd us in.
Nor ſtranger dwells here. But by evil weather
To come to land this man hath forced been.
Let's do him good. From *Jove* come Beggars all.
And welcome to them is what e'r they get.
Our givings to him will be very ſmall.
Go therefore ſet before him Wine and Meat,
And waſh him in the River, in ſuch part
As cover'd is from wind. And then they did
(When they had given one another heart)
Set him in ſuch a place as they were bid.
And gave him th'Oyl to ſcour his ſkin withal,
And by him a good Cloak and Coat they laid,
And then they bad him to his waſhing fall.
Ulyſſes anſwer'd then, and to them ſaid,
Stand further off, I pray fair Maids; for I
My body naked am aſham'd to ſhow.
Then ſtand they off, and tell their Miſtreſs why.
(For waſhing he muſt have put off his bough.)
Then waſhed he his head and ſhoulders wide, (brine,
And with his hand from's head ſtroak'd down the
And with the Cloathes that laid were by his ſide
Arrai'd himſelf, that comely were and fine.

Then

Then *Pallas* to him came, and made him look
Taller and broader than he was before;
And from his Hair the colour gray she took,
And made it like the Hyacynthine flower.
As one by *Vulcan* or *Athena* taught
Gold upon Silver skilfully had spread;
So *Pallas* on *Ulysses* beauty wrought,
And graceful Majesty upon his head.
Then sat he on the Sands. *Nausicaa*
Then said unto her Maidens, Do you hear,
How poor he look'd the first time we him saw.
And now how like a God he does appear.
And by the Gods, it may be, he was sent
To dwell amongst the people of this place.
With such a Husband I could be content
(If he would stay) and think it no disgrace.
Go Maids and set before him Wine and Meat.
Away they went, and did as she them bad.
And he fell to, and heartily did eat.
For long before he nothing eaten had.
Then harnessed the Mules and set them to,
And folded and put up the Garments all.
Nausicaa went up with Maidens two.
And then unto *Ulysses* did she call.
Rise, Stranger to the City let us go,
That I may send you to my Fathers house,
Where all the best *Phæacians* you'll know.
But hear you (for I think you cautelous).
Whilst in the Fields the Coach is on the way,
Amongst my Maidens follow it apace.
But when you see it near the City, stay.
And that you may well understand the place;
A Tow'r there is, you'll see it, for 'tis high.
There 'twixt two Havens is a narrow way,
You'll see it by the Masts, for Ships there lie.
Near it the people meet o'th' Market-day.
And there a Temple fair of *Neptune* stands,
Of free-stone from the Quarry hewn and fit.
For the *Phæacians* imploy their hands
On Shipping, and no other Art but it.

For

For Bows and Arrows they care not a pin;
But for such things as serve to pass the Seas.
Ships, Cordage, Oars they take their pleasure in,
And spend their time and labour upon these.
I am afraid these men will censure me,
And say (for Censurers are many here)
This handsome and tall fellow who is he,
That's with *Nausicaa*, from God knows where?
Where did she find him? Must he marry her?
From some far Country he is landed here
Wandring by Fortune, or a Traveller.
For sure I am no such man dwelleth near.
May be some God from Heav'n descended is,
And to live with her always hither come.
So, then to wed a Stranger better 'tis,
Since she thinks none is good enough at home.
For many seek her, and the best men here.
So will they say, and 'twill be to my shame.
For if another that had done it 'twere,
I should my self condemn her for the same.
For 'tis unseemly a fair Maid to see,
That subject is to her Parents Government,
Converse with any man, unless she be
First married, or their Parents give consent.
And therefore, Stranger, if you mean to be
Convoyed by my Father to your home,
Do as I tell you. Near the way you'll see
A Grove of Poplars. When you thither come
You'll find my Father's Vineyard, from the Town
As far as one that Horse's heard can be.
And when you thither come, there sit you down
Till at my Fathers house you think are we.
Then to the City go; ask where does dwell
Alcinous. For you shall meet with none,
Though but a Child, but can inform you well.
So well his house is known to every one.
And there go in, and on, until you find
My Mother. Whom you'll by the fire side see
Spinning; and Maids at the same work behind
The Pillar under which sits working she.

My

My Fathers Chair by the ſame Pillar ſtands
Where, when he drinketh, like a God he is.
Paſs by it to my Mother, and your hands,
If you mean to get home, lay on her knees.
If once her favour you can but obtain,
You need not fear, but your your friends ſhall ſee,
And to your houſe and Country come again.
This ſaid, her Whip upon the Mules laid ſhe.
The Mules ſtart ſwiftly from the Rivers ſide,
For nimble was the motion of their feet.
But ſhe for thoſe who went afoot, did guide
The ſwiftneſs of their pace as ſhe thought meet.
When they were come t'*Athena*'s Sacred Grove,
The Sun went down; and there *Ulyſſes* ſtai'd
And to the Goddeſs, Daughter of Great *Jove*,
That he might good reception find, he prai'd.
Hear me *Jove*'s Virgin-Daughter, hear me now,
Since ſtill you did refuſe to help me then,
When *Neptune* fought at Sea my overthrow,
Grant that I may be welcome to theſe men.
Thus prai'd he, and was by *Athena* heard,
Though to him face to face ſhe would not come,
But of her Unkle *Neptune* was afear'd,
That ne'r forgave him till he was at home.

LIB. VII.

WHilſt there he pray'd, *Nauſicaa* went on,
And ſtai'd her Coach the utter Gate without,
And like to Gods her Brothers came each one,
From out the houſe, & her ſtood round about.
The Mules they freed, th'Apparel they took in,
Nauſicaa ſtreight to her Chamber went;

Evry-

Eurymedusa made a fire therein;
Who ta'ne by Rovers on the Continent
Was given to the King *Alcinous*,
That like a God was honour'd by the Nation
Of the *Phæacians* at home. And thus
She of *Nausicaa* had the Education.
A fire she made her, and her Supper brought.
Ulysses then into the City went.
Pallas of Air made him such a Coat,
As he could not be seen; lest insolent
And sturdy Towns-men should him mock and jear,
Or ask him Questions, who, what, or why.
But when he was unto the Gate come near,
Pallas appeared to him openly,
Like a young Maid with Pail upon her head.
Ulysses then spake to her, and said thus:
Sweet pretty Girl, will you be pleas'd to lead
Me to the house of King *Alcinous*?
For I a stranger come and no man know,
Nor ever in my life was here before.
Yes (then said *Pallas*) I will you it show,
For 'tis the next unto my Fathers door.
Go softly, thus, and I will lead the way,
For our folk Strangers do not well indure,
But in good Ships their honour wholly lay,
And the wide Sea to pass themselves enure.
For *Neptune* given to them has this gift,
That their good Ships fly like to thought or wind.
This said, the Goddess led with motion swift;
And on her steps he treading went behind.
And through the people so he past unseen.
For why, the Goddess *Pallas*, for good will,
A wondrous mist of Air had wrapt him in.
Then looking at the House he there stood still.
The Havens and the Ships he wondred at;
The Market-place, and Walls so thick and high.
Then *Pallas* said, *Alcinous* house is that.
There sup the King and Queen now merrily.
Though you a Stranger be, fear not, go in.
The bold thau fearful always better speed,

And

And first of all the House you'l find the Queen.
Arete is her name. Both from one seed
Descended are she and *Alcinous*,
In *Peribœa* Child of *Eurimedon*.
The God o'th' Seas begot *Nausithous*
Who two Sons had; *Alcinous* was one.
The other was *Rexenor*, who no Son
But one fair Daughter only left behind.
Arete was her name. Besides her none.
Alcinous and she in Wedlock joyn'd.
And he to her so much respect doth bear,
As no man living to a Wife bears more.
And honour'd is by all her Children dear.
The people like a Goddess her adore,
And bless her when she comes into the street.
And loving to them all is also she.
For a wise woman is she and discreet.
When they fall out she makes them to agree.
If you her favour can but once obtain,
You need not fear but you your friends shall see,
And safely to your Country come again.
And when she this had said, away went she
O'r Sea, to *Marathon* in *Attica*.
T'*Erectheus* house. And he now was to enter
Into the house. But long he laid the Law
Unto himself before he would adventure.
Entring he saw the Walls lin'd round with brass,
And fring'd about with colour of the sky.
The door within golden all over was,
And all appear'd like Heaven to the eye.
The Door-posts Silver glorious to behold,
The Lintle-tree upon them silver too.
The Sill was brass, the Ring to pull it, Gold.
And by the Door great Dogs were standing two.
Of silver one, the other was of Gold,
As Watch before the Royal Gate to stay,
Immortal Dogs that never can grow old.
And round about them all, Thrones every way,
All cover'd with a dainty Stuff and fine,
The work of Womens hands. There us'd to eat

The

The King and Lords, and drink and make good chear.
His Riches was a never-dying Teat.
About the Altar were set Boys of Gold
That to the Guests, assoon as it was night,
With burning Torches they the Light might hold.
For now the Sun had born away his light.
Fifty Maid-servants were at work within,
Some at the Mill were grinding wheat for bread,
And others with their Distaves sate to Spin,
And others Cloth were weaving with the thread.
Like to the Leaves of a high Aspen-tree
Their fingers went. So much they did excel
In all the works, that taught by *Pallas* be,
The Women that in other places dwell;
As do these men all other men surpass
In all things that belong to Navigation.
For Wit and Art more *Pallas* given has
To them, than Women of another Nation.
Close by the House a dainty Orchard is
Four-square and senc'd with hedge and pale about,
Of Pear, Pomegranate, Apple, Olive-trees,
And Fig-trees. For the season ne'r goes out
Summer nor Winter, for by *Zephyrs* some
Are made put forth, and others ripened;
Pears after Pears, Apples to Apples come;
Grapes are by Grapes, Figs by Figs followed.
And in it was the Vineyard of the King.
Grapes in some places by the Sun were drid,
In others stai'd till Vintage ripening.
Upon some Vines no flower yet was spi'd.
And Grapes on some to blacken now began.
Green beds of Herbs there were on ev'ry side;
And through it from two Springs the water ran,
And to and fro the one did winding glide.
The other to the House his stream did bear,
And under ground was to the Town convey'd,
And rose a Fountain for the people there.
And when *Ulysses* had all this survey'd,
Then went he in, and found them in the Hall
Sitting at Supper, and to *Mercury*

There

There offring up of Wine. Which last of all
At Bed-time men do offer usually.
And on he went up to the King and Queen,
And both his hands upon her knee did lay.
Pallas had kept him in the Mist unseen.
But thither come the Mist streight fell away:
Amaz'd they were when first they saw the Man,
And like to men that had been stricken dumb.
Ulysses then t'*Arete* thus began.
O Queen *Arete*, to your knee I come,
And to the King and those that with you sit.
May the Gods grant you all much happiness,
Long life, and your Possessions to transmit
T'your Children, and your Honours still possess;
And may you me send presently away
Unto my House. Long absent I have been.
This said, he sat down by the fire. And they
Said nothing, such amazement they were in.
At last old *Echineus* spake, that knew
Both what in former times and now was fit.
O King *Alcinous* is't good think you
To let the Stranger in the Ashes sit?
We silent sat to see what was your will.
Pray make him rise, and to a Chair him bring,
And bid the Squire to temper Wine and fill,
That we to *Jove* may make our Offering.
Who with poor strangers keepeth Company.
And bid the Maid before him set such meat
As she within has in her custody.
This said, *Alcinous* rose from his seat,
T'*Ulysses* went, and took him by the hand,
And to a Chair him led where sat his Son
Laodamas, to whom he gave Command
To give him place, although he loved none
So dearly as he lov'd *Laodamas*.
Who next unto him us'd to sit at meat.
Then by a Maid brought in a Bason was
And Ewr of Gold, to wash ere he did eat.
Another Maid before him layed bread,
And other good things on his Table laid,

And heartily thereon *Ulysses* fed.
Alcinous then to the Squire said,
Temper the Wine, *Pontonous*, that we
Wine-Offering to *Jove* may offer up,
In whose protection all Suppliants be,
And round about presented be the Cup.
Then went about the Wine from one to one.
And when the Sacred Offering was over,
Then said *Alcinous*, Since we have done,
Let's go to bed, and soon as we discover
Aurora rising, hither come again,
And make unto the Gods a Sacrifice,
And this our Stranger farther entertain,
And how to send him to his house advise,
That safely he may go, and joyfully,
And swiftly to the place where he would be,
How far soever hence his dwelling lie,
Nor on the Sea delay or trouble see
Until his Native Country he be at.
But what his Fate is after he is there,
'T's good or evil he must suffer that.
But if it be some God that sitteth here,
'Tis only our Devotion t'approve.
For to that end Gods let themselves be spi'd,
To sit with men at Holy Feasts they love,
And not themselves in Caves like Gyants hide.
To this *Ulysses* said, O King, lay by
That thought of yours. With Gods I'll not compare,
For Body or for Mind. Of Misery
If man can boast, to boast 'mong them I dare.
For I more Tokens can produce of Wo
Than any man that shall with me contend
Though all I tell not that I can. Yet so
I fain would of my Supper make an end.
No Creature is so fierce as is the Gut,
And so loud barketh, when it is forgot,
That out of mind it never can be put,
But will be heard whether one will or not.
So 'tis with me that am afflicted sore,
Yet still my belly bids me eat and drink,

And

And forget all I had endur'd before,
And on my misery no more to think,
And ſo, ſince now I hunger to go home,
Forget not with a Ship me to ſupply
To-morrow. For were I once thither come
I could be well contented there to die.
When this was ſaid, he was by all commended.
He ſpeaks diſcreetly, let him then, ſaid they
A ſpeedy conduct have. When all was ended,
The reſt unto their Houſes went away.
Only *Ulyſſes* ſtaid, and by him ſate
The King and Queen. Tables removed were,
And all that to the Supper did relate. (wear,
The Queen then mark'd what Garments he did
And that ſhe and her Maids had made them, knew.
Stranger, ſaid ſhe, Who are you? Whence? and more,
The Garments you have on, of whom had you?
Had you them on then when you came aſhore?
Grievous (ſaid he) O Queen is your Command,
That calls again (when paſt it is) my pain.
Yet will I anſwer make to this demand.
An Iſland lieth far hence in the Main,
Ogygia 'tis call'd. *Calypſo* there
The Daughter fair of *Atlas* lives alone,
Nor God nor Man ſhe has to dwell with her;
And I by Fate upon that Iſle was thrown.
For *Jove* my good Ship had with Thunder ſplit;
My fellows in the Sea all periſhed.
But I the Rudder had, and held by it.
And thus nine days and nights I wandered,
And thrown was on that Iſle the tenth at night.
Calypſo there received me and fed;
And Immortality have had I might,
If I had with her there inhabited.
But I to that would never give conſent.
Yet there by force I ſtayed ſeven years
(For want of Ship and Men) in diſcontent,
Waſhing the Clothes ſhe gave me with my tears.
The eighth year come, ſhe did my going preſs.
Whether by *Joves* command I cannot ſay,

Or whether 'twere becauſe ſhe lov'd me leſs.
Then on a Raft of Trees I came away.
Bread and ſweet Wine upon the Deck ſhe laid,
And Garments gave me fair, and a good Wind.
And good for ſeventeen days the weather ſtai'd.
On th'eighteenth near your Coaſt my ſelf I find.
And glad I was, though ſtill unfortunate.
For more I was to ſuffer by and by.
For *Neptune* rai'ſed againſt me in his hate,
A Storm of Winds with furious Waves and high.
And then I forced was the Raft to quit.
The Trees aſunder floated here and there,
The Storm ſo broken had and ſcatter'd it.
Then ſwam I. 'Gainſt the rocks the waves me bea
And falling off, they caſt me back again.
Again I ſwam, and to the River came.
And there I ſaw the landing ſmooth and plain.
And from the Wind defended was the ſame.
There landed I half dead, and now 'twas night.
Then up I went and in a Thicket lay
Cover'd with leaves abundance dry and light.
And ſlept till almoſt ſpent was the next day.
For then the Sun was ſetting. There I hear
The Voice of Women playing by the Brook.
And going out I ſaw your Daughter there,
That like a Goddeſs come from heav'n did look.
To her I made my Pray'r in this diſtreſs.
Wiſely ſhe anſwer'd and beyond her age
(For th'younger commonly conſider leſs)
And gave me food my hunger to aſſwage.
Of her I had the Garments I have on.
Nay ſtranger (anſwered *Alcinous*)
'Twas in my Child an indiſcretion,
That ſhe not brought you with her to my houſe
To this *Ulyſſes* anſwered and ſaid,
'Twas not her fault we came not both together.
She bad me. I would not, but was afraid
What you and they would think that ſaw me w
For jealous and miſtruſtful mortals be.
To this again *Alcinous* repli'd,

From such ill thoughts I always have been free.
O *Jove*, and *Pallas* make you here abide.
Such are you, and our thoughts so well agree,
That you *Nausicaa* should have for Bride,
If you would with me live here willingly,
And for you House and Wealth I would provide.
But 'gainst your will I will not make you stay.
(From such iniquity the Gods me keep)
To morrow shall be ready your Convey,
And till then go you to your bed and sleep.
And here be men, that when the Wind shall fail,
Can row you on how far soe'r you'll go.
Their hands can do as much as any Sail,
Although beyond *Eubœa* they must row.
For farther no *Pheacian* ever went.
But thither once they carri'd *Rhadamant*,
Of *Tityus* to see the punishment,
Son of the Earth that terrible Giant,
Yet that long Voyage cost them but a day
Going and coming all the way at ease.
But you your self, when you are on the way,
Will see how stoutly our men plough the Seas.
This said, *Ulysses* joyful was, and prai'd,
Make all this good O Father *Jove* (said he)
The Glory of the King will be displai'd,
And quickly in my Country I shall be.
Whilst they together thus discourfing stai'd
Arete bad the Maids to make his bed,
And see fair purple Rugs upon it laid,
And under them soft woolly Blankets spred.
Then went away the Maids into the Porch,
And made his Bed, and soon came back agen,
And stood before *Ulysses* with a Torch.
Come Stranger, said they, all is ready. Then
Ulysses to his Bed went willingly.
Alcinous in a room lay far within,
Where formerly he used was to lie,
That was prepared for him by the Queen.

Lib. VIII.

SOon as *Aurora* was again espi'd,
The King *Alcinous* rose from his bed.
Up rose *Ulysses* and came to his side,
And to the Publike place the King him led,
To sit in Councel with his Princes there.
And being there they sat together nigh.
Pallas the while that did great favour bear,
T'*Ulysses* welfare always had an eye,
In likeness of *Alcinous* his Squire
(Who by his Office did the Councel call)
Their favour for *Ulysses* to acquire,
Went through the Streets, and there unto them all
Said one by one, Make haste. To Councel go.
A Stranger new come to the King you'll see
That like a God Immortal is in show.
This said, unto the Councel-House they flee.
And filled was the House, and every Seat,
And of his person all admir'd the Grace.
For *Pallas* made him had more tall and great,
And laid more Majesty upon his face.
To make him welcome to those then she meant,
And gain him honour at their Exercises
When they should put him to experiment.
Alcinous unto them then arises.
Hear, said he, Princes of *Phæacia*,
This Man (who 'tis, or whence, I cannot say,
Cast here ashore) till then I never saw.
Since 'tis our Custome, grant him a Convoy.
For no man yet unto my house did come
By force of weather wandring on the Main,

Lamenting and desiring to go home,
That can affirm he sought our help in vain.
Come then, let's launch a good new Ship, and chuse
Out two and fifty lusty Youths to row.
And let them ready have their Oars to use,
And to my House, when that's done, let them go.
And you the Princes thither come with me,
That we may well the stranger entertain.
And let the Singer too sent thither be,
To give us sometimes of his Art a Strain.
This said, the Princes to his house he led.
The Squire unto the House the Singer sent.
The fifty two as they were ordered
Down to the Haven where the Ship lay went.
The Ship they launch, and up they set the Mast;
And then the Yards and Sails they hoised high;
Their Oars, where they be placed should, they plac't.
This done they let her in the water lie,
Then also to the House went these men up. (till'd
The Porches, Court, and Rooms with men were
Some old some young. The King to make them sup,
Two Kine, eight Swine, & twice six fat Sheep kill'd.
These flay'd and dress'd, and to the Tables brought,
Came in the Singer, whom the Muses kind
Had taught to sing divinely. But, could not
Or would not him preserve from being blind.
Pontonous the Squire then led him in,
And set him by a Pillar in the Hall,
And hung his Fiddle o'r him on a Pin,
And how to reach it shewed him withal.
Sets him a Table and a Basket by,
And a great Bowl of Wine before him plac't
To drink as often as he should be dry.
And when their thirst and hunger was displac't
The Singer sung the Song in most request,
How once *Ulysses* and *Achilles* great
In high and bitter Language did contest
When at a Sacred Feast they sat at Meat.
And how King *Agamemnon* pleased was,
To see the two best of the *Greeks* fall out.

For *Phœbus* told him so 'twould come to pass.
When he at *Pythos* asked him about
The Issue of the Fleet design'd for *Troy*.
This Song *Demodocus* sung to them then;
Which to *Ulysses* was of little joy;
But he his tears to hide before those men,
Before his eyes his Cloak of Purple drew.
And when the Singer ceas'd, his eyes he dri'd,
And from before his face his Cloak withdrew,
And of the Wine perform'd the Sacrifice.
And when the Lords call'd for the Song anew,
(For they to hear him took no small delight)
His Cloak again before his eyes he drew,
And as before again he sob'd and sigh'd.
Alcinous, none else, observed it,
And well enough could hear him sigh and groan.
For he the neareſt there did to him sit,
And would not to the Princes make it known.
But speaking to them all said only this,
Since you with feasting are well satisfi'd,
And Musick (which to Feasts annexed is)
Let now our mens activity be tri'd,
That when the Stranger is where he doth dwell,
He to his Friends and Countrymen may tell
How much we do all other men excel
At Wrestling, Buffets, Leaping, Running well.
Then went the King and Princes out a door;
The Squire then took the Singer by the hand,
And hung the Fiddle where it hung before,
And him led out amongst the rest to stand.
Unto the Place they went; and follow'd were
By people numberless the sport to see.
And many lusty Youths amongst them there,
Stood out to shew their great ability.
Out stood *Elatreus*, and *Acroneus*,
Eretmeus, *Ybeon*, *Nautes*, and *Prymneus*,
Ambasineus and *Amphialus*,
Proteus, and *Ponteus*, and *Anchialus*;
Ocyalus, warlike *Euryalus*,
And he that of them most their eye did please.

(Except

(Except the first Son of *Alcinous*)
For Countenance and Shape *Nausicides*.
And then *Alcinous* his three Sons rise,
Laodamas, *Halius*, *Clytoneus*.
And first they all contended for the Prize
Of who at Running could his Feet best use.
Then start they all at once, and swiftly run
As if they flew. And here the Victory
The Kings Son Noble *Clytoneus* won,
And past them all a lands length very nigh.
Euryalus at Wrestling was the best.
Amphialus at Leaping Victor was.
Elatreus surpassed all the rest
To throw the Stone. At Cuffs *Laodamas*.
When all was done *Laodamas* up stood.
Come friends, said he, let us the Stranger try
If he at any of these Games be good;
For in his person no defect I spy.
His Thighs, his Knees, his Arms, his Neck are strong
Nor over-aged yet he seems to me.
Only he hath indur'd the Sea so long,
As for that cause he may excused be.
For than the Sea nothing more potent is
To break a man how strong soe'r he be.
Go, said *Euryalus*, 'tis not amiss
T'invite him to it, and his mind to see.
Then to *Ulysses* said *Laodamas*,
Come Stranger, Father. Pray, your vertue show
'Tis no dishonour for you in this place
To shew your skill at any Game you know,
As long as Feet and Hands continue strong
Come try, and cast your careful thoughts away.
Your Convoy ready is. 'Twill not be long
Before you shall be set upon your way.
Laodamas (then said *Ulysses*) why
To these your Games invite you me in scorn,
Upon whose heart so many sorrows lie,
And am to nothing with much harasting worn,
And publikely a suppliant now sit,
And to the King and People grief profess?

Think you that Pastimes for such men are fit,
As from their Country wander in distress?
Then spake *Euryalus*, uncivilly.
No, no, said he, I do not think you are
Much us'd to Pastimes of Activity,
But rather one that of a Ship takes care
That Merchant-men from place to place convays,
And mindfull of your fraught are, and can tell
Which are to sudden wealth the neerest ways,
What Merchandize will not, and what will sell,
And in such boisterous Games has little skill.
Ulysses frowning on him then repli'd,
My friend, such words are indiscreet and ill.
The Gods their Gifts as they think fit divide.
To one, of Beauty they deny the grace,
But give him Language steddy and discreet,
Whereby he honour'd is i'th' Publike Place,
And men gaze on him going in the street.
Another they have giv'n a fair aspect,
Like that o'th' Gods, but have deni'd him wit.
So find I in your person no defect;
Only you want the Grace to say what's fit.
Your words have put me into passion.
In these your Games you say no skill have I.
I thought my self inferiour to none
Whilst on my youth and hands I could rely.
But tamed now my strength is with much woe
Wandring at Sea and often hurt in fight.
Yet of your Games I'll make a trial so,
Weak as I am. So much your words me bite.
This said, he took up a much greater Stone
Than that which the *Pheacians* had flung
Nor hollow as a Coyt, his Cloak still on.
And when above his head he had it swung,
Swiftly away the Stone flew with a hum,
Which made the brave *Pheacian* Seamen couch,
As o'r their heads they heard it singing come,
And out went all the other marks by much.
For *Pallas* in the likeness of a man
Did set a mark at where the stone did light,

And

And said the difference be discerned can
By feeling, though a man had lost his sight.
And to *Ulysses*, said she, Do not fear
That any man i'th'Town shall out-throw this.
Ulysses very glad was this to hear,
And that amongst them stood one friend of his.
Then of himself, began to speak more high.
Come Youths throw first as far as I have done,
And then as far or further throw will I.
And for the other Games come any one
Since your sharp words provok't me have thereto,
Buffets, or Wrestling, or to run the race,
And see if you at these can me out-do,
Any of you except *Laodamas*.
For I to him am come as to a friend
Of whom I hope for succour in my need.
He were a fool that with him would contend
Without whose help his business cannot speed.
But of the rest not any I refuse;
And will contend with them for Mastery.
For I know all the Games the best men use.
To use the Bowe none abler is than I.
When many of us had a mind to kill
Some noted Foe, and all at once did shoot,
Though every one of us had the same will,
My Arrow was the first that found him out.
At *Ilium* in trials of the Bowe
None found I better than my self but one;
'Twas *Polyœtes*. Of those that are now
I think my self inferiour to none.
With those of former time I'll not compare,
As *Hercules*, or *Eurytus* that durst
Challenge *Apollo*. *Apollo* took a care
That Prize should not be plai'd, & kill'd him first.
As far as other men can shoot an Arrow,
So far Lable am to dart a Spear.
But lodging I have had at Sea so narrow
That I may be out-run by some man here.
So said *Ulysses*; and all silent sat
Except the King, who thus unto him said,

Stranger,

Stranger, there's no man here offended at
The words you ſay. For open you have laid
Your Vertue, when you were thereto conſtrain'd
By the unjuſt reproaches of this man.
For ſuch it is as by none can be ſtain'd,
But thoſe that nothing ſay diſcreetly can.
And hear me farther what I have to ſay,
That t'other Hero's you the ſame may tell,
Who with you and your Wife ſhall feaſting ſtay,
In what from other men we bear the bell.
For Cuffs and Wreſtling, not much praiſe we merit,
But our good Ships and Feet are wondrous ſwift.
And theſe Gifts from our Fathers we inherit,
Dance, Song, Feaſts, Fiddle, and of Garments ſhift,
And Baths, and Beds. Dance you that dance the beſt.
Before the Stranger, that his friends among
He may ſay how much we exceed the reſt
Of men, in Ships, in Running, Dance, and Song.
Fetch out the Fiddle. Then the Squire went in
To fetch the Fiddle. And the Judges riſe
In number nine, who had elected been
By publike voice, of Games to hold Aſſize.
And order took for large room in the middle,
And made it to be plained well and even.
When this was done, then brought out was the Fiddle,
And by the Squire was to the Singer given.
Then came the Youngmen that had learn't to dance,
And of their age were yet but in the flowr,
And to the middeſt of the place advance.
Their feet play up and down like drops in ſhow'r.
Such ſparkling feet *Ulyſſes* ne'r had ſeen.
The Singer as he played ſung the Song
Of *Mars* and *Venus*, and what love had been
Held ſecretly between them all along.
And how in *Vulcan*'s houſe they us'd to meet;
And what he gave her; how the prying Sun
As they imbrac'd each other chanc'd to ſee't,
And told her Huſband *Vulcan* what was done.
How *Vulcan* to his Forge in anger went,
And on his Anvil hammer'd out ſtrong Chains,

Whith-

Which neither could be broken, nor relent.
And when he made an end had of his pains,
Into the Chamber went where ſtood his bed.
His Net o'th' Bed-poſts, and the Beams he threw
Like Spider-webs about a Chamber ſpread;
And then to go to *Lemnos* made a ſhew.
So ſubtile were the Chains and finely wrought,
They could by none, although a God, be ſeen.
How *Mars* to watch his going failed not.
When *Vulcan* was gone out, then *Mars* went in:
How *Venus* enter'd in, new-come from *Jove*,
And by him ſat. *Mars* took her by the hand,
And to her ſaid, Let's go to bed, my Love.
Vulcan is now at *Lemnos* gone a land.
And how they went to bed and made the Net
Fall down upon, and hold them as they lay.
And how they knew no way from thence to get,
But muſt till *Vulcan* came to free them ſtay.
How *Vulcan* from hard by came quickly in.
For back he came before he was half way.
For by the Sun advertis'd he had been,
And angerly turn'd back without delay;
And roaring to the Gods, he ſaid, D'ye ſee
What work is here, and how unſeemly 'tis?
And how *Jove*'s Daughter does diſhonour me
Becauſe my Limbs are maim'd, and whole are his?
I grant he's fair, nor doth as I do halt.
Ought ſhe to love him therefore more than me?
For that my Parents is, and not my fault.
But come ye Gods all, and their Poſture ſee.
I hate the ſight, yet they muſt not therefore
Hope e'r the ſooner for that, to be free.
The Net will ſuffer them to move no more,
How keen ſoever on their love they be.
And till her Father ſhall the Dower repay
Which for the Girl although incontinent,
I paid him down, 'cauſe fair, ſhe was and gay,
There they ſhall lie. This ſaid, the Gods ſtreight went
To *Vulcan*'s houſe. *Neptune* and *Mercury*,
And with them with his Silver Bow, *Apollo*,

And

And many others. But (for modesty)
No Goddess could perswaded be to follow.
Assoon as they perceived had the craft,
Which standing in the door they had survey'd,
At first aloud they altogether laught.
And by and by to one another said,
I see that evil works do ill succeed.
The slow has gotten of the swift the better.
Vulcan of *Mars* the God of greatest speed.
And that by Arts which make his Ransome greater.
And how *Apollo* did the Question put
To *Mercury*, if he content would be
In such strong chains with *Venus* to be shut,
While all the Gods are standing by and see.
How *Hermes* said, O *Phœbus*, that I were
In *Mars* his place, and did with *Venus* lie,
And thrice as many Chains about us there,
Though all the Gods and Goddesses stood by.
And how the Gods at this laught out again,
Save *Neptune* only, who did never cease
T'importune *Vulcan* and his wrath restrain,
And that he would the God of War release;
And that himself would pay him what was due
If *Mars* did not. How *Vulcan* said agen,
If *Mars* should fly, shall I imprison you?
Unsure the Suretiship is of fled men.
And that again *Neptune* replying said,
Though *Mars* should run away, yet I will not.
And how that *Vulcan* at the last obey'd,
And *Mars* and *Venus* out of prison got,
And he to *Thrace* went, but to *Cyprus* she;
Where she a Temple and an Altar had,
And by the Graces that her Servants be
Bath'd and Anointed was and Godlike clad.
These of the merry Song were the Contents.
Ulysses was well pleased with the same.
And of the rest delighted was the Sense.
Alcinous then called out by name
Laodamas and *Halius* to dance.
None else for either of them was a match.

And

And they into the midſt themſelves advance
The one to throw a Ball, th'other to catch.
One threw't up high reclining on his hip;
The other of the ſame the downfal watch't,
And taking from the ground a luſty ſkip,
His feet above ground, in the air it catch't.
When this was done, they laid aſide the Ball,
And danc'd with often changes on the ground,
Applauded much by the Spectators all,
Who with their praiſes made the place reſound.
O King (then ſaid *Ulyſſes*) what you ſaid
Of how your men paſs all the world beſide
In Noble Dance, can never be gainſaid.
I ſee it to my wonder juſtifi'd.
The King well pleaſed to the Princes ſpake:
A worthy man the ſtranger ſeems to me.
Let's think upon what Preſent him to make.
Twelve Princes in *Phæacia* there be,
And I the thirteenth am. Let's ev'ry one
Beſtow on him a handſome Cloak and Coat,
Beſides a Talent of pure Gold. That done
Let it be all together to him brought,
That he at Supper may ſit chearfully.
And you *Euryalus* go ſpeak him fair.
For what you ſaid before was injury.
Go therefore with ſome Gift your fault repair.
This ſaid, to fetch the Gifts they ſent the Squire.
Then ſaid *Euryalus*, O King, ſince 'tis,
That alſo I Preſent him, your deſire;
I will for reconcilement give him this
My Sword, with Scabberd all of Ivory,
And ſilver Hilt. The Preſent is not poor.
And giving it, O Father though (ſaid he)
I ſaid amiſs, pray think upon't no more.
And may the Gods reſtore you to your Land,
Since abſent from your Friends you live in pain.
Ulyſſes took the Sword into his hand,
And to *Euryalus* thus ſaid again,
And you my Friend, may you ſtill happy be,
And of this Sword for ever need have none,

Which

Which reconciling you have given me.
And as he speaking was he put it on.
The Sun now set, the King no longer tarri'd,
But with the Lords went to his house to Sup.
Along with them the Squires the Presents carri'd
Unto the Queen *Arete* to lay up.
Alcinous then said unto the Queen,
Let a fair Chest be streightway hither brought,
And for the Stranger see there be laid in
A comely and a well wash'd Cloak and Coat,
And of warm water let a Bath stand by,
That washing he may see the Presents there,
And sit at Supper the more joyfully,
And hearken to the Song with better chear.
And I will give him this my Cup of Gold,
That offring up unto the Gods the Wine,
As often as he doth the Cup behold,
He may both for his own health pray and mine.
This said, the Maids commanded by the Queen,
Set up a Caldron with a triple foot,
Then make fire under, and pour water in.
Keen was the fire, and soon the water hot.
Mean while the Queen came in, and with her brought
A curious chest, and into it laid in
The Gold, and with it every Cloak and Coat,
That by the Princes given him had been.
And then unto *Ulysses* said, Take care
You bind it fast, lest you be rob'd by one
Or other, whilst aboard you sleeping are,
Lest any thing should missing be and gone.
And when she thus had him admonished,
Ulysses of the Chest pull'd down the lid,
And girt it with a Cord of various thred,
Thereby to know if any it undid.
For that trick he by *Circe* taught had been.
A Woman then unto *Ulysses* said,
There stands your Bath. Which way you please go in.
Then went he in, and not a little joy'd.
For after he had left *Calypso*'s house
Warm and sweet water he had never seen,

But

But roll'd by *Neptune* always was in souse;
But had with her carefully treated been.
When him the Maids wash'd and anointed had,
Out from the Bath he came amongst the men
With a clean Cloak and comely Garments clad.
To th'Door the bright *Nausicaa* came then,
And to *Ulysses* said, Stranger farewel,
And may you safely at your Land arrive.
Remember that into my hand you fell,
And owe to me that you were kept alive.
O (said *Ulysses*) Daughter of the King,
To you the Ransom of my life is due.
And if the Gods me to my Country bring,
As to a Goddess I will pray to you.
This said, he went and sate down by the King:
And now the Meat in Messes some divided,
Others the lusty wine were tempering,
And by a Squire the Singer in was guided;
And at a Pillar in the midst made sit.
Ulysses half a Chine of Pork and fat
Cuts off, and in the Squires hands putteth it,
And said unto him, Give the Singer that.
Singers through all the world have reputation,
And well respected be in ev'ry land.
The Muses teach them Song, and love the Nation.
Then went the Squire and put it in his hand.
Demodocus receiv'd it and was glad.
Then fell they to the Meat before them laid.
When Thirst and Hunger overcome they had,
Unto the Singer then *Ulysses* said,
Demodocus, you all men else excel.
The Muses sure did teach you, or it was
Phœbus himself. For you have sung so well
The Acts that did 'twixt *Greeks* and *Trojans* pass,
And all related that they did at *Troy*,
Or suffer'd there, or when they homeward came,
As if your self beheld had their annoy,
Or had from some Spectator heard the same.
Stand forth, and sing now of the Horse of Wood
Made by *Epeius*, but by *Pallas* help't,

Stuffe

Stufft by *Ulysses* full of Warriours good,
Which in *Troy*-Town destruction to it whelp't.
If this you sing in order as 'twas done
I'll make make the World with your just praises ring.
Then at the Gods *Demodocus* begun,
And how the Fleet went off the shore did sing;
And how they fir'd their Tents; and how the Lords
Of *Greece*, i'th'Councel of the *Trojans* sate
Inclos'd and hidden in the Horse of boards,
That by the *Trojans* was fetch'd in in state.
The *Trojans* sitting round about debate.
And many a fooliſh speech they uttered.
And on three points they there deliberate.
And voted what the Gods determined.
The three points which were moſt inſiſted on
Were whether they ſhould cut the Horſe in twain,
Or throw it down the Rock it ſtood upon,
Or let it to appeaſe the Gods, remain.
I'th'end they all reſolved on the laſt.
For by the Fates it was determined
That *Ilium* ſhould then be layed waſte,
When o'r its Walls a great Horſe entered,
And in his belly brought the enemy.
And how the *Argives* from the Horſe came out,
How divers ways they went and cruelly
Killed and burned as they went about.
Ulysses then, like *Mars*, with *Menelaus*
Unto *Deiphobus* together hie.
And for a while, there ſharp the Battle was;
But to *Ulysses* fell the Victory.
This ſung *Demodocus*. And then upon
Ulysses cheeks the tears ran down apace.
As when in fight a woman looketh on,
And ſees her Huſband fallen on the place,
That fought had for his Town and Children dear;
There ſprawleth he, ſhe o'r him falls and cries,
But back and ſhoulders is well baſted there,
And carri'd captive by the Enemy.
As wofully as then this woman wept,
So wofully *Ulysses* now ſheds tears.

But

But from the King it was not secret kept,
Who sitting next him all his groaning hears.
And speaking to the Princes sitting by,
Let us, said he, *Demodocus* release.
His Song not pleaseth all the Company.
It makes the Strangers sorrow to increase,
And brings some grief or other to his mind.
Then let him hold; that we and he together
May in this meeting equal pleasure find.
The cause we met here was his coming hither,
That we might give him Gifts and send him hence.
A Guest is as a Brother to be us'd,
As all men know that but pretend to sense.
And you my Guest you cannot be excus'd,
If you not answer truth to all I ask.

Say what's the name your Parents call you by.
You must no longer now keep on your Mask.
Children new-born not long unnamed lie.
Tell me your Land and City where it is,
That my good Ship may know where you would be;
For in *Phæacia* no Steersman is
Nor Rudder as in other Ships you see.
Whither men bid them go they understand,
And pass in Clouds concealed o'r the Main,
And where the Havens be in every Land.
No fear they have of perishing or pain.
And yet my Father to me once did say,
That with our Convoys *Neptune* was offended,
And that one day our good Ship to destroy
As it returned homewards he intended.
And from men hide our City with a Hill.
But whether that shall be performed now,
I cannot tell. It lies in *Neptunes* will,
And not concerneth you at all to know.
But tell me now what Lands you wandring saw,
What Nations, and what Cities you came to;
What kind of people, Civil, or without Law,
Civil or kind to Strangers, Godly or no,
When you heard sung the woful Fate of *Troy*,
Why did you weep? The Gods that built the Town
Decreed

Decreed thereat much people to destroy,
And that their Fate should be sung up and down.
Lost you some Kinsmen there or near Ally,
Which might in time of danger you bestead?
Or some good friend? A wise friend standing by
Is worth a Kinsman in a time of need.

LIB. IX.

TO this *Ulysses* said, Renowned King
Alcinous, methinks delightful 'tis
To sit as we do here, and hear one sing,
And specially so good a Voice as this.
I, for my part, do never more rejoyce,
Than when I see men sitting at their meat
Chearful, and listening to a pleasant voice,
And see the Cups go often, and retreat.
This is a thing that I love best; but you
Had rather hear the dangers I have past,
Which fright me yet, and do my pain renew.
But which shall I tell first? which next? which last?
For they be many. First my name I'll tell,
And place, that whensoe'r you thither come
You may there lodge, although far off I dwell,
And am uncertain of my getting home.
I am *Ulysses Laertiades*,
And far and wide I am reputed wise
'Mongst men that love subtile conveyances,
And known I am by Fame up to the Skies.
My place is *Ithaca*, in which is store
Of Wool. Mount *Neriton* is cloath'd with wood;
A goodly Hill, and many Islands more
Lie close about it, yielding store of food.

Dulichium,

Dulichium, *Same*, and the woody *Zant*,
On th'East of *Ithaca* are scituate.
Another Iland, which is called *Aut*,
Lies Westward of it, but is low and flat.
Rocky is *Ithaca*, and uneven ground;
But breedeth able men. Nor have I known
The man that to his own minde ever found
A Country that was better than his own.
From mine *Calypso* kept me in a Cave
T'have been her Husband; so did *Circe* too:
But neither of them my consent could have,
So much could love of my own Country do.
For though far off I might have better Land,
Yet should I from my Kindred absent live.
But now 'tis time to let you understand
What passage to me *Jove* was pleas'd to give.
From *Troy* to *Ismarus* we first were blown
Within an Isle, *Cicons* the Natives are;
And soon we plundered and burnt the Town,
And of the Plunder each man had his share.
The Wives we prisoners made, and to the Sword
We put the men: And then without delay
I did command them all to go aboard;
But they, Fools as they were, would not obey:
For they to kill, eat, drink, themselves apply,
Beeves, sheep & wine, which they had on the beach.
Cicons mean while to *Cicons* so loud cry,
That to the Continent their voices reach.
And presently came others, numberless
As leaves in Summer; stout and men of skill,
To fight on Horsback with much readiness,
Or else on foot, according as they will.
Jove had decreed us mischief, and the hour
Was come: And just before our Ships we fought;
Spears were our Weapons, which with all our Power
We lanced on both sides with courage stout.
Whilst the Sun mounted we resisted well,
But after Noon they pressed us so sore,
That with the falling Sun our courage fell;
And then in haste we thrust our Ships from shore.

From

From out of every Ship six men we lost:
And then with heavy hearts our Sails we hoise,
And grieved for our Fellows left the Coast;
But first to ev'ry of them called thrice
Whom slain by th' Enemy we left behinde.
Then *Jove* with Clouds both Land and Water vails,
And night came on us with a furious winde
From the North-part of Heav'n, and tore our Sails
In three's and four's, and all our Ships were tost
Hither and thither, side-ways with the blasts,
And one anothers way hindred and crost.
Then took we in our Sails, and down our Masts,
For fear of death, and laid them on the Decks,
And with our Oars rowed our Ships to Land;
Two nights and days we stai'd, while grief did vex
Each minde, and labour tired had each hand.
But when the Morn had led forth the third day,
We then set sail, and left their course to th' winde;
The which (we sitting still) did them convey
According as the Steers-men had design'd.
And I had safely come to *Ithaca*,
Had not the North-winde with the tide o'th' Sea,
When I was come to th' Cape of *Malea*,
Forc'd us without the Isle of *Cythere*.
The horrid Winds now found me on the Main,
And toss'd me into one anothers hand:
Nine days together I endur'd this pain,
Upon the tenth they cast me on a Land
Where dwell a People call'd *Lotophagi*,
That have and live upon a fruit full sweet
I'th' Continent. We went ashore; there I
Made them take in fresh water for the Fleet.
Then having quickly sup'd, I chose out two
Of my Companions to go and see
What men they were; with them I sent also
A third, who went as Messenger from me.
They quickly went; but mingled with those men
Who meant no harm, but gave them Lote to eat,
Which made them hate returning back again,
And suddenly their Country to forget:

And

And with the people there resolv'd to stay,
Forgetting home for love of Lote. But I
Sent those that quickly fetched them away
By force, and under hatches did them tie.
The rest I bad unto their Ships to haste,
Lest eating Lote they should return no more.
Aboard they quickly come, and each one plac't
In order, beats the grey Sea with his Oar.
Then to the Land of *Cyclopes* we row,
Men proud and lawless, that relie for food
Upon the Sky, and neither plant nor plow;
Yet have they Barley, Wheat, Wine very good,
Unplow'd, unsown, fetch'd up by show'rs of Rain.
They have no Courts of Councel, nor of Right.
On huge high hills themselves they entertain,
And in their rocky bellies pass the night.
Each man gives Law to his own Wife and Brood.
Nor do they much for one another care.
Before the Port an Isle lies clad with wood,
Not very near, nor from it very far.
Wilde Goats in great abundance were therein:
Because there dwell'd no men that might them kill,
Nor wretched Hunters ever enter in,
To tire themselves running from hill to hill.
For the good Ship with the Vermilion Cheeks
The *Cyclopes* have not, nor Art to make
All that is needful for a man that seeks
Trade, and to pass the Seas must undertake.
The Island else they quickly might adorn.
The Land is good; to th'Sea sweet Meadows lie,
And plentifully would yield Wine and Corn,
If it were helped with good Husbandry.
Anchors and Cables in the Port needs none,
Nor any Rope to tie the Ship to Land;
And when the Master thinks fit to be gone,
With the first Winde they take the Oar in hand.
Within the entrance riseth a sweet Spring
From out a Cave, shaded with Poplars tall;
Thither to shore our Ships we safely bring.
Some God was Guide. Nothing we saw at all.

Dark

Dark night it was, and nothing to be seen;
The Air about us thick, and from the Sky
The Moon could not shine through the Clouds be-
Nor Waves, nor Isle appear'd to any eye. (tween,
Then took we in our Sails, and went to Land,
And waited for the coming of the day,
And in the mean time slumbered on the Sand:
But when we saw appear the morning gay,
Admiring th'Isle, we walked to and fro,
Whilst the Nymphs (sprung from *Jove Ægiochus*)
Refreshment on my Souldiers to bestow,
Down from the Mountain brought the Goats to us.
And presently from out our Ships we take
Our Bows and Arrows keen, and came away,
And of our Company three Troops we make;
Then shooting, soon we had a lovely prey.
Our Ships were twelve, to which they equally
Divide the Spoil; for every Ship had nine,
Save only mine had ten: Then merrily
All day we sit and feast on Flesh and Wine.
For we had Wine enough as yet unspent,
Of that we got and brought away with us,
Which ev'ry man had into Budgets pent,
Then when we took the Town of *Ismarus*.
Close by we saw the Land of *Cyclopses*,
And smoke, & heard the voice o'th' men, & Sheep
And Goats. 'Twas night, and on the Sand o'th' Sea
Our selves till morning we refresht with sleep.
But when the Rosie morning 'gan t'appear,
My Fellows I together call'd, and spake:
You, my Companions, by the Ships stay here;
I with my Ship and Crew will undertake
A trial of this people, whether wilde,
And proud, and insolent their Nature be,
Or whether they be men of nature milde,
Godly, and loving hospitality.
This said, I went aboard, and had my Crew
Imbarque themselves. Aboard they quickly come,
And sitting each man in his order due,
With stroak of Oar they made the grey Sea foam.

Arrived,

Arriv'd, we of a Cavern saw the door,
Both high and wide, and sheep and goats there lay
Abundance sleeping. It was shaded o'r
With boughs that downward grew of Lawrel gay.
Before it was a Court well fenc'd with stone
And lusty Oaks, and many a Pine-tree high.
I'th' Cave a Giant lodg'd, who us'd alone
His sheep to feed, no other *Cyclops* nigh.
It was a huge and ugly Monster, and
Lookt not unlike a rocky Mountains head
That does 'mongst other hills asunder stand,
With a great Perriwig of Trees o'rspread.
Then bad I my Companions to stay
And guard the Ship, save that by lot a dozen
I took of them along with me, and they,
By chance, were the same men I would have chosen
With me I took a Goatskin full of Wine,
Pleasant and strong, by *Maron* given me,
Evanthes Son, Priest to *Phœbus* Divine,
At *Ismarus*, to save his Family,
Fearing the God in whose Grove he did live.
For which sev'n Talents of pure beaten gold,
And a large Silver Bowl he did me give
Freely, besides twelve Budgets of Wine old,
Pure, pleasant, precious drink it was, which none
Knew of besides himself, his Wife and Maid;
Of the Men-servants that he kept, not one.
Which when he drank, he usually allaid
With water pure, full twenty times as much.
And when a man so temper'd had his Cup,
Yet still the fragrant smell thereof was such,
He hardly could forbear to drink it up.
This Goatskin I took with me in a Case,
Expecting of some great and gastly man,
That knew nor Law, nor Right, to see the face;
And landing, quickly to the Den we ran.
We entred in, but did not finde him there;
But gaze we did at ev'ry thing with wonder:
Shelves full of Cheese as much as they could bear,
Pens full of Sheep and Goats, each sort asunder,

Old, younger, young'ſt; all Veſſels to the brim,
Pans, Trays, and Milking-Pales were full of Whey.
My men deſir'd me not to ſtay for him,
But make what haſte I could to get away,
And take ſome of his Cheeſes from the ſhelves,
And ſheep from out the Pens, and then to go,
And ſetting up our Sails to ſave our ſelves.
But I would not, though't had been better ſo.
But I deſir'd to ſee the man, and try
If from him ſome good gift I might obtain;
But they with fear were ready for to die,
And could not think upon him but with pain.
Then kindled we a fire, and kill'd and fed
On Fleſh and Cheeſe, and for his coming ſtaid.
He came, and a great burthen carried
Of wither'd Bough's, which at the door he laid.
His Supper with this Wood he meant to dreſs,
And threw it down with ſuch a hideous noiſe,
As frighted us to th' innermoſt receſs
O'th' Cave; there lay we, and ſuppreſt our voice.
Into the Cave he comes, he and his Flock,
All that was milch; the Males he left without,
Rams and He-goats, and the Door with a Rock
Stops up, which two & twenty Carts ſcarce mought
Bear above ground, and then to milking fell;
But firſt he ſets unto each Ewe her Lamb,
In order due, to ſee them ſuckled well,
And each young Goat he puts under her Dam.
Half of the Milk he turn'd to Curds, and put
Them into Wicker-Baſkets to ſet up:
The other half he into Tankards put,
For drink to ſerve him when he was to ſup.
When he had ended all his buſineſs,
He made a fire, and thereby ſpi'd us out.
What are you, ſays he, whence d'ye croſs the Seas?
Is it on buſineſs, or d'ye rove about
As Pyrats walk at Sea, to and agen,
And are content to ſet their lives at ſtake,
So they may miſchief do to other men?
Our hearts diſmaid before, this language brake.

We

We fear'd his hollow voice, and body great;
But yet I made him answer, and said thus:
We are *Achæans*, making our retreat
Homewards from *Troy*, but Winds have forced us
Upon this Coast (for *Jove* would have it so.)
We are a part of *Agamemnons* Bands,
Whose glory for his sacking *Troy*, is now
Renown'd both far and wide throughout all Lands.
And now our selves we prostrate at your feet,
Hoping for some good thing as Visitants;
Such as all men have commonly thought meet;
Or for the Gods-sake, as to Suppliants.
As Suppliants we before you here do lie,
With whom, and strangers, *Jove* still goes along.
He is the God of Hospitality,
To punish whosoever does them wrong.
Thus I. But he replied with fell intent,
Stranger, thou art a fool, or com'st from far,
That counsel'st me to fear the punishment
Of *Jove*, or for the blessed Gods to care.
The *Cyclopes* care not at all for *Jove*
Ægiochus, or any other Gods.
For why, we stronger are than those above;
And if we strength compare, we have the odds.
No no. 'Tis not the fear of *Jupiter*
Can me from thee, or these with thee restrain,
Unless I please. But tell me truly where
The Ship that brought you rides, and do not fain.
This was to sound me. But I saw his mind,
And a deceitful answer did intend.
My Ship was wreckt by *Neptune*, and by wind
Thrown 'gainst the rocks, at the Lands furthest end.
Where all besides my self and these were drown'd.
To this he answer'd nothing, nor said more;
But snatching up a couple from the ground, (floor.
Knocks out their brains, like whelps against the
Then cuts them into joynts, and on them fed:
Nor did he flesh, or bone, or entrails leave,
Like hungry Lion on the Mountains bred.
Then weep we, and to *Jove* our hands up heave

To ſee ſuch work, and have no remedy.
When he with humane fleſh his belly deep
Had filld, and drunk the milk that ſtood him by,
He laid himſelf along amongſt his ſheep,
And ſlept. And then I ſaw I might him ſlay:
'Twas but to draw my good Sword from my ſide,
And gently on his breſt my hand to lay,
And to the hilts the Sword in's body hide.
Upon new thoughts that purpoſe I gave o're;
For certainly it had deſtroy'd us quite:
So great the ſtone was that lay on the door,
That to remove it was paſt all our might.
So there we ſighing ſtaid for day: and when
The Roſie-finger'd morning did appear,
He made a fire, and milkt his flock agen,
And the young Kids and Lambs new ſuckled were.
When all his work was at an end, and paſt,
Two more of my Companions he takes,
And on thoſe two he quickly breaks his faſt,
And for his Flock the way he open makes.
For eaſily he took the ſtone away,
And then again with no leſs eaſe he did
Set up the ſame, and in its right place lay,
Than of a Quiver one would do the Lid.
His flock with noiſe he drives up to the hills,
And in the Den leaves us to meditate
How to revenge (with *Phœbus* help) our ills.
At laſt within my breſt this counſel ſate.
Near one o'th' Pens there lay an Olive-Tree,
Straight, and the boughs cut off, which when 'twas (dri'd,
Deſigned was a Walking-ſtaff to be
Of the great *Cyclops*; which when we eſpi'd,
Of ſome good Ship we thought might be the Maſt,
Or of a Bark of twenty Oars or more,
That *Neptunes* rugged waters might have paſt
With a great burthen ſafe from ſhore to ſhore.
Of this a fathom I cut off, and gave it
To my Companions to taper it:
They ſmooth'd and taper'd it as I would have it;
I ſharpn'd it at point as I thought fit.

Then

Then in the fire the ſame I hardned well,
And laid it by with Dung all cover'd o're,
Which in the Cave from ſo much Cattle fell;
For ſheep and goats there always were good ſtore.
From all my Company, who did not fear
To help me thruſt this Bar into his eye,
I took out four by lot, and ſuch they were
As I my ſelf did wiſh; the fifth was I.
At Evening he returneth with his ſheep,
Into the hollow Cave he brings them all:
Without, he neither ſheep nor goat did keep,
By Preſage, or upon ſome Heav'nly Call.
Then with the ſtone the Caves mouth up he dams,
And milks his ſhe-goats and his Ews each one;
And ſuckles all his young Kids, and his Lambs.
But after he his work had fully done,
Another couple of my men he took.
Then having in my hand an Ivy Kan
Of good black Wine, I thus unto him ſpoke:
Cyclops, ſince you have eaten fleſh of man,
Here, drink this good black Wine upon't, and ſee
What excellent good drink we had aboard,
Whereof I've hither brought a taſte to thee,
Hoping you will ſome kindneſs me afford,
And ſome-aſſiſtance in our Voyage home.
But ſo intolerably furious
You are, that no man will dare near you come,
Knowing how cruel you have been to us.
When I had ſaid, the good Wine he drank up,
And was extremely pleaſed with the ſame:
And ſtraightway calling for another Cup,
Tell me (quoth he) right now what is thy name;
And I will give thee that ſhall pleaſe thy heart.
We *Cyclopes* have Vines that yield good Wine,
Which from the Earth by Rain from Heaven ſtart:
But this ſome branch of Nectar is divine.
When he had ſaid, I gave him Wine again.
Three times I fill'd the Kan, and he as oft
Drank't off. But when it came up to his brain,
Then ſpake I to him gentle words and ſoft.

Cyclops, since you my name desire to know,
I'll tell it you, and on your word rely.
My name is *Noman*; all men call me so,
My Father, Mother, and my Company.
To which he soon and sadly made reply,
Noman I'll eat you last, none shall out-live you
Of all that here are of your Company;
And that's the gift I promised to give you.
And having said, he laid himself along
With bended neck, sleeping and vomiting
Gobbets of Humane Flesh, and Wine among.
All he before had eaten uttering.
The Bar with Embers then I covered,
Till (green as 'twas) with heat I made it shine;
And with few words my men encouraged,
Left any should have shrunk from the designe.
The Bar now hot, and ready to flame out,
And (though green wood) yet glowing mightily,
To him my Fellows carried, now stout,
And set the point thereof upon his eye.
But I my self erecting with my hand,
Twirled the Bar about, with motion nimble,
As Joyners with a string below do stand.
To give a piercing motion with a wimble.
So whilst the Brand was entring, I it turn'd.
The blood that down along it ran was hot;
And with his Eye the Lids and Brows were burn'd,
And all his Eye-strings with the fire did strut
As when a Smith hath heat his Axe or Spade,
And quickly quenches it while hot it is,
To harden it, it makes a noise; so made
His great moist Eye the glowing Brand to hiss.
He roared so as made the Rocks resound,
And from his Eye, he pull'd with both his hands
The burning Brand, and threw it to the ground;
And so a while he there amazed stands.
And thence for more *Cyclopses* calls; and they
(Who dwelt about in every hollow Cave)
Came in, some one, and some another way;
And from without the Den ask'd what he'd have.

What

What ails thee *Polyphemus* ſo to cry
In dead of night, and make us break our ſleep?
Goes any one about to make thee die,
By force or fraud, or ſteal away thy ſheep?
Then *Polyphemus* anſwered from his Cave,
Friends, *Noman* killeth me. Why then, ſaid they,
We have no power from ſickneſs you to ſave;
You muſt unto your Father *Neptune* pray.
This ſaid, they parted each one to his own
Dark Cavern: Then within my ſelf I laught
To think how with my Name the Mighty Clown
I ſo deceived had, and gull'd by craft.
The *Cyclops* for the ſtone now groap'd about,
Found it, and threw it down, though pained ſore;
Thinking to catch us at our coming out,
Sitting with Arms extended in the door.
Such fools he thought us: but I formerly
Had thought upon the courſe I was to take;
And all my cunning, and my Art to try,
Since no leſs than our lives was now at ſtake,
This Counſel 'twas that in my breſt then ſat;
Male-ſheep there were within the Cave well fed,
Fair, big, and deeply clad in wool and fat,
And theſe, with twigs ta'ne from *Cyclops* his bed,
I bound together three and three; each three
Bore one under the middlemoſt faſt bound:
One Ram, by far the beſt of all bore me
Under his breſt, my hands in deep wool wound.
Thus hung we conſtantly, expecting day.
The morning came, the Males to paſture hie,
(The Ews with ſtrutting Udders bleating ſtay)
Their Maſter ſitting there in miſery,
Laid's hand upon their backs as out they paſt,
Ne'r thinking of their Bellies we were under.
Mine heavy with his wool and me came laſt,
To whom the *Cyclops* ſaid, ſeeming to wonder,
Why, ſilly Ram, art thou the laſt to come
Out of the Cave, that formerly was ever
The foremoſt to go out, and to come home,
And foremoſt at the going to the River;

But now at last? Is't for thy Masters eye,
Which *Noman* and his Fellows have put forth?
O couldst thou speak, and tell me where doth lie
Hidden within, that *Noman* nothing worth,
I soon would with his brains besmear the floor,
And ease my vexed heart within me so,
Which *Noman* hath within me wounded sore.
This said, he let the Ram that bore me go.
Got forth a little from the Den and Yard,
I left my Ram, and set my Fellows free:
Unto my Ships I brought part of the Herd,
That to our Fellows we might welcome be,
We that escape. But they began to weep
For those we left behinde us dead, till I
Commanded them to fetch aboard more sheep,
And after that their Oars again to ply.
They brought in more, and each man takes his seat,
And in due order, with his Oar in hand,
The water grey into a foam they beat,
And rowed us a little way from Land,
As far as one that hollows can be heard;
So far I stood from shore, I hollow'd then;
Cyclops, *Cyclops*, why were you not afraid
To kill and eat, as you have done, my men?
For since you strangers do so ill intreat,
And of the Gods themselves no reck'ning make,
You ought to have expected vengeance great,
And that your wicked deeds should you o'retake.
The *Cyclops* then provoked with this mock,
Threw a great stone at us with all his might;
And first he swing'd round o're his head the Rock,
Which just behinde the Rudder chanc'd to light;
And so much stir'd the water falling in,
That what with th'eddy and tide from the Main,
Brought back to th'Land, and sure we dead had bin,
But that I quickly thrust it off again.
Then bad I my Companions to row
Still further off, till we were out of fear.
They pli'd their Oars again; and we were now
At twice the distance that before we were.

And

And then again I to the *Cyclops* ſpoke,
(Though my companions would have hindred me)
Why (ſay they) will you ſtill the man provoke?
How great a ſtone, how far he throws, you ſee,
How near to Land we were, how near to die.
If he but any one of us hear ſpeak,
A Rock will ſtraightway from him hither fly,
And knock our brains out, and our Veſſel break.
So ſaid they; but with me could nothing do,
I was reſolv'd to vex him bitterly.
Cyclops, quoth I, if any aſk thee who,
What was his name that rob'd thee of thy eye,
Say 'twas *Ulyſſes*, Prince of *Ithaca*,
Son to the old *Laertes*. He it was.
At which the *Cyclops* howling anſwered, Ha;
I ſee old Propheſies are come to paſs.
For *Telemus Eurynides* that here
Dwelled, and telling Fortunes went about,
Told me I ſhould by name *Ulyſſes* fear,
As he that one day ſhould my eye put out.
But I ſome ſtrong and mighty man expected
Of Stature great, ſhould come to do that deed,
And never ſuch a little Wretch ſuſpected,
Nor ever did of being drunk take heed
But come *Ulyſſes* nearer, that I may
Give you a precious gift as you deſerve;
And alſo to my Father *Neptune* pray,
That you upon the Seas he would preſerve.
For I his Son, and he my Father is,
And to my ſight again reſtore me can;
He, and no other of the Gods in bliſs,
Nor any Pow'r on earth. So ſaid the man.
Cyclops (quoth I) I would I could as well
Send thee now down to *Pluto*'s ugly Den
Depriv'd of life and Soul th' deepeſt Hell,
As I am ſure thou ne'r ſhalt ſee again.
Then held he up his hands to Heav'n and prai'd,
Hear me, O *Neptune*, if thy Son I be,
And thou my Father truly, as 'tis ſaid,
Grant that *Ulyſſes* never more may ſee

His Native Soil; or if perhaps by fate
It be decreed he ſhall return again,
Let him return both wretchedly and late,
His ſhips and men loſt, and at home meet pain.
His prayer granted was; and then he threw
A greater ſtone, firſt ſwinged o'r his head,
Which by good chance above the Veſſel flew,
But almoſt to the ſhore us carried.
When we were come into the Iſle again
Where all the reſt of our Fleet then abode
Expecting our return, in grievous pain,
And wondring why we were ſo long abroad;
Then with our ſheep we landed on the Beach,
And 'mongſt the Barks divided them with care,
Their juſt and equal number unto each,
That no Ship might be wronged of his ſhare.
On me my Fellows over and above
Beſtow'd a Ram, which on the Sand there right
I made a Sacrifice to mighty *Jove*;
But in my Offrings he took no delight,
And was contriving how to make away
My Ship and Fellows, and deſtroy them quite.
There on the ſhore we ſat and ſpent the day
With fleſh and Wine, from morning unto night.
All night we ſlept upon the ſhore; and when
The morning had again the day reſtor'd,
I preſently commanded all my men
To looſe the Ropes, and put themſelves aboard.
Aboard they go and beat the Sea with Oars,
All for their Fellows which were eaten, ſad.
And forward to the Main we take our courſe,
For that we had our ſelves eſcaped, glad.

Lib. X.

AT th' floting Isle *Æolia* we landed,
Where *Æolus* the Son of *Hippotas*
Beloved of th' Immortal Gods commanded,
His House was walled all about with brass.
Th'ascent unto it was all one smooth stone.
Twelve were his Children, six Sons & their Wives;
In Wedlock he had joyn'd them one to one,
And with him in his house they led their lives.
And made good chear; all day the house they make
To ring with mirth, and smoke with boil'd & roast,
At night their Loyal Wives to Beds they take,
Richly set out with coverings of great cost.
A month he entertain'd me with delight,
Askt me of *Troy*, and th' *Argive* Fleet, and I ow
The *Greeks* got home. And him I answer'd right
To ev'ry thing as far as I did know.
And when I left his house, he was content
T'assist me friendly in my Voyage back
With a West-wind, and all Winds else he pent
Into a tough and strong Neats-leather sack.
(For *Jove* had made him Master of the Winds,
To hold their breath, or blow as he thought fit)
And with a silver string the Sack he bindes:
No Wind could stir but as I order'd it.
But all this did no good for want of wit.
Nine days we sail'd fore-right, and came so neat
To th'Coast of *Ithaca*, that we could see't
By th' light of Beacons that were fired there.
But then with weariness I fell asleep;
For I had ne'r till now the Helm let go,

Nor

Nor ſuffer'd any elſe my place to keep,
I long'd to ſee my Native Country ſo.
Mean while my Fellows to diſcourſe begin,
Thinking much Gold and Silver was i'th' Sack
By *Æolus Hippotades* put in,
Which now to *Ithaca* I carri'd back.
And, Oh did one unto another ſay,
How much this man is lov'd where e'r he comes!
He brings from *Troy* a great ſhare of the prey,
Though we go empty-handed to our homes.
Now *Æolus* has giv'n him God knows what.
Come quickly let us while we think upon't,
And ſleeping lie upon the Deck lies flat,
Undo the Sack, and ſee how much there's on't.
This wretched Counſel taken by the Crew,
The Budget they undid, to ſee my ſtore;
And then at once the furious Winds out-flew,
And whiſtling, ſnatcht our ſhip away from ſhore.
My Fellows wept, I ſtudi'd which was beſt,
To fall into the Sea and end my pain,
Or patiently to live among the reſt.
I choſe to live, as better of the twain,
And hoodwinkt laid me down i'th' ſhip. At laſt
We found our ſelves upon th' *Æolian* ſhore
On which th' unruly Winds our ſhip had caſt,
Juſt at the place where we ſet forth before:
And there we landed, and ſhort ſupper made
With my Companions on the rocky ſhore.
I one man with me, and a Herald take,
And went up to the Porch before the Door
Of th' Hall, where *Æolus* ſat banqueting
Amongſt his Sons and Daughters. They admir'd.
What Wind, ſaid they, did you now hither bring?
We furniſht you for what place you deſir'd.
Some Devil croſt you. Softly I repli'd.
Of our misfortune other cauſe was none
But my unens ſolly, who the Bag unti'd
The whilſt I ſlept; you can repair what's done.
Their Father anſwer'd at another rate;
Hence Raſcal, hated of the Gods above:

I

I entertain none whom the Gods do hate.
Away, I ſay, the Gods thee do not love.
Thus ſighing we were ſent away. And though
We were already tired with the Oar,
To Sea we put, and forward ſtill we row,
Six days and nights entire, ne'r giving o're.
Upon the ſeventh day we landed near
To *Leſtrigonia*, the Royal Seat,
Of *Lamus* and his Race. The Herds-men there,
When from the field they bring their ſheep or neat,
Hollow to thoſe at home; then they a-field
Their Cattle drive. To one of little ſleep
The ſite o'th' place doth double wages yield,
By tending one day Cows, another ſheep.
For it is ſeated juſt 'twixt day and night.
Into the Port we came, the which within
On each ſide was beſet with Rocks upright,
Whereof two made it narrow coming in.
My Fellows with their ſhips were in the Port
Near to the City. For the Sea was ſtill,
And not a Winde ſtirring of any ſort.
But I kept mine without, ſuſpecting ill,
And with a Rope had tied it to the Rocks.
Then up a-hill I went to look about,
But could no ſigne eſpy of Man or Oxe.
Then down I came again, and ſtraight ſent out
To enquire what kinde of people lived there.
A Herald then and two men more I ſent,
Who as they going on the high-way were
That from the woody hill to'th' City went,
Met with the Daughter of *Antiphates*
That was of *Leſtrigonians* the King.
She had fetch't water from *Artacies*;
Artacies the name was of a Spring.
They aſkt her of the King and of the People.
Her Fathers houſe ſhe ſhews. They thither hie,
And finde the Queen there looking like a Steeple,
And ſtraight abhor'd her as a Prodigie.
Then ſhe her husband from the Market-place
Calls home; who ſtraight intended to diſpatch'em,

And

And laid his hands on one; but in that ſpace
The reſt eſcap'd by flight, he could not catch 'em.
But then he raiſed with a mighty ſhout
The Town and Country, who in numbers great
Liker to Giants than to men, came out,
And with huge ſtones of a mans weight they beat
My men and ſhips. A woful noiſe and wild
I heard of dying men, and tearing planks.
When they had ſlain my men, they them enfil'd,
And carri'd them like Fiſhes hung in ranks.
While they did this, I had no other hope
To ſave my ſelf, but quickly with my Sword
(My ſhip being ti'd to th'Rocks) to cut the rope,
And make what haſte I could to get aboard.
My Crew into the Ship leapt all at once,
And row'd for life, till they got far enough
From land, to ſtand in fear of throwing ſtones,
And glad they had eſcaped, onwards row.
The reſt, both ſhips and men, all periſhed.
Next at *Ææa* Iſle aſhore we run,
Where the wiſe Goddeſs *Circe* inhabited,
Æetes Siſter, Daughter of the *Sun*
And *Perſe* Daughter of *Oceanus*.
There in a good ſafe Harbour quietly
We reſt our ſelves. Some God conducted us.
There full of grief two days and nights we lie.
Soon as the Morn had ſhewn us the third day,
With Spear in hand, and Sword girt at my thigh,
Up to a Mountains top I took my way,
Some word of man to hear, or work to ſpy.
Through the thick wood I ſaw a ſmoke ariſe
About the place where th' Houſe of *Circe* ſtood:
Then with my ſelf I did a while adviſe
What I ſhould do. At laſt I thought it good
To make my people all to dine, and then
Safely with company to go or ſend.
So back I came unto my ſhip and men.
But by the way (ſome God was ſure my Friend)
A gallant Stag came by, whom heat and thirſt
Invited had down to the Stream Divine.

At

At him I quickly threw my Spear, which pierc't
Both his sides thorow, close beneath the Chine.
Down dead he falls. On's neck my foot I set,
Pluckt out the Spear, and laid it on the ground.
To make a Rope, I Twigs and Rushes get,
And his four feet together fast I bound.
Within his legs I place my head, and bear
His body on my neck. 'Twas hard to rise,
Leaning with both my hands upon my Spear.
He was too great to take up otherwise.
I threw him down o'th' shore and chear'd my Crew.
Friends (quoth I) though our present state be bad,
Death shall not come, I hope, before 'tis due.
Come, let us eat and drink, and not be sad.
This said, they straightway from the ship descend,
And gaze upon't, for 'twas a mighty Beast:
And when their wondering was at an end,
They washt their hands, and drest it for their feast.
And all the remnant of the day till night
We made good chear with Wine & Venison store.
After the Sun had born from us his light,
We laid us down to sleep upon the shore.
But when the Rosie Morn appear'd again,
I said to all my men, who grieved were:
My Mates, although I have endur'd much pain,
I must intreat you patiently to hear.
We know not where is West or East, nor where
The Sun does rise or set, nor where we be.
To me does little hope as yet appear:
And therefore we must go abroad and see.
In a low Island, rising through the Trees,
I saw a smoke when I stood on the Hill.
Though I had utter'd no more words but these,
They heard them with a very evil will.
Of *Cyclops* and *Antiphates* they speak
That had devour'd their Fellows formerly:
And ready were their hearts with grief to break.
They weep and whine, but without remedy.
Of my Companions then two Bands I make;
Of one *Eurylochus* had the Command,

The

The charge o'th' other to my ſelf I take:
And two and twenty men were in each Band.
Who ſhould go firſt abroad, and who ſhould ſtay,
We were content ſhould be by Lot defin'd.
To go, fell to *Eurylochus*. Away
They weeping went, we weeping ſtai'd behind.
Down in a Dale they *Circes* Palace found
Built of ſquare ſtone. The place was full of ſhade.
Lions and Wolves about it lay o'th' ground,
Whom *Circe* tame with Magick Arts had made:
Theſe flew not at my men, but laid their Noſes
Upon them lovingly, and wag'd their tails
As Dogs ſalute their Maſters. *Circe*'s Doſes
So much above their Natures fierce prevails.
Eurylochus i'th' Door ſtood with his Band.
The Goddeſs *Circe* buſie was within;
For ſhe a wondrous fine work had in hand,
Paſt art of man, and ſung as ſhe did ſpin.
Then did *Polites*, whom I lov'd moſt dear
Of all my Crew, ſpeak out unto them all:
My Friends, quoth he, ſomebody ſingeth there,
A Goddeſs or a Woman Let us call.
This ſaid, they call, and ſhe ſets ope the Gate,
Bids them come in. Fools as they were, they enter
All but *Eurylochus*. Without he ſate,
Suſpecting ſomewhat, therefore durſt not venture.
She places them, and ſets before them food,
Cheeſecakes of Cheeſe, and Honey, Flour & Wine;
But had mixt ſomething with it not ſo good
Of wondrous Vertue with an ill deſigne.
For with a Wand, as ſoon as they had din'd,
She drove them to the ſties, and there them pent:
For body, head, hair, voice, all but the minde,
Right Swine they were, and grunted as they went.
There to them threw ſhe Acorns, Crabs and Bran,
The things wherewith Swine commonly are fed.
Eurylochus ſtai'd long, but not a man
Came out to let him know how they had ſped.
Then back he comes: at firſt he could not ſpeak,
Though he endeavoured; he grieved ſo,

The

The ſighs and ſobs his words did often break,
Till urg'd by us that long'd the truth to know.
At laſt he ſaid, Renown'd *Ulyſſes*, we
Paſſing the woods as we commanded were,
In a dark Vale a ſtately Palace ſee;
A Goddeſs, or a Woman, dwelleth there.
We call'd, and ſtraight ſhe opening the Gate,
Bids us come in. They ill adviſed enter
All but my ſelf. Alone without I ſate,
Suſpecting fraud, and durſt no further venture.
Loſt they are all: for if they could, I know (word,
Some of them would have come and brought me
For I ſtaid long enough. This ſaid, my Bowe
I took, and at my ſide my truſty Sword,
And bad him guide me back the ſelf-ſame way.
Then fell he at my feet on both his knees,
And weeping me intreats to let him ſtay;
Your life, quoth he, amongſt the reſt you'll leeſe.
To this I ſaid, *Eurylochus* ſtay you
Here at the ſhip (ſince you are frighted ſo)
Eating and drinking with the reſt o'th' Crew;
Neceſſity compelleth me to go.
This ſaid, I went along the ſhore, till I
Was at the entrance of the Valley, where
The houſe of *Circe* ſtood. Then *Mercury*
Encountred me. In form he did appear
Of a fair youth, whoſe Beard but now began
In a ſoft Down to peep above his face,
Which is the prime of beauty in a man.
Alas, ſaid he, what make you in this place
'Mongſt trees and ſhrubs? For I can tell you this,
Your Mates at *Circe*'s houſe are lodg'd in ſties,
They now are Swine; you'll of your purpoſe miſs.
You cannot ſet them free though you be wiſe,
But rather you will with them lie. But well,
I'll give you ſuch an Antidote as you
Need not to be afraid of any Spell;
And will beſides, her purpoſe to you ſhew.
To make you drink ſhe'll temper you a Cup,
Which ſhall not (for the Antidote) bewitch you;

And

And when she sees that you have drunk it up,
With her long Wand she presently will switch you.
Then to her with your naked Sword in hand,
As if you purpos'd to cut off her head.
Then she will shriek, and weep, and trembling stand,
And buy her life with proffer of her bed.
You must not then refuse the Goddess love,
If you intend your Fellows to restore:
Yet make her swear by all the Gods above
She never will attempt to hurt you more.
Then gave he me the Herb. The Flow'r was white,
The Root was black; the Gods do call it Moly,
And gather it, who have no stint of might.
For men to think to finde it is a folly.
Then *Hermes* parting mounted to the Sky,
And I to *Circe*'s house went on my way,
And musing stood a while, but by and by
I call'd, and she came forth without delay,
And calls me in. I enter with sad heart;
There in a glorious Chair she made me sit
Studded with silver-Nails, and carv'd with Art;
Then puts a low Stool to it for my feet,
And brought the Potion in a Golden Cup,
Which she had temper'd to her bad designe.
And soon as ever I had drunk it up
She switch'd and bad me go lie with the Swine.
Then start I up with my drawn Sword, and make
As if I purpos'd to cut off her head.
Then did she shriek most fearfully and quake,
And weeping to me these words uttered:
Who, whence are you? what is your Fathers Name?
That this drink worketh not, is very strange.
If any else but tasted had the same,
He soon had of his figure found a change.
But you a stubborn heart have in your breft.
Are you *Ulysses*, that should hither come,
As *Hermes* told me oft, and be my Guest,
When from the *Trojan* shore he sailed home?
Put up your Sword; and that we may confide
In one another better without dread,

Let's

Let's to my Chamber go, and ſide by ſide
Compoſe the things we differ in a bed.
Circe (ſaid I) Oh how can I be kinde,
When you to Swine my Fellows turned have?
And now you have me here, 'tis in your minde
To make me tame, and keep me for a ſlave.
I'll not come near your Bed, unleſs before
You take an Oath by all the Gods above
You'll never go about to hurt me more.
This ſaid, ſhe ſwore, and I gave way to love.
On *Circe* Waiting-women four attended
To do the ſervice of the houſe, and were
From ſacred Rivers, Springs and Groves deſcended;
Each had her proper work aſſigned her.
One does the Chairs with coverings array;
Another does the Silver Tables ſpread;
And on each one of them a Baſket lay
Of Gold, and into it ſhe puts the Bread.
The third does in a Silver Flagon mix
The Wine and Water in a Silver Pot:
The fourth to make a fire brings in the ſticks,
And for a Bath makes ready water hot.
Circe her ſelf the water tempered
Into a juſt and comfortable heat,
And pour'd it on my ſhoulders and my head,
Waſhing my limbs, till I my toil forget.
And when I bathed and anointed was,
She put upon me a fair Coat and Veſt,
And led me in, into the dining-place,
And to my Chair and Table me addreſt.
One Maid a golden Baſon, with the Ew'r,
To waſh our hands over a Cauldron brings;
The Cauldron alſo was of Silver pure.
Another loads the Table with good things:
Another on the Table ſets on bread,
And then the Goddeſs *Circe* bids me eat.
But other dangers running in my head,
I had but little ſtomack to my meat.
Which ſhe obſerving ſaid, *Ulyſſes*, why
Do you thus ſullenly your meat refuſe,

And

And like a dumb man ſit? D'ye think that I
Intend againſt you ſome new Art to uſe?
Have I not ſworn? To which I anſwered,
Oh *Circe*, how can I be pleas'd d'ye think
(When you my Fellows keep disfigured
And pounded up in Hog-ſties) t'eat and drink?
If you mean well, ſet them at liberty,
And in the ſhape of men before my eyes,
That I may look on them, and they on me.
With Switch in hand then out of doors ſhe hies
And opens all the Priſons; out they come,
And were to look to Pigs of nine years old.
She drives them with her Wand into the room,
And makes them ſtand there while I them behold.
Then *Circe* went amongſt them, and each one
Smear'd with an unguent which ſtraightway did (make
Their hair fall off, and undid all was done;
And preſently a humane ſhape they take,
Greater and fairer than they had before.
They knew me all, my hand with theirs they preſt.
So glad they were, their eyes for joy ran o're.
The whole houſe wept, and *Circe* with the reſt.
This paſt, the Goddeſs ſaid, *Ulyſſes*, go
And bring your Ship a-land, and let her lie;
Your goods within the rocky Caves beſtow,
And make haſte back with all your Company.
This pleas'd me well. Down to the Sea I hie
Where my Companions I weeping finde;
But ſoon as I appear'd they preſently
About me came, their care now out of mind.
As when from Paſtures fat a Herd of Cows
Well-fed return at evening to their home,
Their Calves will not be kept within the houſe
But play, and ſkip, and round about them come:
So did my Fellows ſoon as they me ſaw
Come ſkipping out o'th' ſhip, with no leſs joy
Than if they had been come to *Ithaca*
Their Native Country from the Town of *Troy*,
Our joy (ſaid they) *Ulyſſes* cannot be
Greater when we at *Ithaca* arrive,

Which

Which we so wish for, than 'tis now to see
That you from *Circe* are return'd alive.
But tell us, pray, how did our Fellows there.
But first (said I) hale up your Ship to Land,
And in the Rocks hide all that's loose in her,
And come with me to *Circe* out of hand.
There shall you see your Fellows how they live;
In want of nothing that they can devise.
To these my words my Fellows credit give;
Eurylochus alone thought otherwise.
Wretches (said he) what mean you? will you go?
Have you a longing to be Lions tame,
Or Swine, or Wolves, and being transformed so,
To live at *Circe*'s house, and guard the same?
Remember *Cyclops*, and how all they sped
That dar'd to put themselves within his Cave,
By too much valour of *Ulysses* led.
Bethink you well how you your selves may save.
When I heard that, I drew my Sword, and meant,
Although he were my Kinsman very nigh,
T'have made his head fly. But of that intent
I was made frustrate by the Company
That interposing spake me fair, and said,
Let him stay here, but we'll go every man,
While he looks to the ship, since he's afraid.
Thus having said, to march they straight began;
Nor staid *Eurylochus* behinde, for I
Had so affrighted him he went with threst.
Mean while at *Circe*'s house my company
Were bath'd and oyl'd, and cloath'd with Coat and Vest.
Feasting we found them in a stately Hall.
But when we saw them, and heard every thing
That had befaln them, suddenly we all
Wept out so loud, as made the house to ring.
Then *Circe* said, *Ulysses* why d'ye weep?
I know your sufferings both at land by men,
And what you have endured on the Deep.
Drink wine, eat meat, and merry be agen.
Recruit your hearts with courage, till they be
As strong as when from home you first set out;

Put

Put all your danger out of memory,
Nor trouble more your weari'd minds with doubt,
Theſe words of *Circe* did our ſpirits chear,
And made us willingly fall to our meat.
Both then and ev'ry day throughout the year
In *Circe*'s houſe we freely drink and eat.
But when the ſeaſon was come round about,
And months and days of th'year had made an end,
Then my impatient Fellows call'd me out,
And ſaid, Strange man, do you no more intend
To ſee your Country *Ithaca?* Shall we
For ever ſtay with *Circe* here? Have Fates
Decreed that you your houſe no more ſhould ſee,
But periſh here together with your Mates?
This my Companions ſaid, and ſa.d but right.
Then what remained of the day we ſpent
Eating and drinking merrily. At night
They to their own beds, I to *Circe*'s went;
Where proſtrate at her knees, I preſs her hard
To keep her word, and let me go my way;
My mind, ſaid I, is going thitherward
Now, and my Fellows aſk me why I ſtay.
Renown'd *Ulyſſes* (anſwer'd *Circe*) here
Againſt your will with me you ſhall not ſtay.
But ere you go unto your Country dear,
You muſt a Voyage make another way.
You muſt to th houſe of *Hades* firſt repair:
For with *Tireſias* the Prophet blinde
You muſt conſult concerning your affair.
He knows what courſe the Fates have you deſign'd.
Though blinde his eye, yet is his judgment clear.
For why, to him *Proſerpina* alone
Hath granted to peruſe Fates Regiſter,
And know the Hiſtory of things not done.
The Ghoſts to him ſtand up when he goes by.
At this my heart was ready ev'n to break,
And in the bed long time I weeping lie,
And turn'd, and wiſh'd for death. At laſt I ſpeak:
Circe (ſaid I) who ſhall me thither guide?
Never man yet to Hell went in a ſhip.

Then

Then to me *Circe* presently repli'd;
Ulysses, let not that thought break your sleep.
You need but set your Mast up, hoise your sail,
And then sit still; you shall not want a Winde:
For *Boreas* to waft you will not fail.
When you are come to th' Oceans end, you'll finde
The wooddy shore and Grove of *Proserpine*.
There the tall Poplar, and soft Willow grows;
And there it is your Bark you must put in.
Then go along the shore to *Pluto*'s house.
And you shall see where into *Acheron*
Cocytus falls, which is a branch of *Styx*,
And with it also *Pyriphlegeton*,
And a great Rock where the two Rivers mix.
Close by that place make with your Sword a Pit
A Cubit wide, and round about it pour
Wine mixt with honey, and pure Wine after it;
Then water pure, and over all throw Flow'r.
Such is the drink that's offer'd to the dead.
And further to them you must make a Vow,
That when you be at home, and out of dread,
You'll gratifie them with a barren Cow.
But to *Tiresias* you must alone
Promise at your return to kill a Ewe
All over black. The Ceremonies done
Which to the dead by common law are due,
Then of the Ram and Ewe let out the blood
Into the pit; their heads to Hell-ward place,
And turn your back, and so go tow'rd the Flood.
Then shall you see the Ghosts come out apace.
Bid your Companions mean while to flay
The slaughter'd Sheep. To *Pluto* must you, and
To his Queen *Proserpine* your prayers say,
Then sit down at the pit with Sword in hand.
Let none come near the blood until you see
Tiresias the *Theban* Prophet come.
'Twill not be long before he with you be;
He'll tell you all the ways to bring you home.
This said, *Aurora* had the light displai'd,
And *Circe* cloath'd me with a Coat and Vest,

And

And with a pure white robe her ſelf arraid,
With a Gold Girdle girt beneath her breſt;
And put upon her head her Vaſl. Then I
Went through the houſe to make my fellows riſe,
And gently ſaid unto them ſeverally,
Let's go; for *Circe* now doth ſo adviſe.
And well content they were. But ſafe away
I could not bring them all. For there was one
Elpenor, neither forward in a Fray,
Nor yet of very much diſcretion;
Heated with Wine o'r night, himſelf to cool,
Up to the houſes top he went to ſleep;
But wak'd with noiſe the reſt made, like a Fool
Ne'r thought of coming down the ſtairs ſteep
Backward; and ſo to th' earth he headlong fell,
And broke his Neck-bone, & lay dead o'th' ground.
And his Soul leaving him, went down to Hell.
The reſt came forth, and ſtood about me round.
To theſe I ſaid, You think without delay
That we to *Ithaca* are going now;
But *Circe* bids us go another way,
Of old *Tireſias* the minde to know,
The *Theban* Prophet, who is now in Hell.
This broke the very heart ſtrings of my Mates;
They ſob and tear their hair, but cannot tell
How to avoid what's once decreed by th' Fates.
Then to our ſhip we weeping went. Mean ſpace
Circe a Ram and black Ewe there had ti'd
Unſeen to us, we found them on the place.
For Gods, but when they liſt, cannot be ſpi'd.

LIB.

LIB. XI.

When we were come unto the Sea-side, where
Our Ship lay which we ſhov'd into the deep;
We rear our Maſt, pull up our Sails, and bear
Aboard with us one Male, one Female ſheep.
And ſo for Hell we ſtood, with fears in minde,
And tears in eye. But the fair *Circe* ſent
To bear us company, a good fore-winde
That kept our Sails full all the way we went.
To Winds and Steerage we our way commend,
And careleſs ſit from morning till 'twas dark;
Then found our ſelves at th'Oceans fartheſt end,
Where up to Land the wind had forc'd our Bark.
Here dwell the *Cimbers* hid in Clouds and Miſt,
Whom thou, O *Phœbus*, with thy golden Eye,
Nor coming from the Sky to Earth e're ſeeſt,
Nor when from Earth thou mounteſt to the Sky;
But live, poor men, under a horrid night.
Here ſeek we for the place of which the wiſe
Circe had told us, and ſoon on it light,
And thither fetcht the ſheep for ſacrifice.
Then with my Sword i'th' ground I dig'd a Pit,
And round about it Wine with Honey pour;
And round again pure Wine pour after it,
Then water pure. O're all I ſprinkle flour:
And vowed to thoſe feeble folk, to kill
As ſoon as I to *Ithaca* ſhould come
A barren Heifer, and the Altar fill
With many more good things I had at home;
And promis'd to *Tireſias* alone
A fat black Ewe, the beſt in all my Coats.

When I my Vows and Pray'rs had ritely done,
Of both the Victims straight I cut the throats.
Their reaking blood stream'd down into the Pit;
Out come the Ghosts, Maids, Youths, decrepit Age,
And tender Virgins, they all sented it;
And Warriours clad in goary Arms, all rage,
And rushing out of Hell, with hideous cry,
About the blood bustling they go and turn,
Which not a little frighted me. Then I
Bad slay the Victims, and their bodies burn,
And say their Pray'rs to *Pluto* and his Queen.
With Sword in hand I sat on the Pits brink,
Resolv'd till I *Tiresias* had seen,
That not a Ghost a drop of blood should drink.
First came my Souldier *Elpenor*'s Spirit,
Which left the body just when we set sail,
So that we had no leisure to inter it.
His heavy fate I did with tears bewail.
How now (quoth I) *Elpenor?* art thou here
Already? Couldst thou me so much outstrip?
I first came forth, and left thee in the Rear,
Hast thou on foot out-gone my good black ship?
Then said *Elpenor*, Issue of *Jove*, Divine
Ulysses, I had come along with th'Bark,
But that the Devil and excess of Wine
Made me to fall, and break my neck i'th' dark.
I went to bed late by a Ladder steep;
At top o'th'house the Room was where I lay:
Wak't at the noise of parting, half asleep
Headlong I hither came, the neatest way.
Now I adjure you by your Father, and
Your Wife, and Son, and all his Seed to come
(For I assured am that you will land
Where *Circe* dwells before your going home)
To see I have the Rites due to the dead,
Fear th'anger of the Gods above, and burn
My body with my arms, from foot to head,
And cast on earth to cover o're my Urn.
This done, for men hereafter sailing by,
Raise me a little Tomb of Earth by th' shore,

That

That they may eas'ly see where 'tis I lie.
Lastly, upon it upright plant my Oar.
All this (quoth I) I'll do upon my word.
Thus we discours'd amongst the shades. He stood
While I continu'd with my naked Sword
To keep the Spaights from tasting of the blood;
Then came *Anticlia* my Mothers Ghost.
Alive I left her when to *Troy* I sail'd
To fight against it in the *Argive* Host.
Now seeing her, exceedingly I wail'd.
And though I grieved were to keep away
My Mother from the loved blood; yet still
In the same posture patiently I stay,
Till I might know *Tyresias* his will.
Then came the Soul of old *Tyresias*,
And of the Gilded-Staff he had in's hand.
Poor man (quoth he) perceiving what I was,
What brought thee hither to this ugly Land?
Stand back a while, and take your Sword away,
That I may drink, and the Unerring word
Of Fate deliver to you. I obey,
Retire, and up I put my trusty Sword.
Then said the good old Prophet, You are come,
Honour'd *Ulysses*, to inquire of me,
What the Gods say about your going home.
I tell you true, 'twill not be easily.
I think you'll not escape at Sea unseen
Of angry *Neptune*, who I do not doubt
Will do his worst, and make you feel his spleen,
For *Polyphemus* eye which you put out.
Yet for all that, you may to *Ithaca*
Safely return, if you can but command
Your passion when in th' Isle *Thrinacia*,
An Island lying in your way you land.
There feed the Kine of the all-seeing Sun,
And Flocks of goodly Sheep. Hurt none of these,
Then shall your Ship her course with safety run
At length to *Ithaca*, though not with ease.
But if you touch them, I denounce a wrack
To your good Ship, and death to all your Crew.

And though your self may happen to come back
At last, and this unhappy Fate eschew;
'Twill be alone, and in a ship not yours;
Besides that, when you are returned home
You'll fall into the danger of the Wooers,
Who for your Wives and Meats-sake thither come.
But you will be reveng'd of these; and when
You shall have made away these Wooers, go
With Oar on shoulder, to a Land where men
Inhabit, that the briny Sea not know,
Nor ever mingle salt with what they eat,
Nor ever saw the ship with crimson face,
Nor yet those Wings which do the water beat
(Call'd Oars) to make your good ship go apace.
Now mark me well, when thou shalt meet a man
Just at the end of *Neptunes* utmost bound,
Bearing upon his shoulder a Corn fan,
Stick down thy lusty Oar upon the ground;
There Sacrifice to the Worlds Admiral,
For new admittance, a Ram, Boar, and Bull;
Then home again, and offer unto all
The Gods by name an hundred Oxen full.
Your death will not ungentle be, for which
Age shall prepare you, and your Soul unglew
Insensibly. Your people shall be rich
Which round about you dwell. All this is true.
Tiresias (quoth I) when he had done,
'Tis well. My Mother yonder I espie
Amongst the shades; she knoweth not her Son;
What shall I do to make her know 'tis I?
That (quoth he) I can tell you easily
What Soul soever you admit to drink,
To what you ask will make a true reply;
Those you put back, back into Hell will slink.
The Prophet having thus my fate foretold,
Into the house of *Pluto* back retir'd.
I o're the blood my former posture hold,
But let my Mother drink as she desir'd.
She knew me then, and wept. My Son, said she,
How came you to this place of ours so dark?

Th'Ocean

Th'Ocean and so many Gulphs there be
'Twixt you and us, that but with a good Bark
No living man can pass. Come you but now
From *Troy*, and all this while have wandring been
You and your Company? You have I trow,
Your wife *Penelope* by this time seen.
Mother (said I) the cause I came this way
Was to ask counsel of *Tiresias*.
Since I with *Agamemnon* went to *Troy*,
In *Ithaca* or *Greece* I never was.
But Mother, tell me pray you, how came you
Unto this place? was it by sickness long?
Or did *Diana* with a death undue
Send you down hither to this feeble throng?
And tell me if my Father and my Son
Remain as formerly in their estate;
Or that some Prince of *Greece* my wife have won,
Supposing me now cast away by Fate.
Tell me besides, whether *Penelope*
Remain at home together with my Son,
Assisting him to Rule my Family;
Or whether she be married, and gone.
Your wife (said she) does still continue there;
For your long absence weepeth days and nights.
Your Son still holds his own, and makes good cheer;
Oft he invited is, and oft invites.
Your Father from his Vineyard never budges;
Rich Coverlets and Bedding he refuses;
Ne're comes to th'Town; in Winter with his Drudges
To lay him down and sleep by th'fire he uses.
In vile array in Summer-time he creeps,
Till Vintage pass, about his Fruit-trees round,
And visits them each one; at night he sleeps
On Bed of heaped leaves upon the ground.
Thus lies he griev'd and pining with the thought
Of your sad fate, afflicted too with age.
The like sad thoughts me also hither brought.
I neither died by *Diana*'s rage,
Nor any long consuming Malady;
But very woe, thinking that you were dead,

My Noble dear *Ulysses*, made me die;
My Soul thus hither from my body fled.
When she had spoken, I would very fain
Have ta'ne her in mine arms; three times I grasp'
At the beloved Shadow, but in vain.
Mine arms I closed, but did nothing clasp.
Sore griev'd hereat, I said unto my Mother,
I am your Son, why do you fly me so?
Why may we not embracing one another,
Although in Hell, give ease unto our woe?
Hath *Proserpine*, my sorrows to augment,
Sent me a Phantome in my Mothers stead?
Oh no (quoth she) my Son, sh'ad no intent
T'abuse you. 'Tis the nature of the Dead,
We are no longer Sinews, Flesh and Bones;
We are Substances Incorporeal.
All that's consum'd i'th' fun'ral fire: when once
That's done, it in it self stands several;
Flies like a Dream. No, go your ways to th'light,
And tell all I have told you to your Wife,
That she may know in this perpetual night
The dead enjoy an everlasting life.
When we had thus discours'd, the Ladies came
Sent out by *Proserpine* to taste the blood,
Daughters and Wives to Princes of great Fame,
And round about me at the Pit they stood.
But I to know each one that came to drink,
Stud'd a while; then thought this counsel best,
With Sword in hand t'abide upon the brink,
Whilst one was drinking to keep off the rest.
There was not one but I enquir'd her name
And Pedegree. All told me who they were.
And first of all the well-born *Tyro* came,
Who said *Salmoneus* was her Ancestor,
And that of *Cretheus* she had been the wife,
And on *Enipeus* had enamour'd been
Once on a time whilst she remain'd in life,
On *Enipeus* fair'st stream that e're was seen.
Upon whose Bank *Neptune* that chanc't to spy her,
On *Enipeus* sweet stream drew her aside,

And

And at the Rivers mouth laid him down by her
Between two Waves rais'd high, their deed to hide.
When he Loves work had done, Thou shalt (said he)
E're th'year be ended, bring forth Children twain,
Who Princes both of great Renown shall be.
I *Neptune* am; the Gods ne'r work in vain.
See you that they be educated well
Till they shall be at mans estate arriv'd.
So go you home: my name you must not tell.
This said, into the rowling Sea he div'd.
Her time being come, she was delivered
Of two great Boys, *Neleus* and *Pelias*,
Who for the service of high *Jove* were bred.
One King of *Pyle*, th'other of *Iolcas* was.
The Noble Lady *Tyro*, besides these,
Did many other goodly Children bear:
Amaheen, and *Æson*, and *Pheres*;
But these her Husband *Cretheus* Children were.
Next came the Daughter of *Æsopus* (who
Through *Theban* fertil Plains and Meadows runs)
Antiope. Of *Jove* she boasteth too,
That by him she conceived had two Sons;
Their names were *Zethus* and *Amphion*. They
The Founders were of *Thebes*; with Walls & Towers,
And sev'n strong Gates they senc't it ev'ry way
Against Invasion from all Neighb'ring Powers.
Amphitrions wife *Alcmena* there I saw,
That lov'd by *Jove* brought *Hercules* to life,
And the King *Cretheus* Daughter *Megara*,
That was the Mighty *Hercules* his wife.
I saw there also the unfortunate
Mother of *Oedipus*, *Jocasta* bright,
That blindly did a horrid act, by fate,
Which the Gods pleasure was should come to light.
Not knowing him, she marri'd her own Son;
Not knowing him, he his own Father slew:
When they perceived both what they had done,
She hang'd her self; her Furies him pursue.
Chloris I saw, whom *Neleus* did wed
For beauty, got by the Son of *Jasius*;

And with great Dowre he gain'd her to his bed;
Her Father *Amphion* rul'd *Orchomenus*.
She Queen of *Pyle*, by *Neleus* had three Boys:
Nestor, *Chromius*, *Periclymenus*;
And one fair Daughter to make full their joys,
Pero by name, for beauty wonderous.
The Princes round-about were Suiters to her;
But *Iphiclus* had *Neleus* Cattle ta'ne,
And *Neleus* was resolved to bestow her
On him that could his Herds fetch back again.
There was a Prophet undertook the Task;
But ta'ne by Clowns, and into Prison pent,
For answ'ring *Iphiclus* t'all he could ask
Was freed, and did the thing he undertook.
I saw the Wife too of *Tyndareus* there,
Fair *Leda*; she two Twins unto him bare,
Pollux good Cuffer, *Castor* Cavalier:
Twins, and alive, though under-ground they are.
And have obtained of their Father *Jove*
Both to be Canonized Gods; but so,
As he that is to day in Heav'n above,
Shall be to morrow amongst men below.
Iphimedea, *Aloeus* Wife
I saw, that did two Sons to *Neptune* bear,
Otus, and *Ephialtes*; of short life,
The greatest, and the fair'st that ever were
Except *Orion*; each at nine years old
Between the shoulders was nine Cubits wide,
And was in length nine Cubits four times told,
And all the Gods in Heaven terrifi'd;
And threatned them with War, and Heav'n to storm.
They *Ossa* set upon *Olympus* high,
And *Pelius* on *Ossa*; and so form
Against the Sky a mighty Battery:
And surely they had storm'd it had they been
At mans estate. Their Beards were not yet grown.
Apollo kill'd them with his Arrows keen,
E're on their Cheeks appeared any down.
Phædra and *Procris* there I also saw,
And *Minos* Daughter *Ariadne*, whom

Theseus

Theſeus was bringing towards *Attica*
From *Creta*; but he could not bring her home;
Diana killed her in *Dia* Iſle
On *Bacchus* quarrel. There I did behold
Mera and *Clymene*, and th'Woman vile
Eryphile that her own Huſband ſold.
To name the Ladies all I ſaw, would make
My Tale to laſt all night. 'Tis bed-time now
Here or aboard, though not till you think fit;
Till you think fit, and give command to row.
This ſaid, the Company deep ſilence ſeiz'd,
Delighted with the things they heard him ſpeak.
The Queen her ſelf *Arete* no leſs pleas'd,
At laſt reſolv'd the ſilence thus to break.
Princes, what think you of this man ſo rare,
His look, his ſtature, and his Noble heart?
My Gueſt he is, but you have all a ſhare
In th'honour of this Viſit. E're he part
Make him a Preſent to relieve his need.
Be liberal, have no reſpect to thrift;
For you the Gods from fear of want have freed
With wealth abundant. Do not pinch your Gift.
Old *Echineus* ſaid, The Queen ſays right;
We ſhall do well her counſel to obey:
But ſince in King *Alcinous* lies the migh,
'Tis better firſt to hear what he will ſay.
Then ſaid *Alcinous*, It ſhall be ſo,
Unleſs I bear the name of King in vain;
Let not the Stranger till to morrow go;
Till we prepare our Gift he muſt remain.
As for his Paſſage we will all provide,
And chiefly I that do the Scepter bear.
To whom the wiſe *Ulyſſes* thus repli'd:
Renown'd *Alcinous* that Reigneſt here,
Though a whole year you ſhould command my ſtay,
It will not trouble me. Nay, that I'd chuſe,
Since you intend to ſend me rich away:
For I am ſure I ſhall no honour lo e
By coming richly home. Kings that have ſtore
Of wealth, are better commonly obey'd,

And by their Subjects are respected more,
Than those whose Treasuries and Chests are void.
There be (the King said) many that can lie;
But there is form and sense in all you say:
Both your own Fate you tell with Harmony,
And of the *Greeks* with whom you went to *Troy*.
I should be well content to sit up here
All the night long, so you would undertake
To tell me ev'ry thing that you saw there.
To him *Ulysses* then did answer make:
Renowned King *Alcinous*, you know
There is a time for talk, a time for rest;
But since you long to hear, I'll tell you now
Whom else I saw, and what Fate them oppress'd.
And first the saddest end of those that had
Escap'd the fury of the Enemy,
And in their Countries landed were and glad,
Were murther'd by a womans Treachery.
The Female Ghosts scatter'd by *Proserpine*,
Some one way, some another, thither came
Atrides Soul, first of the Masculine;
And others with him, whose Fates were the same.
No sooner he the blood had tasted, but
He knew me, sorely wept, and would have cast
His arms about my waste, but could not do't:
For now alas his strength was gone and past.
I griev'd to see him, and thus to him said:
King *Agamemnon*, what Fate brought you hither?
Were you by *Neptune* on the Sea betrai'd,
And hither sent by fury of the weather?
Or landing to finde Booty, met with Death?
Or else besieging of some Town were slain?
Or for fair women were bereav'd of breath?
Then *Agamemnon* answer'd me again:
Noble *Ulysses*, I lost not my life
By *Neptunes* fury, nor in fight at Land
For Booty or for women; but my wife,
Did basely kill me by *Ægistus* hand.
At my first landing he invited me,
And slew me then when I at Supper sate.

Just

Juſt as a man would kill a Cow, ſo he
Kill'd me. There's no ſuch woful death as that.
My Friends were butcher'd like ſo many Swine,
Which when within a mighty rich mans Hall
Numbers of men invited are to dine
At Wedding, or at Feaſt, are made to fall.
You very many men have ſeen to die
In ranged Battle, and in ſingle fight;
But never felt ſuch pity certainly
As you had felt, had you but ſeen this ſight,
How we 'mongſt Tables on the ground did lie
That ran with blood. But my heart moſt did rue
To hear *Caſſandra*, *Priams* Daughter cry,
Whom cloſe beſide me *Clytemneſtra* ſlew.
Then though I were at the laſt gaſp, I tri'd
If groaping I might finde my fallen Sword:
But the curſt woman puſht it from my ſide.
I di'd, to cloſe mine eyes ſhe'd not afford.
Nothing ſo cruel as a woman yet
Did nature e're produce; a thought ſo ill
In any other breaſt did never ſit,
As her own loving Husbands blood to ſpill.
Yet this my Wife, to the Eternal ſhame
Of all the Sex, not only of the bad,
But ev'n of thoſe that have no evil Fame,
Betrai'd my life, and of my death was glad.
Jove meant to *Atreus* Seed (ſaid I) great ſpight
By Woman-kinde. By *Helen* firſt. At *Troy*
For her ſake many loſt their lives in fight,
And *Clytemneſtra* now did you betray.
Therefore (ſaid *Agamemnon*) never truſt
A woman more, although ſhe be your own.
Tell her not all you think. Somewhat you muſt,
And ſomewhat keep t'your ſelf, to her unknown.
But you *Ulyſſes* need not fear your wife,
Icarius Daughter, fair *Penelope*;
She loves you better than to take your life:
A wife ſo wiſe will ſcorn diſloyalty.
When we for *Troy* ſet forth together, then
She gave ſuck to your Son; but he is grown

A man by this time, and takes place with men;
Is rich, and one day shall his Father own,
And he and you at home embrace each other.
But I was not allow'd my Son to see;
But was first murder'd by his wicked Mother.
Now hear ye, If you will be rul'd by me,
Let no man know before-hand, when and where
You mean to land in *Ithaca*. Beware
Of suffering your Bark in sight t'appear.
Remember still, Women unfaithful are.
But tell me, have you nothing all this while
Heard of my Son *Orestes*? whether he
At *Sparta* with his Uncle be, or *Pyle*:
For dead he is not, I know certainly.
Alas (said I) *Atrides*, How should I
That wand'ring was at Sea, hear any news
Whether alive or dead he be? Or why
Should I with Tales uncertain you abuse?
Discoursing thus, and weeping, there we stood,
When Great *Achilles* Soul appear'd to us;
And with him also the two Spirits good
Of stout *Patroclus*, and *Antilochus*.
The Soul of *Ajax*, Son of *Telamon*,
Was also there, who 'mongst those Warriours tall
The goodliest Person was, except the Son
Of *Peleus*, who did much excel them all.
Achilles drank, and presently me knew,
And said, *Ulysses*, what brought you to Hell?
What Plot upon the Dead you hither drew,
Where none but shades of wretched mortals dwell?
Achilles (said I) I was forc't to come
T'inquire of th' Wizard, old *Tiresias*,
What the Fates say about my going home,
Whether or no, and how 'twill come to pass.
For since I came from *Troy* I have not seen
Nor *Ithaca*, nor any *Grecian* shore:
For tost and croft at Sea I still have been;
But you are now as well as heretofore.
Like any God we honour'd you at *Troy*,
And here among the Ghosts you are obey'd.

Death

Death hath not chang'd your ſtate. You ſtill enjoy
A Regal Power. To this *Achilles* ſaid:
Talk not to me of Honour here in Hell;
I'd rather ſerve a Clown on earth for bread,
Than be of all things Incorporeal
That are, or ever ſhall be, Supreme Head.
But tell me of my Son *Neoptolemus*,
Whether he came to *Troy*, and how he fought;
And of my aged Father *Peleus*,
Whether he keep his place, or be put out.
For ſince much time his vigour hath decai'd,
Some Foe, it may be, hath uſurp't his place
In *Pthia*, and in *Hellas* where he ſwai'd,
And put him with his people in diſgrace.
But were I now above, and ſtrong as then
When for the *Greeks* I fought at *Ilium*,
And ſlew ſo many of their braveſt men,
And to my aged Fathers houſe ſhould come;
If there I were,' twould not be very long
Before I made ſome of their hearts to ake
That go about to do my Father wrong,
And would by force his Honour from him take.
When he had done, I made him anſwer thus:
Concerning *Peleus* I can nothing ſay;
But of your Son, ſtout *Neoptolemus*,
I know enough; 'twas I brought him to *Troy*
From *Scyros* Iſle. In Councel always he
Firſt ſpake his minde, and never ſpake but well.
Neſtor, and I ſometimes, and only we
Th'advice he gave were able to reſel.
In fight he ſought no ſhelter in the throng,
But ever out he ran before the reſt,
To ſhew his courage and his ſtrength among
Thoſe Foes that were in *Troy* eſteem'd the beſt.
The names of all he ſlew I cannot tell;
They are too many. But 'twas by his Sword
That Great *Eurypylus* in Battle fell,
Of all the *Trojan* Aids the goodli'ſt Lord,
Excepting *Memnon*. After, when we were
Within the Wooden-Horſe conceal'd, and I

The power had of ord'ring all things there,
I never ſaw your Son to wipe his eye,
Or to wax pale, as many of us did.
He ever longed to be ſet on land
From out the hole in which we all lay hid;
And to his Hilt he often put his hand,
And often to his Spear. And when at laſt
We won and rifled had the Town of *Troy*,
He home into his Country ſafely paſt,
His ſhip well laden with his part o'th' prey.
And which is more, he came off ſafe and ſound,
Though *Mars* each way threw deaths and wounds about
Amongſt the croud, he ne'r received wound
Neither from them that ſhot, nor them that fought.
This ſaid, the ſwift *Achilles* Soul retir'd,
Strutting into the Mead of *Aſphodel*,
Proud of his Son, to hear what he deſir'd.
Then other grieved Souls their ſtories tell:
Only the Soul of *Ajax* ſtood off mute
And ſullen, becauſe I did from him bear
Achilles Armour in that ſad Diſpute,
Where *Pallas* and the *Trojans* Judges were.
I would I had not had that Victory,
Which coſt the life of him that was the moſt
Admir'd by all, for form and Chivalry,
Except *Achilles*, in the *Argive* Hoſt.
I gently to him ſpake, *Ajax*, ſaid I,
Forget that curſed Armour now at laſt;
And ſince you dead are, let your anger die:
For why, the Gods determin'd had to caſt
Thoſe Arms amongſt us for a puniſhment,
Offended with us, what e're was the matter,
And us'd them as an Engine, with intent
Our greateſt Tower, which was your ſelf, to batter.
For whom the *Argives* did lament no leſs
Than for *Achilles*, *Thetis* Son. Come nigh,
And hear what I can anſwer, and ſuppreſs
Your mighty heart a while. So ended I.
To this juſt nothing he repli'd, but went
Int' *Erebus* 'mongſt other Shadows dim;

Yet

Yet there, I think, he would have been content
To ſpeak to me, if I to ſpeak to him.
But I deſired other Souls to ſee.
Then *Minos* there, the Son of *Jove* I ſaw
With Golden Scepter, dealing Equity
To Souls that ſtood, and ſate to hear the Law.
Next after him I ſaw the Great *Orion*;
A mighty Club he carried in his hand;
And hunted the wilde Boar, and Bear, and Lion,
Which when he lived he had kill'd on Land.
There alſo ſaw I *Tityus*. He lay
Upon his back, ſtrerch't out full acres nine.
He the fair *Leto* had upon the way
To *Pytho* injur'd; *Leto Jov's* Concubine.
Two Vultures on his breaſt, on each ſide one
Sate dipping of their Beaks into his Liver.
He ſtirreth not, but lets them ſtill alone;
And thus devouring it, they ſtay for ever.
And *Tantalus* I ſaw up to the Chin
In water clear, and longing ſore to drink;
But as he bow'd himſelf to take it in,
Some Devil always made the water ſink.
Cloſe o're his head hung pleaſant Fruit, and ripe
Pears and Pomegranats, Olives, Apples, Figs;
Which ever when he ready was to gripe,
A ſudden winde ſtill whiſkt away the Twigs.
And *Siſyphus* I ſaw, who 'gainſt the Hill
With hands and feet a heavy ſtone doth roll;
But when unto the top he brings it, ſtill
The naughty ſtone falls back into the hole.
Then to't he goes afreſh, with no leſs pain
He heaves and ſweats, and duſty is all o're;
And when 'tis up, he labour'd has in vain,
For ſtill it ſerves him as it did before.
Then *Hercules* I ſaw, I mean his Spright,
For he is with th'Immortal Gods above,
And taken has to wife *Hebe* the bright,
Daughter of *Juno*, and of Mighty *Jove*.
The dead about him made a fearful cry,
Like frighted Fowl. A Golden Belt he wore

With

With wilde Beasts wrought, & slaughters cunningly,
The like shall never be, nor was before.
He saw, and knew me presently, and spake;
Renown'd *Ulysses*, why left you the light?
Alas, were you constrain'd to undertake
This task, as I was, by a meaner Wight?
Who, though *Joves* Son I was, did me constrain
Full many other labours t'undergo.
But he thought this would put me to most pain,
Th'Infernal Dog upon the Earth to show.
I did it though, and drag'd him up to th'light,
By *Mercury*'s, and by *Athenas* aid.
Having thus said, he vanisht out of sight
'Mongst other Phantoms. But I still there staid,
Hoping more Hero's of th'old time to see;
And more had surely seen of Heav'nly Race,
Theseus, *Pirythous*, whom t'had pleased me,
If longer I had dar'd to keep my place.
For then, from out of Hell, with hideous cry,
Thousands of Souls about me gathered,
And frighted me; but most afraid was I,
Lest *Proserpine* should send out *Gorgons* Head.
Then went I to my Ship and Company,
And for a while our Oars at Sea we pli'd:
But after we were on the Main, then we
A fair Gale had, and past the Ocean wide.

LIB. XII.

THence over th'Ocean back we come away,
And at the Isle *Æea* we arrive.
There are the Bowers of *Aurora* gay;
There 'tis that *Phœbus* doth the day revive:
And there we disimbark upon the Sand,
And having slept a while, attend the day.
When day was come, my Fellows I command
To fetch *Elpenors* body dead away.
With wood from off a Promontory near,
Weeping, his body we to ashes burn
Together with his Arms, and th'earth we rear
(To be a Monument) upon his Urn;
And on the same we fix his Oar upright.
These Ceremonies done, came the Divine
Circe, that knew we landed were that night.
Her Maids brought to us bread, and meat, & wine.
And standing in the midst, Poor men (said she)
That come from Hell, and thither must again;
Twice-mortals, take your food, and merry be
With flesh and lusty wine, forget your pain.
To morrow you shall sail again, and I
Will to you all your dangers open lay,
Lest you by some malicious subtilty,
By Land or Sea, should perish by the way.
This pleas'd us well, and all day long we sate
Eating and drinking Wine, until 'twas dark,
And somewhat e're we saw it evening late,
My Mates lay down to sleep beside the Bark.
Then *Circe* led me by the hand aside,
And askt me all that I had seen in Hell;

Not

Nor any thing at all from her I hide.
'Tis well, ſaid ſhe. Now hear what I you tell:
Firſt you muſt paſs the *Sirens*, who invite
All Paſſengers that Sail before the place
To land. But whoſoever lands, that night
Of's Wife and Children ne're more ſees the face.
Theſe *Sirens* in a Meadow ſit and ſing,
Where dead mens bones in heaps about them lie
Rotting, and rivel'd ſkins lie ſcattering.
Paſs on, and their enchanting Muſick fly.
Command your Mates to tie you to the Maſt;
And that if you make ſignes to be ſet free,
They heed you not, but binde you ſtill more faſt,
That you alone may hear their melody.
Dam up your Fellows ears with chafed wax.
When you are gotten out of hearing quite,
And have the *Sirens* far off at your backs,
Another danger ſoon will come in ſight.
Two ways there are; but which of them to take
I'll not adviſe you, both of them are naught.
Your ſelf upon the place your judgment make,
Of which I'll give you only a ſhort draught.
Two Rocks there be that with inclining brow
Hang o're the Sea, which roaring runs between;
By th'name of Wanderers the Gods them know,
Becauſe in changed poſture they are ſeen.
Whereof the one does to ſuch height aſcend,
That never any Birds that way take wing,
Nor fearful Doves when they to Heaven tend,
Ambroſia to th'Immortal Gods to bring.
One of theſe Rocks doth vaniſh now and then,
But *Jove* ſtill ſets another in its ſtead.
This way ne're ſhip did ſafely carry men,
But daſh'd was 'gainſt the Rocks, and periſhed.
The good ſhip *Argo* only paſs'd that way
To and from *Colchos* ſafely; yet that too
Had periſh'd, but that *Juno* did convey
The ſame (for love ſhe bare to *Jaſon*) through.
The other Rock unmov'd, with pointed head,
Pierceth the Clouds, and reaches to the Sky

In

In Winter, and in Summer's covered,
And wrapped up in Mists perpetually.
Nor could a mortal man climb up unto't,
Although he were indu'd with twenty hands,
And with as many nimble feet to boot,
So smooth it is, and so upright it stands.
I'th' midst o'th' Rock you'll see a Cavern dark
That looketh Westward. That way you must row.
The mouth o'th' Cave is more above your Bark
Than th' youngest man can shoot to with a Bowe.
There 'tis that *Scylla* dwells and barks: her voice
Like to a Lions whelps voice is; but she
A mighty Monster is; 'twould not rejoyce
A God, much less a man her shape to see.
Twelve feet she has in all, and ugly ones.
Six huge long necks; and to each neck a head.
And in each head for teeth sh'has rows of bones,
And every row of them envenomed.
Half of her body in the Cave she hides;
But all her Heads she putteth out, and watches
For Dog-fish, Dolphins, and what Fish besides
The Sea affords, and Whales she sometimes catches.
Ne're did bold Sailer boast that pass'd that way,
That he had scaped safely by her Den;
Or that a mouth of hers did want its prey,
But from him snatch'd away some of his men.
The Rock that's opposite is not so high,
But there the passage is exceeding narrow.
For you, *Ulysses*, if you please to try,
From side to side can eas'ly shoot an Arrow.
Out of this Rock grows a great Sycamore,
Under the which *Charybdis* hidden lies,
And suddenly the water does devour,
And suddenly again she makes it rise.
Thrice in a day the water rises high,
And thrice a day again the same doth fall.
But when it falls, take heed you be not nigh;
Keep *Scylla*-side; better lose six than all.
When she had made an end: Goddess, said I,
Tell me I pray you when I have got free

From

From th' evil which *Charybdis* means me, why
On *Scylla* I may not avenged be.
Fie, fie, quoth she, are you at fighting still?
Dare you againſt the Gods oppoſe your might?
For *Scylla* is an everlaſting ill.
Row on apace, and ſave your ſelves by flight.
'Gainſt ſuch a Monſter remedy there's none,
But row as faſt as e're you can away.
For if you ſtay to put your Armour on,
She'll ſtoop again, and take another prey.
Row ſwiftly on, and to *Cratais* cry,
That in her Belly the foul Monſter bore,
And ſhe will keep her in as you go by,
That ſhe ſhall not aſſault you any more.
Next at *Ihrinacia*-Iſle you ſhall arrive,
Where feed the Suns broad-horned Kine & ſheep.
Sev'n Herds there be, in each one ten times five,
As many Flocks, which *Sols* two Daughters keep,
Phætuſa and *Lampetie* Divine;
Their Mother was *Neæra* that did bear
And bring them up, and to them did aſſigne
The keeping of their Fathers Cattle there.
Theſe if you ſuffer quietly to feed,
You ſhall get home again, though with ſome pain;
But if you hurt them, know it is decreed
Your ſhip and men ſhall periſh in the Main.
And though your ſelf you ſave, your ſhip you'll looſe,
And Mates, and in your paſſage finde delay.
This ſaid, the Roſie-finger'd morning roſe,
And *Circe* up the Iſland went her way.
But I went to my ſhip, and call'd my Crew
To come aboard. Aboard they quickly come,
And ſitting each man in his order due,
With ſtroak of Oars they make the grey Sea foam.
The Goddeſs *Circe* alſo was ſo kinde,
As when we were gone off, and ſails had ſpread,
To fill them with a favourable winde.
So ſate we while the Steers-man governed.
Then to my Mates with heavy heart I ſpake:
Not one or two of you alone muſt hear

What

What *Circe* ſaid, but all, that you may take
Your own advice, ſince 'tis a common fear.
You muſt not hear the *Sirens* melody,
But row with all your might till we be paſt.
To me alone ſhe gives that liberty,
But ſo as firſt you binde me to the Maſt.
Binde me you muſt upright both hand and foot,
And ſo as I may not the knot unknit:
And if I wink upon you to undo't,
Then take more Cord and binde me faſter yet.
Whilſt I my Fellows thus informing ſtood,
The Iſland of the *Sirens* came in ſight:
For nimble was our ſhip, and the winde good;
But ſuddenly we were becalmed quite.
Some Damon ſure had laid the Waves aſleep.
Then took we in our Sails, and laid them by,
And with our Oars in hand provokt the Deep,
And in a milky path we forward ply.
Then from a Ball of Wax I pinch a bit,
Chafe it, and into th'ears of one it put;
And ſo to all in order as they ſit.
Which ſoon was done, the weather being hot.
Then ſtreight they riſe and binde me to the Maſt
At th'arms and feet: the knot behind they tie;
And then upon their ſeats themſelves they plac'd,
And row'd till to the Iſland we were nigh.
When to the Iſland we were come ſo nigh,
As that a man that hollows may be heard,
The *Sirens* knowing when we ſhould come by,
Had tun'd themſelves, and had their Song prepar'd.
Come, come, much prais'd *Ulyſſes*, come away,
The brighteſt glory of the *Greeks* come near:
No mortal man did ever come this way,
That did not to our Muſick lend an ear.
Delight they found, and wiſdom carried hence.
Stay, ſtay your good black ſhip, forbear a while
To beat the Sea; pleaſe and inform your ſenſe.
Come, diſimbark your ſelves upon our Iſle.
We know what feats of Arms were done at *Troy*
Between the *Greeks* and *Trojans* all along.

We

We know what's done on th'whole earth every day.
Come, come a-land, and liſten to our Song,
And this they ſung with ſo much harmony
And ſweetneſs in their voices, that I fain
Would have recovered my liberty,
And to them winkt, to be ſet looſe again.
But 't would not be. My Mates regard my words,
And not my winks, and ſit ſtill at the Oar.
Eurylochus and *Perimede* bring Cords,
And binde me harder than they did before.
When we had left the *Sirens* at our backs
So far as not to hear them any more,
My fellows from their ears pull out the Wax,
And me unto my liberty reſtore.
We had not ſailed far, when there appear'd
An angry Sea before us all in ſmoke;
And thumping of the mighty Waves, we heard
Upon the ſtubborn Rocks at every ſtroke.
Beſides, the Sea ſo mighty loud did roar,
As with one diſmal Hum it fill'd the Ear,
And made my Mates each one let fall his Oar,
So much their ſenſes were benum'd with fear.
Still ſtood the Bark. Then I among them go
With gentle words, new courage to convey
Into their failing hearts, to make them row;
And paſſing by, to every one I ſay:
My Friends, we all have dangers paſt,
And greater much than what we now do fear.
Remember how from *Polyphemus* vaſt
By my good conduct we deliver'd were.
I do not doubt but you remember it.
My counſel therefore alſo now obey.
Row cloſe along the ſhore, the Gods may yet
Deliver us, but by no other way.
But you that have the guiding of the ſhip,
Steers-man, to you I ſpeak, mark what I ſay,
Steer her without the ſmoke; for if the ſhip
Aſide, though little, we are caſt away.
This ſaid, my Fellows ſpeedily obey'd.
Of th'Monſter *Scylla* not a word I told;

Leſt

Leſt they ſhould throw away their Oars, diſmai'd,
And for their ſhelter run into the Hold.
But *Circe*'s counſel I had quite forgot.
I arm'd my ſelf, and took into my hand
Two Spears, though ſhe expreſly had ſaid not;
And looking upwards at the head I ſtand.
But ſhe appeared not. I look'd ſo high
And long upon the hideous Rock, my ſight
Began to fail, and now we were cloſe by
That diſmal ſtreight, which doth us all affright.
Here *Scylla* ſtands, and the *Charybdis* dire
Lies vomiting the Sea, which ſings and dances
Like water in a Kettle o're the fire,
And vapours to the higheſt Rocks advances.
But when the Sea it ſucketh in again,
It ſounds like thunder in the hollow ſtone.
And we could ſee the bottom very plain;
Sandy it was, and black to look upon.
Whilſt we our eyes upon *Charybdis* fix,
And ſtand amazed at the horrid ſight,
Suddenly *Scylla* ſtoopt, and ſnatch'd up ſix
Of the beſt men I had to row or fight.
I from the ſhip that never ſtir'd my eye,
Soon ſaw their ſprauling arms and legs i'th' air,
And heard them lamentably to me cry,
And name me in their uttermoſt deſpair.
As fiſhers in a Horn mix fraud and food,
And from the Bank at th'end of a long Wand,
To catch the Fry caſt it into the Flood,
Then pluck them up, and throw them on the land:
So lifted were my Mates. Of my miſhaps
This was the ſaddeſt I did ever ſee,
When ſhe my men cham'd in her ugly Chaps,
Roaring and holding out their hands to me.
From *Scylla* we unto the Iſland row.
Where feeding were *Sols* ſacred Sheep and Kine.
Before we landed I could hear them low;
Which brought into my minde the Propheſie
Of old *Tireſias* the *Theban* Bard,
That counſel'd me this Iſland for to ſhun:

Of

Of *Circe* alſo I like counſel heard,
And not to land i'th' Iſland of the *Sun*.
Then ſpeaking to my Fellows, Friends, ſaid I,
This Iſland ſacred is to *Sol*; this place
Tireſias and *Circe* both bid fly,
And not to diſimbark in any caſe.
For if we do, for certain they declare
The greateſt miſchief that e're men befell:
Therefore keep out to Seaward, and beware
Of landing here, and then we ſhall be well.
But then *Eurylochus* to me began:
You have, *Ulyſſes*, a hard heart, quoth he;
There is no labour but you bear it can;
Your limbs of ſtubborn ſteel compoſed be.
But you conſider not your Mates are tir'd
With their continual tugging at the Oar,
And that refreſhment is and ſleep requir'd,
Which is not to be had but on the ſhore.
But you would have us wander in the night,
When in the night the greateſt winds ariſe,
The bane of ſhips; and when depriv'd of light,
To ſave our ſelves we can no way deviſe.
What if great winds ſhould blow from South or Weſt,
Which often happens, though their King not know
Or not conſent? Therefore I think it beſt
To night to ſup aſhore, to morrow row.
So ſaid *Eurylochus*, and was commended
By all my Mates: and preſently I knew
One Dæmon or another had intended
To ruine me, together with my Crew.
Then ſaid I to *Eurylochus*, 'Twere vain
To ſtrive againſt ſo many men alone.
But you ſhall take an Oath that you'll abſtain
From hurting of the Cattle of the *Sun*.
Of *Circe*'s meat there's left us yet good ſtore.
This ſaid, they took the Oath; which having done,
They put into the Harbour, and aſhore
They ſup. And when their hunger now was gone,
Their Mates remembring that in th' hollow Rock
By th'monſter *Scylla* were devour'd, they weep

And

And wail, and with their hands they knock
Their breſts, and in that poſture fell aſleep.
The Stars had climb'd a third part of the Sky,
When with a Whirl-winde *Jove* together fetcht
The Clouds from ev'ry part, and ſuddenly
On Sea and Land a diſmal night was ſtretcht.
And when the Roſie-finger'd morning came,
Our Ship we to a hollow Cave advance,
Wherein the Sea-Nymphs Seats and Couches have,
And where they are accuſtomed to dance.
Thither I call'd my Mates, and ſaid again:
Friends, we have meat and drink aboard, be wiſe,
And from the Herds and Flocks of *Sol* abſtain,
Who heareth all we ſay, and all eſpies.
To this did my Campanions all aſſent.
But for a month there blew no other winde
Than South and Eaſt; ſo that we there were pent
I'th'Iſland longer than we had deſign'd.
My Mates, whilſt they had bread and meat aboard,
Forbore to meddle with the Sacred Kine:
And fetch'd in what the Iſland did afford
Of Fiſh and Fowl, to have wherewith to dine.
Up I into the Iſland went aſide,
The Conduct of th'Immortal Gods t'implore,
That ſome of them 'twould pleaſe to be my Guide,
And me unto my Country to reſtore.
And in a place defended from the winde
I waſh'd my hands; and then with tears and ſighs
Before the Gods I poured out my minde,
And they a ſweet ſleep poured on my eyes.
Mean time *Eurylochus* bad counſel gives
To his Companions. All deaths, quoth he,
Are hateful to what thing ſoever lives:
But death by hunger is the worſt can be.
Let's kill ſome of the fatteſt of theſe Cows,
And ſacrifice unto the Gods on high;
And to appeaſe the *Sun*, let's all make Vows
To build a Temple to his Deity
Enrich'd with Gifts. If not content with this,
For a few Cows diſpleas'd he ſeek our death,

For once to gape and die, far better 'tis
Than strive with hunger till we lose our breath.
This said, my Fellows all his counsel take,
And chase *Sols* sacred Herds, that graz'd hard by;
And then for recompence their Vows they make
To build a Temple to his Deity.
But when they made their Vows, Chaplets they wear
Of tender leaves pluckt from the spreading Oak.
White Barley they had none, the which men bear,
When in their danger they the Gods invoke.
After the Vow perform'd, the Kine they slay,
And take their Thighs and cover them with fat;
And one of them upon the other lay,
To burn upon the Altar. After that,
Their Offering of Drink they pour'd upon
The Altar, as the Sacrifice they burn.
It ought t'have been of Wine; but having none,
They pour'd on water fair, which serv'd the turn.
When th'Entrails by my Fellows eaten were,
And fire consumed had the Sacrifice,
The rest they roast on Spits, and made good chear.
Just then it was that sleep forsook my eyes.
And back again I walk'd down towards the shore.
But coming near, perceiv'd the vapour rise
Of roasted meat. Then to the Gods I rore,
You give me sleep, and take away my life;
So strange a thing my Mates the while have done.
Swiftly *Lampetie* to Heav'n flies,
And carries up the news unto the *Sun*.
The *Sun* in choler all the Gods defies,
Unless they right him of this injury.
Jove Father, and you other Pow'rs Divine,
Revenge me of *Ulysses* Company
That have so insolently slain my Kine.
It was my joy to see them in the Morn,
And in the Evening, e're I went to bed.
Revenge me, O ye Gods! of this their scorn,
Or I'll go down to Hell and light the Dead.
No *Phœbus* (answer'd *Jove*) hold up your light
For Gods and Mortal men to see their way.

At

ps for the men that did you this despight,
Their ship at Sea with Lightning I'll destroy.
At this discourse in Heaven was *Hermes* by,
And heard his Father make this sad Decree:
And he again told all this History
To th'fair *Calypso*, and she told it me.
When to my Fellows I was come, I rate
Them all full bitterly, and one by one;
But all in vain, for now it was too late:
The Gods by Signes detested what was done.
The skins did creep, the flesh o'th' Spits did low,
Both raw and roast. Six days in th'Isle we staid
Feasting on *Phœbus* Kine, the seventh we row;
For then the fury of the winde was laid.
When we were out at Sea we fix our Mast,
And up into the winde our Sails we draw,
And had the Isle so far behinde us cast,
That nothing else but Sky and Sea we saw.
Then *Jove*, when far from Land he saw our ship,
Just over it a dismal black Cloud hung,
Which made it dark as night upon the Deep;
And then our good ship run not very long.
For presently from West a sudden blast
Came roaring in, and vehemently strains
And breaks the Cordage that upheld the Mast;
Which falling down, beats out the Steerers brains.
He drops into the Sea. The Mast hangs o're
At Stern. The Yards lie cross the sink.
And all the while both Heaven and Sea did rore
With Thunder loud, which made our hearts to shrink.
And by and by into the ship *Jove* threw
His Thunder-bolt, which whirl'd it round about.
It smelt of Sulphur rank; and all my Crew
Into the Sea it suddenly threw out.
They like to Gulls from wave to wave were born,
But I kept still aboard, till at the last
The Rudder from a-stern the ship was torn,
And fell into the Sea, and with't the Mast.
The Mast had hanging on it broken Ropes,
Wherewith I bound them both together fast,

And ſate upon them as my lateſt hopes,
Until the fury of the Storm was paſt.
The ſtorm now laid, th'wind came about to th'South,
And carri'd me before it, till the Sun
Next morning roſe; and then we were i'th'mouth
Of dire *Charybdis*, juſt when ſhe begun
To ſwallow up the Sea. Then up leapt I,
And on the ſpreading Sycamore laid hold.
But to't I could not climb; the boughs ſo high
I could not reach: And far off was the root.
There by the hands I hung, expecting when
Charybdis ſhould caſt up the Sea, and bring
The Rudder and the Maſt to th' top agen.
Mean while, in th'Air I patiently ſwing.
What time the Judge ariſeth from his ſeat,
Ending the brabbles of contentious men,
And all come weary home to take their meat,
Then came my Maſt and Rudder up agen.
And I into the Sea cloſe by them drop.
Then having ſoon recovered them, again
I place my ſelf a-ſtride, once more, a-top;
And with my hands I rowed on the Main.
If *Scylla* this had ſeen, undoubtedly
I had been loſt. But 'twas the grace of *Jove*,
That all this while ſhe did not me eſpy,
But kept her ſelf retir'd i'th' Rock above.
Thus wandred I at Sea nine days out-right.
O'th' tenth at night the Gods brought me to land
In th' Iſle *Ogygia*, where *Calypſo* bright
Receiv'd me with a charitable hand.
But how ſhe treated me, I need not ſay;
You and the Queen already know it well,
From the Relation I made yeſterday;
Nor do I love the ſame Tale twice to tell.

LIB.

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THis ſaid, all ſilent and delighted were.
Alcinous then ſaid, *Ulyſſes*, ſince
You ſafely to me are arrived here,
You ſhall not loſe your way in going hence.
But Princes you that daily with me ſit,
Drinking good Wine, and hearing Muſique ſweet,
And given to the Stranger have what's fit,
I'll tell you what yet farther I think meet.
Garments he has a Cheſt-full, and good ſtore
Of Gold Plate, and of other Gifts he has.
Take my advice. Let each man give him more,
A Caldron, or a three-foot Pot of Braſs.
I know to each man 'twill be too great largeſs,
But by the Peoples Contribution
We'll make amends. The Town ſhall bear the charges.
The motion pleas'd, and 'twas agreed upon.
Then went they ev'ry man to his repoſe.
And ſoon as Morning did again appear,
Aboard the Ship the Veſſel they diſpoſe.
Alcinous himſelf directed where.
And then into the Palace they return,
And Sacrifice to *Jove* a well-fed Beaſt,
The Thighs upon the Altar there they burn;
And with the reſt they make themſelves a Feaſt.
Demodocus before them ſung and plaid,
Who for his Art was famous in the Town.
Ulyſſes to the Sun lookt up, and ſtaid
Longing and wiſhing that it would go down.
As one that hath at Plough been all the day,
Hungry his Belly, feeble is his knee,

Beholds the setting of the Sun with joy;
So glad *Ulysses* was Sun-set to see.
Then to *Alcinous* and all the rest,
Offer, said he, unto the Gods their Wine.
I have already all that I request,
And many Gifts, which may the Pow'rs Divine
Make happy to me. Let me now depart,
That I may see my dear Wife and my Friends.
And blest may you stay here with joy at heart,
Comfort your Wives, and obtain all your ends.
And strong and worthy Children may you have;
Nor 'mongst the people trouble or disease.
This said, they prais'd him all, and counsel gave
The Stranger to conduct safe o're the Seas.
Alcinous then call'd for Wine, and bad
Pontonous present it to each one,
Until unto the Gods all offer'd had,
That so *Ulysses* sooner might be gone.
Pontonous brought Wine, and carri'd it
From man to man; and each man drank his Cup,
Blessing the Gods in order as they sit.
When all had drunk, *Ulysses* standeth up,
And speaking to Queen *Arete* he said,
Happy for ever may you be, O Queen,
I take my leave. Be you for ever joy'd
In King *Alcinous* as you have been,
And in your Children and your people all.
And when he this had said, away he went.
Alcinous did then a Squier call,
Whom with *Ulysses* to the Ship be sent.
Arete to her women sent. One brought
Fine bread and store of black wine of the best.
Another brought with her a Cloak and Coat.
Another brought, to lay them in, a Chest.
Which by the Marriners were quickly stow'd
Aboard the good Ship, with the wine and bread.
And for *Ulysses* many Rugs they strow'd
O'th' Deck, a-stern, with linnen at his head.
And then aboard he went. When he was lain,
Their Seats they take, and parted from the Strand.

Reclining

Reclining dasht with Oars the liquid plain,
While sleep *Ulysses* bound had foot and hand.
As when four Horses gallop o're a plain,
The way runs swiftly by the Coaches side;
So did the good ship mount upon the Main,
And to the Stern the water swiftly glide.
A Hawk could hardly with it have kept pace,
A Hawk that of all Fowl the swiftest flies;
So swiftly ran the ship on th' Oceans face,
And with her breast the rising water slice;
Bearing a man for wisdom like a God;
That past had fearful Billows on the Deep,
And many bloody paths of War had trod,
The thought whereof was now remov'd by sleep.
Above the Earth now risen was the Star
Days Messenger, and brightest of the Sky;
The Ship was then from *Ithaca* not far.
A Port there is, which from a Deity
Is called *Phorcys*; a Sea-Deity.
Two jetting Rocks defend it from the wind,
When once within a ship will safely lie,
There needs no Cord a floting ship to bind;
At the Ports head grows a large Olive-tree,
And near it an obscure and pleasant Cave,
Where the *Nereïades* delight to be,
And there they Bowls of Stone, and Beakers have.
The Bees make honey there. Besides there be
Long Beams of stone, whereon the Nymphs do weave
Rich Purple Garments, wonderful to see,
And Fountains which their running never leave.
Two Doors there are, one North, Men go that way;
The other to the South more Sacred is,
Th' Immortals here go in, and none but they.
The Gods have to themselves reserved this.
All this *Ulysses* Convoy knew before;
And here the ship arrived safely lands,
And half her length lay dry upon the shore.
Such was the strength of those *Pheacian* hands.
The lusty Seamen when they landed were,
First took *Ulysses* sleeping as he lay

Bedding and all, and to the Land him bear,
And lay him from the Sea a little way.
Then they unship his Goods, Gold, Vestures, Brass,
Gifts given him by the *Phæacians*;
Which at the foot of th'Olive-Tree they place,
Out of the way, lest Passengers should chance
To steal them while *Ulysses* was asleep.
When this was done the Convoy stayed not,
But rowed out the ship into the Deep;
Nor *Neptune* had *Ulysses* yet forgot,
But said to *Jupiter* complaining then,
What honour from the Gods can I expect,
When the *Phæacians* that are but men
(Although descended from me) me neglect?
For though *Ulysses* I destroyed not,
Because his coming home you had decreed;
Yet that he should be brought home thus, ne'r thought.
Asleep, and painless, and with so much speed,
Enricht with Gold, and Brass, and Vestures store,
As much as had come to his share at *Troy*.
This the *Phæacians* have done, and more;
In this licentiousness they take a joy.
Then answered *Jove*. *Neptune*, what's this you say?
The Gods neglect you not. It cannot be
That are the eldest and of greatest sway
Of any of them. If Man injure thee,
To take revenge enough your own pow'r is.
I will not hinder you, do what you please.
To *Jupiter* then *Neptune* answer'd this.
I could, O *Jove*, have been reveng'd with ease,
But that I fear'd you would offended be.
And now I'll tell you what I mean to do.
Assoon as I the ship returning see,
I'll fix it, that they may no more do so.
Besides, their City with a Hill I'll hide.
O but (said *Jupiter*) were it my case,
When from the City people all espi'd
The ship hard by, I would a Rock there place
In likeness of a ship not far from Land,
To make men wonder, and then round about

The

The City make a mighty Mountain ſtand:
This ſaid by *Jove*, the God of Seas went out
To *Scheria* (where the *Phæacians*
Firſt planted were.) The ſhip came ſwiftly on,
And on it *Neptune* laid his mighty hands,
And roots it in the Sea, turn'd into Stone.
The Rowers t'one another ſay, What's this?
Who hath our good ſhip fixed in the water?
And yet above the water ſtill it is.
Thus ſaid they, but knew nothing of the matter;
Then ſpake *Alcinous*. Perform'd (ſaid he)
Is what long ſince I heard my Father ſay,
That *Neptune* angry was that Strangers we,
Who e're they were, did to their homes convey:
And threatned had with a great Hill to hide
The City, and deſtroy the Paſſage-Boat.
This by my Father then was Propheſi'd.
And now, you ſee, at laſt about 'tis brought.
Therefore be rul'd by me. Convoy no more,
But let us unto *Neptune* Sacrifice
Twelve choſen Bullocks, and his grace implore
To ſet no Hill there. So did he adviſe.
And then to *Neptune* they their Prayers make
Standing at th'Altar, King and Princes all.
And now *Ulyſſes* lying was awake,
But to his mind the place could not recal.
For *Pallas* had about him caſt a miſt,
That at his coming he might not be knowⁿ;
But ſhe her ſelf inſtruct him as ſhe liſt,
Till he the Suiters all had overthrown.
All things ſeem'd to him other than they were,
Paths, Highways, Creeks, Havens, Trees and Rocks.
And riſing up he was he knew not where,
And with his open hand his thigh he knocks.
Ay me (ſaid he) whither am I come now?
To civil or to wild and lawleſs men?
Where ſhall I hide my Treaſure? whither go?
Would I were at *Phæacia* agen.
To other friends I might have gone from thence,
And to *Ithaca* obtained a Convoy.

Here for my Treasure I see no defence.
Left here to others they will be a prey.
I see the Princes of *Pheacia*
Are not so just as I took them to be;
They promis'd to set me at *Ithaca*,
But have to some place else transported me.
Jove that sees all, and punisheth the ill,
Will be revenged also of these men.
But come, my Presents number now I will
The Seamen may have ta're some back agen.
His Garments and his Plate then numbred he,
And nothing missing was of all his pelf.
Then walkt he softly along by the Sea
Lamenting and bewailing of himself.
And then came *Pallas* to him. She had on
The Body of a Shepherd young and tender,
As if she had of some Prince been the Son;
Lin'd was his Coat, the thred was fine & slender.
With Dart in hand, and fine shooes on his feet.
Ulysses who beheld her was much joy'd,
And forth himself advanced, her [illegible]eet.
And first he to her spake, and thus he said:
Joy to you be, and good-will towards me;
Save for me these my Goods, and save me too.
You are the first I meet here; at your knee
I bow my self as men bow Gods unto.
Tell me (I pray you) true, What Land is this?
What Town? Th' Inhabitants what men?
An Isle, or of the Continent a piece?
To this the Goddess answered agen.
Simple you are, or very far hence dwell,
To ask what Country this is. For 'tis not
A place obscure; for known 'tis very well
Both East and West, though but a little spot,
And rugged ground, not fit for galloping;
Yet Corn it bears abundantly and Wine;
And is well watered both with Dew and Spring
And nourisheth great Herds of Goats and Kine.
Of wood of ev'ry sort there is good store.
Though from *Achaea* far men say is *Troy*,

Yet

Yet *Ithaca* is talkt of on that shore.
These words unto *Ulysses* were great joy.
And to the Goddess then he answered
(Falsly; on Fables keeping still his hold,
As one that always Lies hath in his head)
I have (said he) of *Ithaca* been told
Fac hence in *Crete*, and now am thither come
With these my Goods, but leaving to my Child
About as much as I brought out from home,
And here I am alone, a man exil'd.
For of *Idomeneus* I kill'd the Son
Orsilochus, for swiftness of his feet
So excellent, there was not any one
That could out-run him in the Isle of *Crete*.
Because I had refused a Command
Under his Father at the Siege of *Troy*,
And would command my own, he took in hand
To have depriv'd me of my share o'th' Prey,
Which to my dangers and my deeds was due.
For which, by night with one Companion
Near the High-way I with my Spear him slew,
And in the dark escap't when I had done.
And to *Phœnicia* by Sea I went;
And hired with a good part of my Prey
To *Pylus* or to *Elis* to be sent.
But adverse winds forc't us another way.
And wandring there arrived in the night.
And streight into this Port we brought the Bark.
Ne're thought of Food, though very well we might,
But went ashore, and lay down in the dark,
And there I slept. The Mariners mean while
Take out my Goods and lay them on the shore,
And back unto *Sidonia* they sail,
And after that I never saw them more.
At this the Goddess smil'd, and stroak'd his head,
And in a woman's shape before him stood,
Of stature tall and like to one well bred,
The craft that catches you had need be good.
You cannot though at home your wiles forgo,
And your fain'd Stories, though there be no need;

So

So close they stick to you from top to toe:
But now no more of that. For 'tis agreed
'Mongst Mortals you, amongst Immortals I
For Counsel and Invention excel.
Did you not know me that perpetually
Have at your need assisted you so well?
And now am come to help you to secure
The rich *Pheacian* Presents you have here,
And tell you what at home you must endure;
Affronts and scorns, you shall find many there.
Then said *Ulysses*, Difficult it is
For any mortal man though very wise
To know a God, that can their form dismiss,
And when they will, put on a new disguise.
When th'*Argive* Army was besieging *Troy*,
Goddess I know how gracious you were then.
But after (the Town sackt) we came away,
And scatter'd had the Gods our ships and men,
And I was wandring on the Ocean wide,
I never saw you, never had your aid,
Save at *Pheacia* you were pleas'd to guide
Me to the Town, and hasten me dismaid.
But I beseech you (for still do I doubt
This is not *Ithaca* that I am at,
But some place else, and that you go about
With comforts feign'd my sorrows to abate.)
Tell me if this my Country be indeed.
Pallas said then, Suspitious still you are.
I cannot therefore leave you in your need,
Since wise you be, and willing to beware.
Another man that had been along away,
Had straight gone home to see his Wife and Son;
But that for you is not the safest way,
Nor had it yet been opportunely done.
Know how she'll take it first. She keeps within,
And spends in weeping both the night and day.
I know full well the Fates his coming spin,
But that his Mates shall first be cast away.
But with my Uncle *Neptune* had no mind
To be at odds, that in such choler is,

For

For making of his Son the *Cyclops* blind.
But come, I'll shew you *Ithaca*. First, This
The Port of *Phorcys* is, This the Olive-tree,
There near it is the gloomy Cavern, where
The Nymphs *Naïades* invoked be.
And by you in that Cave much worshipt were.
The Hill so cloth'd with wood is *Neriton*.
This said, the Mist dissolves, and then *Ulysses*
His Native Country joyful looks upon,
And falling on his Knees the Soil he kisses.
And then to the *Naïades* he prai'd,
Hail Daughters of High *Jove Naïades*,
Ne'r to have seen you more I was afraid;
But oft we shall again, if *Pallas* please
To give me life, and prosper my dear Son,
Your Altar fill with Gifts as heretofore.
The Goddess *Pallas* when his Pray'r was done,
Answer'd, Let that thought trouble you no more.
But come, let's now see how your Goods to save,
Now presently. 'Twere well that they were laid
Within some Rock at bottom of the Cave.
Then went she in, and Caves in Cave survey'd.
Ulysses brought into the Grot his Store,
Garments, and heavy Brass, and Golden Plate;
Which *Pallas* plac'd, and laid a Rock o'th' door,
And then in counsel both together sate
The Suiters to destroy. *Pallas* first spake.
Ulysses (said she) think on how you may
Your just revenge of the proud Suiters take,
That use your House and Substance as their prey;
That marry would your Wife by force. But she
Still keeps them off with hopes and promises,
Expecting your return continually,
But than of Marriage think of nothing less.
O, said *Ulysses*, But for your advice,
I died had as *Agamemnon* did.
But now, O *Pallas*, find out some device
How of the Suiters best I may be rid.
And by me stand inspiring courage stout,
As when we pull'd *Troys* head-gear off her head.

For

For then to master them I should not doubt
Three hundred though they were. Then answered
The Goddess *Pallas*, By you I will stand;
You cannot fight, but I shall of it know,
And bring unto you such a lucky hand, (show.
That with their Blood and Brains the ground shall
Come, First I'll make you to men pass unknown,
I'll shrink your skin that's now so fair and fresh,
And from your head take off that hair so brown,
And cover will with such array your flesh
As men shall hate the sight of. Then your eyes
I'll shrivel up, that were so full and bright,
That in this habit th'Woo'rs may you despise,
Nor your wife know you standing in her sight.
Then go you to the Master of your Swine
That loves you and your Son and your Consort,
And to direct you to him take this signe.
He 's at *Crow Rock*, thither the Swine resort,
And to *Arethusa*'s Well. For why, the Oken
Berries with that sweet water make them fat.
Stay there till to him you your mind have spoken,
And well inform'd your self of your estate.
To *Lacedæmon* I the while will go,
To call your Son *Telemachus* away,
Who thither went by Sea, that he might know
What *Menelaus* there of you could say.
Then said *Ulysses*, Goddess, since you could
Have told him all your self, why did you not?
Meant you that also he be wandring should
While other men stay feeding on his Lot?
Trouble not you your self with him, said she.
I sent him and went with him with intent
To shew him to the World abroad. And he
At *Sparta* treated is to his content.
'Tis true, the Suiters with a Ship are gone
To wait for, and to kill him, by the way.
But I believe before that that be done,
Some will lie low that now your goods destroy.
And as she spake, she stroake him with her Wand.
And rivell'd seem'd his skin (which was before

So

So sleek and fair) as if it had been tann'd.
And gray his hair, rivel'd his eyes all o're.
And then she gave him an ill-favour'd Rag,
Torn, foul, and smutted filthily with soot,
And over that the pill'd skin of a Stag,
And Satchel full of holes then added to't
With twisted string. And up their councel brake.
The Goddess *Pallas* thence to *Sparta* past,
To bid *Telemachus* his leave to take
Of *Menelaus*, and go home with haste.

LIB. XIV.

BUt he in rugged way, o're Mountains steep,
Through Woods obscure unto *Eumæus* went,
Whose Office was the herds of Swine to keep;
And of his Servants was most diligent
And found him in the Porch before the Door.
The house was handsome, and high-built and great,
Nor to it was adjoyned any more,
Well senc'd from wind it was, and a warm seat,
Built by himself on purpose for the Swine
Of his good Lord *Ulysses* that was gone,
With Stone that hew'n was from the rocky Mine,
Besides those of *Laertes* and his Son.
And with a quickset hedge enclosed round,
And Pales of heart of Oak the hedge without
Set close together, and stuck deep i'th' ground.
And thus the house was fenced round about.
Within the Court twelve lodgings were for Swine,
And ev'ry one of them held five, nines ten;
And there the female and the teeming Lyen.
The males lay out, but much diminisht then,

For-

For the proud Suiters eaten had the reſt,
Eumæus having ſent in every day
One of the fatteſt of the Herd and beſt,
And yet three hundred and threeſcore were they.
Near to the Swine four Dogs were ever lying,
Like to wild Beaſts; and by *Eumæus* fed.
Himſelf was leather to his foot applying,
Made of a good Cow-hide well coloured.
Three Dogs attending were the Herd. The fourth
Convoying was a Swine unto the Woo'rs,
The other three ran fiercely bawling forth
When they *Ulyſſes* ſaw come neer the doors.
Ulyſſes wiſely then his Staff lets fall,
And preſently ſits down upon the ground.
But had *Eumæus* not come in withal,
An unbeſeeming fortune he had found.
Who letting fall the leather for his ſhooe,
Running and rating came in to his aid;
And ſnatcht ſtones up abundance at them threw,
And then he to *Ulyſſes* ſpake and ſaid,
Old man your ſelf almoſt to death you brought
By thoſe accurſed Dogs, and me to ſhame,
As if my ſorrow great enough were not,
But that there muſt be added to it blame.
While ſitting here I for my Maſter weep,
And feed his Swine for other men to eat,
He ſomewhere ſwallow'd up is in the Deep,
Or wanders up and down for want of meat.
But come, Old man, into the Lodge let's go,
That when of meat and wine you have your fill,
You may then tell me whence you are, and who,
And how much you have ſuffered of ill.
This ſaid, he led him in and made him ſit,
And under him he ſtore of ruſhes laid,
O're that a Goat-ſkin, thick with hair was it
Of which a ſpeckl'd wild Goat had been flaid.
Ulyſſes glad to ſee the man ſo kind
And very hearty, anſwered and ſaid,
May all your Pray'rs like entertainment find
With *Jove* for whatſoever you have prai'd.

Stranger

Stranger (then ſaid *Eumæus*) it was never
My cuſtome any Stranger to neglect.
The poor and Stranger are in Gods hand ever.
Few are my Gifts, and but of ſmall effect.
For Servants of young Maſters ſtand in fear;
And by the Gods my old one faſt is bound
From coming home. 'Twas he that gave me here
A houſe and fair poſſeſſion of ground
As much as fits a Maſter to his Swain,
And helpt me too contentedly to wive,
Which taketh off a great part of my pain.
Alſo the Gods have made my labour thrive.
How happy had I been if he had ſtai'd!
Accurſed be that *Helen* and her Kin.
For, for *Atrides* ſake he Anchors wai'd,
Himſelf much miſery engaging in.
Having thus ſaid, he girded on his Coat,
And fetcht in two young Pigs: not long he ſtaid,
But kill'd, ſindg'd, jointed, roaſted, piping-hot
Before *Ulyſſes* with the Spits he laid,
Then ſtrows them over with the flour of Wheat,
And in an Ivy Bowl he tempers Wine;
And ſitting o're againſt him bids him eat.
Eat, ſays he, Servants food, the leſſer Swine.
The great ones are the pamper'd Suiters fare.
The bleſſed Gods hate evil works, and love
Them that do well. But theſe men little care
For mercy or for vengeance from above.
Yet enemies and lawleſs men, when they
Diſbark upon anothers Land, and there
With Prey their ſhip have laden, come away;
And of revenge ſtand always in great fear.
But theſe men know not, nor by Voice Divine
Aſſured are *Ulyſſes* now is dead;
Yet neither will go hence, nor have deſigne
To ſeek by lawful ways his Wife to wed;
But ſtay and waſte his Subſtance without hoe.
For not a day went o're their heads that they
Did Sacrifice one only Beaſt or two;
And wine abundance drink and caſt away.

Ulyſſes

Ulysses his estate and wealth was such,
In *Greece* nor *Argos*, no Prince in *Epire*,
Nor twenty had in *Ithaca* so much.
And if to have it reckon'd you desire,
Upon the Continent twelve herds of Kine,
Twelve herds of Goats, as many flocks of Sheep,
As many Swine-houses replete with Swine,
Which herdsmen of the Country there did keep.
And here, upon the Islands farthest end
There be eleven herds of Goats. Of these
The Goat-keeper does ev'ry day one send,
The best of all, the Suiters proud to please.
And daily I the best of all my Swine.
Thus said he. But *Ulysses* silent sate,
Eating his meat, and drinking of his Wine,
And plotting in his head the Suiters fate.
When he had supt, *Eumæus* to the brim
Fill'd up his Cup with wine. *Ulysses* then
Glad that *Eumæus* so well treated him,
Drank, and the Cup deliv'ring back agen,
Friend (says he) That so rich and valiant man
Your Master that was for *Arrides* lost,
If I have seen him, do you think you can
Know him? God knows I have seen many a coast,
Then answer'd he, There is no Stranger able
Nor with his VVife nor Son to get belief.
The news they tell both take but for a Fable
Invented by their want to get relief.
Many poor men come to *Penelope*,
And make her weep in vain with Tales untrue.
And where you think you shall rewarded be
VVith Coat or other Garment, so can you.
But he's devour'd by Beasts or Fowls at Land,
Or Fish at Sea have on his body fed.
And on the Shore his Bones lie clad in sand,
But howso'ere it be, the man is dead;
And to his friends has sorrow left behind,
But to me chiefly, who, go where I please
Shall never such another Master find,
Nor ever be again at so much ease,

No,

No, though I ſhould unto my Country go
And Parents that have got and nouriſht me;
To ſee them though I wiſh, I long not ſo
As I *Ulyſſes* long again to ſee.
Whom though now abſent I call by his name,
He was ſo kind, and took ſuch care of me,
That of ſuch ſmall reſpect I feel ſome ſhame.
A ſecond Father he ſhould called be.
Friend, ſaid *Ulyſſes*, ſince ſo hard it is
To make you hope he will ſo ſoon be here,
Know that I have not raſhly told you this.
What I have ſpoken I will alſo ſwear.
If true, with Coat and Veſt my news requite;
If not, then not, although ill raid am I.
Of him as of Hell-gate I hate the ſight
That can by want be made to tell a Lye.
Know *Jove* the chief of Gods, and then the Hoſt
That hath provided for us this good Chear,
And in *Ulyſſes* houſe doth rule the roaſt,
Ulyſſes will be here ſometime this year;
This Month expired, or the next begun,
And be reveng'd of th' Wooers impudent
That have diſhonoured his Wife and Son.
Then ſaid *Eumæus*, Leave this argument.
For your good news nothing will be to pay,
Nor will *Ulyſſes* ever come again.
Drink wine, and no more on this ſubject ſay.
I cannot think upon him without pain.
And ſwear no more. True be it all you ſay.
To me *Laertes*, and *Penelope*,
And to *Telemachus* 'twill be great joy,
For whom my ſorrows much augmented be;
He ſprang up like a Branch to mans eſtate.
I thought he would in Proweſs prove no leſs
Than's Father was whom he did imitate
In Wit and Figure and in Comlineſs.
But now the Gods bereav'd him have of Wit.
He's gone to *Pyle* to hear what men there ſay
About his Father, whilſt the Suiters ſit
Waiting at Sea to kill him by the way.

But him let's leave a while with Pow'rs above
Whether to let him die, or bring him back,
VVaiting upon the pleasure of high *Jove*.
And now of your own woes untie the sack,
That I may know them. Tell me truly now
Your own, your Fathers, and your Countries name.
And further I desire you, let me know
VVhence are the Mariners that with you came
Unto this Town, and tell me this likewise,
Where rideth the good ship that brought you to't.
For verily I can no way devise
How you should come on Horsback or on Foot.
Then said *Ulysses*, VVere we here alone,
And meat and drink for so long us attend,
And all the rest about their work were gone,
The year would sooner than my Story end.
Of *Crete* I am, and rich my Father was,
And many Children more he had. But they
Begotten were according to the Laws.
But of a Concubine the Son was I.
My Father was *Castor Hylacides*,
That was for wealth in *Crete* much honoured,
And for his Children, but lov'd me no less
Than those he had begot in lawful bed.
VVhen he was dead and gone, my Brothers proud
Divide his state amongst themselves by Lot,
And little of it they to me allow'd.
But for all that a good rich wife I got;
My vertue won her. I no shun-field was,
Nor from my stock degenerate she saw
(Though from me now my strength be gone alas)
But you I think can know Wheat by the Straw.
For now with hardship I am much decai'd.
Mars gave me Courage, and *Athena* Skill
To beat up Quarters, and by Ambush laid
With Stratagems my Enemies to kill.
Of being slain I never had a thought,
But formost still I leapt out with my Spear;
And of the Foes to death I still one brought,
Unless his feet than my feet swifter were.

And

And such I was in War. But Husbandry,
And keeping home, though that bred children store,
I car'd not for. But ships I lov'd to see,
And War, Darts, Bows and Shafts I loved more.
Yet horrible they be to other wights.
For, for such things the Gods have temper'd me.
Many things are there wherein one delights,
Which to another man unpleasant be.
Before the *Greeks* went to the Siege of *Troy*
Nine times had I commanded on the Seas,
And always our Success was good that way,
And of the Prey I chose what did me please
Beside my share. And wealth came in apace.
Wise I was thought, and honour'd much in *Crete*.
And when *Jove* had decreed *Troy* to deface,
Idomeneus and I went with the Fleet,
Or else we must our credit quite have lost.
Nine years we fought, the tenth we took the Town.
And setting up our Sails we left the Coast,
And by the Gods were tossed up and down.
But *Jove* determin'd me more trouble yet.
For needs I would to *Ægypt* go and trade.
A month I stai'd at home, then forth I set
With nine good ships, and an ill Voyage made.
For when six days I feasted had my Crew,
And to the Gods devoutly offer'd part;
A good strong wind from the North-Heaven blew,
And from the Coast of *Crete* we then depart.
Smoothly we sail'd, safe our arrival was,
Nor man nor ship had any harm at all.
From shore to shore we did in five days pass,
And in the *Nile* we let our Anchors fall.
Then I my Fellows bad aboard to stay
And guard the ships, and some to places high
I sent to watch, but mov'd by lucre, they
On plunder and on rapine had their eye.
The fields they waste, and kill the men, and make
Women and Children captives. Then the cry
Arriving at the City, Arms they take,
And next day early to the field they hie,

With

With Horſe and Foot then thundered the field.
Their Armour lightned. My men frighted were.
Some taken and made ſlaves; ſome flying kill'd;
And all the reſt ran ſcatter'd here and there,
Then I (though t'had been better there t'have di'd,
So many woes have ſince befallen me)
Pull'd off my Helmet, laid my Spear aſide,
And Buckler too, and kneel'd at the Kings knee.
He reſcu'd me, and home with him me brought
Sitting by him that did his Chariot drive.
Though in their heat many to kill me ſought,
Yet the King brought me to the Town alive.
Seven years I there remain'd and riches got.
For every man almoſt me ſomewhat gave.
Then thither came a Merchant that had not
His fellow in all *Ægypt* for a Knave.
His houſe and riches in *Phœnicia* were,
And he with Lyes entic'd me to his home;
With him I went. And there I ſtaid a year.
And when the Months and Days about were come,
He ſet me in a ſhip for *Lybia*;
And there together with our goods we ſate,
He cracking of the profit he foreſaw,
And I ſuſpecting, though it were too late.
With him I went. And when the ſhip was forth,
We ſteer'd our Courſe without the Iſle of *Crete*,
For by good luck we had a wind full North.
But *Jove* determin'd had we ſhould not ſee't.
For when the Iſland we had left behind,
And nothing elſe appear'd but Sea and Sky,
Jove fetcht the Clouds together with a wind
Juſt o're the Ship, and dark 'twas preſently.
And therewithal into the Ship he threw
His Thunderbolt, which whirl'd it round about.
It ſmelt of Brimſtone rank. And all the Crew
Into the Sea it ſuddenly caſt out.
And they like Gulls from wave to wave were toſt.
But *Jove* to ſave me, put into my hand
The Ships tall Maſt which with my arms I croſt.
And after nine days came at laſt to land.

And in *Threſprotia* was caſt on land;
And the Kings Son who chanc't that way to paſs,
Lifted me up as I lay on the ſand;
And by King *Phædon* well receiv'd I was.
He cloth'd me with good Garments Coat and Veſt.
I aſkt him of *Ulyſſes* what he knew.
As he went home (ſaid he) he was my Gueſt,
And what he then had gotten did me ſhew;
Of Braſs and Iron and Gold there was ſo much,
As might ten ages feed a man alone,
The Treaſure that he ſhew'd me there was ſuch.
But he, he ſaid, was to *Dodona* gone,
There at the Holy Oak to be adviſ'd
(Since he from *Ithaca* ſo long has been)
Whether 'twere better to go home diſguis'd,
Or ſo as to be known when he is ſeen.
The King to me in Holy Form did ſwear,
That for the Conduct of *Ulyſſes* home,
Both Ship and Mariners then ready were.
But when I went from thence he was not come.
A ſhip of that place in the harbour lay
Ready to part. The King bad land me there.
But they reſolv'd were of another way;
Which made me yet more miſery to bear.
When of that Land they were got out of ſight,
To ſell me for a ſlave they did agree.
My Coat and Veſt they take from me there right,
And gave me the torn Coat and Rags you ſee.
Late in the Ev'ning they were at the Land
Of *Ithaca*, and bound me faſt i'th' ſhip.
But they to Sup thought fit upon the Sand,
And leaving me, out of the Bark they ſkip.
But from my Bonds ſome God ſure ſet me free.
Then down I went and to the Sea appli'd
My breaſt, and round the ſhip ſwam ſpeedily,
And in a great thick Wood my ſelf I hide.
Sorry they were, and put to Sea again.
To ſtay and ſeek me they loſt labour thought.
Thus by *Jove*'s favour I alive remain,
And to the houſe of a good friend am brought.

Then

Then said *Eumæus*, I confess the Story
(Poor man) of this your wandring and your pain,
Has had the pow'r to make me very sorry.
But of *Ulysses* what you say is vain.
I not believe a word. What needed you,
So wise a man as you appear to me,
In vain to tell me any thing not true;
When I my self am sure 'twill never be?
For all the Gods have shewn themselves his foes,
That neither suffer'd him to fall at *Troy*,
Nor the War done, his best friends to compose
His Body for the Grave. For either way
He honorably buried had been
To th'honour of his Son. But he is dead,
Unspoken of, devour'd by Harpies keen;
And I despised sit here to see Swine fed.
And never to the City come, but when
Some news is brought unto *Penelope*,
And she send one to call me. I come then,
And many listning to the news I see.
Some griev'd and wishing for his coming home,
Some that seek nothing but shot-free to feed.
And these men wish that he may never come.
But I of what they say take little heed.
Especially, since an *Ætolian*,
As he from place to place for Murther fled,
Came to my house, and I reliev'd the man,
And after found that I was cozened.
He said he saw him with *Idomeneus*
In *Crete*, and that for certain he would come
(His Fleet much hurt repaired) to his house,
Rich, at the next Spring, or the next Autumn.
Therefore, old man, since you are come to me,
Think not your Story any thing avails,
Nor that false hopes provoke my Charity.
My Bounty looks on want and not on Tales.
Pity, and fear of *Jove* my favours guide.
Ulysses to this answers him, and saith,
Since you trust not my Word, nor Oath beside,
And in your breast resideth little faith,

Let

Let's make a Bargain. If *Ulysses* come,
Then a good Coat and Vest shall be my due,
And a safe Conduct to *Dulichium*.
If not, and that I told you prove untrue,
Then make your Servants threw me from a Cliff
High and upright, That others may beware
To cosen men into a false belief
Of things they know not, but uncertain are.
Then said *Eumæus*, Yes, 'twere a fine deed,
And noble, t'entertain a man with love,
And with good chear relieve him in his need,
Then kill him, and beg pardon then of *Jove*.
But now I wish the Swine from field were come.
For time it is of Supper to advise.
And while they talk, the Swains the Swine bring home,
And with great noise they pent are in the sties.
Then did *Eumæus* to his servants call,
From out the Herd to choose one of the best
His far-come friend to entertain withal,
And mend their own fare also with the rest.
'Tis long since others the work to us leave
To feed the Swine they eat. Having said that,
Out went he, for the Altar wood to cleave;
And they brought in a five-year-old Pig fat;
And laid it on the Hearth. *Eumæus* there
Remembring well the Gods (for he was wise)
First from the fore-head clippeth off the hair,
And in the fire the same did Sacrifice.
Then did he all the Gods above invoke,
That soon and safe *Ulysses* might arrive,
Next that he takes a piece of the cleft Oak,
And at a stroke did him of life deprive.
Then others take the work into their hands,
And with keen steel they quickly cut his throat.
That being done, with many flaming Brands
They singe from head to tail his hairy Coat,
And lay him open. Then *Eumæus* came
And folded up the fleshy Thighs in fat.
And then into the Fire he threw the same.
The rest they cut in lesser parts. And that

They roast on Spits; and being roasted well
And taken up, on Chopping-boards they put it.
Eumæus then (who thereat did excel)
As he thought fit, did into Messes cut it;
But one Mess for the Nymphs and *Mercury*
He set aside; and over that he pray'd.
The rest he set to each one severally.
But to *Ulysses* the whole Chine was laid.
Jove (said *Ulysses*) be to you as kind
As you to me, and grant all your requeſt.
Friend (said *Eumæus*) now your Supper mind,
Such as it is. Gods give what they think beſt.
Then to the Gods he offer'd the firſt cut,
And fill'd a Bowl, and offer'd part of that.
The Bowl then in *Ulysses* hand he put.
Ulysses it receiv'd, and down he ſat.
Meſaulius then ſets before him bread,
Who thither brought from *Taphos* was to ſell,
And had been by *Eumæus* purchaſed.
Then heartily unto their meat they fell.
And when to eat they had no more delight,
Meſaulius took off the bread; and all
Prepared were for ſleep. But cold the night
And Moonleſs was; beſides much rain did fall.
Ulysses to the Company then ſpake,
Tempting *Eumæus*; and to get a Cloak
From him, or from ſome other for his ſake.
Hear me *Eumæus* (ſays he) and you folk,
I have a Tale to tell. This fooliſh Wine
To laugh and dance is able to provoke
Grave men ſometimes that have no ſuch deſigne.
And to ſpeak that which better were unſpoke.
But out it ſhall, ſince I ſo much have ſaid.
O, that I were as young and ſtrong as when
Before the Town of *Troy* the Watch we laid,
And lodged were amongſt the reeds i'th' Fen,
By *Menelaus* and *Ulysses* led,
And me the third; the wind at North all night,
We lying with our Bucklers covered
With rain congeal'd, our Armour all was white.

And they ſlept well wrapt up in Cloak and Coat,
Safe in their Bucklers from the freezing wind.
But like a fool my Cloak I had forgot.
I did not think I ſhould ſuch weather find.
And when a third part of the night was gone,
I nudg'd *Ulyſſes* (who did next me lie.)
He felt me, and to him I made my moan.
Noble *Ulyſſes*, I am like to die,
The weather kills me, I have but a Coat.
My Cloak ſome Dæmon made me leave behind,
And of ſuch cold quite took away the thought.
I cannot tell what remedy to find.
No ſooner ſaid, but remedy he found;
For able was he both to ſhift and fight,
And ſaid unto me in a whiſp'ring ſound,
Peace, leſt we heard be by ſome other Wight;
And then with Head on Eldow, Friend, ſaid he,
I dreamt we from the ſhips too far lie here.
Let ſome to *Agamemnon* go and ſee,
If he would have us riſe and come more near.
Then up roſe *Thoas* Son of *Andræmon*,
And down he laid his Cloak, the which I kept,
And ſwiftly did to *Agamemnon* run.
I'th' Cloak I wrapt my ſelf and ſoundly ſlept,
Were I as young and ſtrong as I was then,
Some one a Cloak would lend me for reſpect,
Or elſe for kindneſs, 'mongſt ſo many men.
But now my Rags are cauſe they me neglect.
Old man, then ſaid *Eumæus*, You have told
Your Story well. Each word to purpoſe is.
To morrow ſhake your Rags againſt the cold.
Of what is needful now you ſhall not miſs.
Of Cloak and Coat there's none of theſe has ſhift.
But when *Telemachus* from *Pyle* comes back,
From him you will have all you need, of gift.
And then you neither Cloak nor Coat will lack.
And be convey'd to what place you deſire.
With that he roſe; and woolly ſkins of ſheep,
And ſhaggie Goatſkins neer laid to the fire.
And there *Ulyſſes* laid him down to ſleep.

And over him a Cloak *Eumæus* laid;
Both thick and ſoft it was, which he had kept
And with it in ſharp cold himſelf arrai'd.
And thus *Ulyſſes* warmly cover'd ſlept.
By him the young men lay. But to the ſties
Eumæus went. For fit he thought it not
To lie far from his Swine, and out he hies.
Mean while *Ulyſſes* of his kindneſs thought.
Eumæus firſt of all his Sword puts on
O're his great Shoulder. Then againſt the weather
A thick warm Cloak. And again that upon
A great Goats ſkin, the ſkin and hair together.
And then with dart in hand, for his defence,
('Gainſt men and Dogs) well armed at the head,
To where the tuſked Swine lay parted thence,
Within a Rock from wind ſafe covered.

LIB. XV.

AND then to *Lacedæmon Pallas* went
To urge *Telemachus* his leave to take
Of *Menelaus*, to whom ſhe had him ſent,
And home again what ſpeed he could to make.
Telemachus, and *Neſtors* Son ſhe found
Within the entrance of the houſe abed;
The Son of *Neſtor* in a ſleep profound.
Sleep came not in *Telemachus* his head.
Thought of his Father open kept his eyes.
Then *Pallas* to him ſaid, *Telemachus*,
To ſtay ſo long abroad you are not wiſe,
Leaving your Goods with ſuch men in your houſe,

As lawleſs there your Subſtance do devour,
Leſt afterward you to no purpoſe come.
Importune *Menelaus* with all your pow'r,
Or elſe your Mother you'll not find at home.
Her Father and her Brethren bid her marry
Eurymachus. Of all he bids moſt high.
Take heed what Goods out of your houſe they carry:
You know what thoughts in Female breſts do lie.
They will their preſent Huſbands houſe promote,
But for their former Children little care.
For he once dead, they have no longer thought
Of how his Children after him ſhall fare.
Therefore return you, and commit to ſome
Maid of your own for faith and care well known,
Such Goods as in your houſe you have at home,
Until you have a good wife of your own.
I tell you more; remember what I ſay,
The braveſt of the Suiters lie in wait
As you return, to kill you by the way,
'Twixt *Ithaca* and *Same* in the Streight.
They'll fail, I think, of what they go about,
And ſooner ſome of them their Graves ſhall find.
But howſoever ſtear the Iſles without.
The God that keeps you will provide a wind.
And when at *Ithaca* you are on land,
Unto the Town your ſhip and fellows ſend,
But go you to *Eumeus* out of hand, (friend:
Who, though he keep your Swine, is much your
Then *Pallas* mounted to the ſky. And he
Piſiſtratus awakens with his foot.
'Tis time (ſaid he) that on our way were we.
Let's to the Coach, and ſet the Horſes to't.
Then ſaid *Piſiſtratus*, Too dark 'tis yet
To travel with a Coach. Let's therefore ſtay,
'Twill ſoon be morning. Let's our Preſents get,
And by *Atrides* ſelf be ſent away.
For Gueſts uſe always to remember thoſe
By whom they have been entertain'd with love.
This ſaid, the morning by and by aroſe,
And *Menelaus* toward them did move.

Telemachus then puts on haſtily
His Coat and Cloak to meet him on the way;
And when they were to one another nigh,
Telemachus firſt ſpake, and thus did ſay.
O King, *Atrides Menelaus*, now,
Ev'n now diſmiſs me, let me go my way.
Then ſaid *Atrides*, Ev'n now you ſhall go;
I purpoſe not to make you longer ſtay.
For I conceive 'tis not a good mans part,
To make too much or little of his Gueſt,
To hold him when he gladly would depart,
Or preſs him to be gone e're he thinks beſt.
In Hoſpitality this Rule is true,
Love him that ſtays, help forth the going Gueſt.
Stay then and take my Gift along with you,
And your Break-faſt of what we have the beſt.
For he that will a great days Journy make,
Will find both joy and profit in his meat.
And if to viſit *Greece* you pleaſure take,
I'll with you go, and with you I'll retreat,
And to the *Argive* Cities be your Guide,
And be Preſented by each Princely man
With whomſoever we at night abide.
Two Mules, a Gold Cup, a brave Pot or Pan.
Then ſaid *Telemachus*, I needs muſt go,
(My Father ſeeking left my ſelf I loſe)
I have left none my Goods to look unto,
And rob'd my Treaſure may be by my foes.
When that was ſaid, forth *Menelaus* goes,
To give unto his Wife and Maids command
For Break-faſt of what then was in the houſe.
Then *Boetheides* who lodg'd near at hand
Came in; and, bidden by *Atrides*, cleaves
The wood, makes fire, lays down the roaſt.
Him to his buſ'neſs then *Atrides* leaves.
And down came to his Treaſure of great coſt,
He, and his Son, and Wife *Helena*. There
Within a Room lin'd with ſweet-ſmelling wood.
A Temp'rer to his Son he gave to bear
Of Silver pure, which 'mongſt the Veſſels ſtood.

And

And from a Cheſt where Robes for Matrons were
She took up one, with great variety
Wrought by her ſelf, which ſhe her ſelf did bear,
Shining and bright as any Star i'th' Sky.
And forth unto *Telemachus* they come.
Then ſaid *Atrides*, *Jove* grant your requeſt,
And ſafely may you t'*Ithaca* come home:
See here my Gift, of all I have the beſt.
'Tis maſſie Silver gilt about the brim,
By *Vulcan* made; but then it was poſſeſt
By th' King of *Sidon*. I had it of him
When by the way from *Troy* I was his Gueſt.
Then *Helen* ſaid, This Gift too take from me,
Of *Helens* handy-work a Monument,
To give to her that your dear Wife ſhall be.
Think it mean while as to your Mother ſent,
Then gave it to *Telemachus* his hands.
I'th' Coach *Piſiſtratus* then placed all,
And at the goodly Gifts amazed ſtands.
Atrides then led them into the Hall,
And made them ſit, and while they ſitting were,
A grave Maid-ſervant from a Golden Ewre,
To waſh their hands pours on the water clear
Over a Baſon all of ſilver pure.
One Tables ſets, another lays on Bread,
And from their ſtore many good things brings (out.
The Meſſes *Boetheides* ſevered.
Atrides Son the Wine delivered out.
When their deſire of Food was ſatisfi'd,
Up roſe *Telemachus* and *Neſtor*'s Son,
And to their Coach they the ſwift Horſes ti'd,
And in the Coach were, ready to be gone;
And were already got the Court without,
But after them *Atrides* followed,
And in his hand a Gold Cup he brought out
Of wine, and ſtanding at the horſes head,
Brave Youths (ſaid he) to *Neſtor* me commend,
That as a Father was to me at *Troy*.
Farewel, and may you to your Journeys end
With ſafety travel and arrive with joy.

Then said *Telemachus*, All this I'll say,
I wish at home I may so treated be
Within my Fathers house at *Ithaca*,
Besides the Presents you have given me.
As he said this, an Eagle dexter flew
And seis'd a great white tame Goose grazing near.
The standers-by shouted and cri'd, Shue, shue.
But yet away the Eagle bore him clear.
And none but with the sight was well content.
Then to *Atrides* said *Pisistratus*,
This Prodigy, unto you is invent
From *Jupiter?* or is it sent to us?
While what to answer he was taking care,
Helen prevented him. I will, said she,
First tell you what hereon my own thoughts are,
And to my mind by th' Gods infused be.
You saw the Eagle come down from the Hill,
Where nature placed him to dwell and breed,
And kill that Goose: So shall *Ulysses* kill
The Suiters that upon his Substance feed.
Or, it may be, already there he is
Devising for the Suiters some ill end.
O Gods, then said *Telemachus*, that this
Were so indeed! To you then should I send
As to a God my Vows. This said, away
They whip their willing Horses through the Town,
Which on the plain their Harness shake all day,
And were at *Pheres* when the Sun went down.
There *Diocles Orsilochus* his Son,
(*Orsilochus* by *Alphæus* begot)
Dwelt, and of entertainment want was none,
Nor acceptable Presents were forgot.
And when the Morning had her self arrai'd,
Again they put their Horses to the Coach,
Which when the Whip they felt once, never stai'd,
Till to the Town of *Pyle* they did approach.
Then said *Telemachus* to *Nestors* Son,
You promis'd, I your Father should decline.
But since we here are, how can that be done?
And therefore let us both our Counsels joyn.

Friends

Friends you and I, and friends our Fathers were;
One age we have; this Voyage is some tie.
Draw me not from my ship, but leave me here,
Lest th' old man force me at his house to lie
In kindness, when I have such need to go.
This said, *Pisistratus* considered
What to make good his promise he should do.
And then this Counsel came into his head.
Turn off (said he) the Coach to the Sea-side,
And *Menelaus* Gifts a Shipboard stow,
And get aboard. Your small stay here I'll hide.
So your departure shall my Father know.
For sure I am, if he know you are here,
So violent he is, he'll hither come,
And call you to his house and stay you there,
And be a hind'rance to your going hom:
And though away you'll not be empty sent,
Yet will he doubtless very angry be.
This said, unto his Father home he went.
Telemachus then bad his Company
To see prepar'd all things for Sayling fit;
And go aboard; aboard went also he.
The Rowers on their Seats in order sit.
Thus they about their going busie be.
Then came a Stranger that a Prophet was,
And fled from *Argos* then for Homicide
And by descent was of *Melampus* race,
And stood near to *Telemachus* his side.
For this *Melampus* once had dwelt in *Pyle*
And rich, but fled by *Neleus* oppress,
And bound he lay in Prison for a while.
But afterward he got himself releast,
And brought to *Neleus* his Herds again,
And had his Daughter *Pero* for reward.
But left her with his Brother to remain
For wife. And then did *Pyle* no more regard.
But went to *Argos*, where a wife he got,
And Children twain had, first *Antiphates*.
And he the valiant *Oicleus* begot,
And *Oicleus* begat *Amphiaraus*,

That was belov'd by *Pallas* and by *Jove*,
And yet he lived not till he was old.
He di'd at *Thebes*, betrayed by his love,
That him diſcover'd for a Chain of Gold.
Alcmæon and *Amphilochus* he got.
But *Mantius*, *Melampus* ſecond Son
Cleitus and *Polyphides* then begot.
Cleitus was fair, but Children he had none.
Aurora ſnatch'd him from the Earth when young.
For Mortals he in beauty did excel,
And placed him th'Immortal Gods among.
And *Polyphides Phœbus* loved well;
And to him gave the Gift of Propheſie.
And ſince *Amphiraus* was dead and gone,
To foretel any thing with certainty
Upon the whole earth like him there was none.
Diſpleaſed by his Father *Mantius*,
At *Hypereſia* he propheſi'd.
His Son it was, call'd *Theoclymenus*,
That then ſtood by *Telemachus* his ſide,
When he the bleſſed Gods was praying to.
And ſaid, Since worſhipping I find you here,
By him you worſhip, tell me truly who
You are, your Father who, and dwelling where.
Stranger, then ſaid *Telemachus*, I dwell
At *Ithaca*, born there; my Fathers name
Ulyſſes if he live; but who can tell?
And to hear news of that, I hither came.
Then anſwer'd *Theoclymenus*, And I
From *Argos* Town for killing of a man,
Purſued by his Kin, and forc't to fly.
Take me aboard that only ſave me can.
Welcome you are, then ſaid *Telemachus*.
Aboard let's go, where you ſhall have ſuch chear
As we can make, and hath contented us.
Then took and on the deck he laid his Spear;
And up into the Ship he went, and at
The Stern he plac'd himſelf, and cloſe by him
The Stranger *Theoclymenus* down ſat.
Then bids *Telemachus* the ſhip to trim.

And

And ſtraight the Maſt upright they ſet and bind;
And hoiſe their Sails with ropes of good Cow-hide;
And *Pallas* ſent them a good ſtrong fore-wind,
And ſwiftly did the ſhip the Sea divide.
The Sun was down, and doubtful was the light,
When he to *Pheræ* came and paſſed by.
And then by *Elis* coaſted he all night,
And came unto the *Thoæ* Iſlands nigh;
And thought upon the Suiters in his way.
Ulyſſes and *Eumæus* ſupping ſat.
And when their hunger they had put away,
The Tables gone they leaſure had to chat.
And then *Ulyſſes* had a mind to know
Whether *Eumæus* rather had he ſtai'd
I'th' Lodge with him, or to the City go,
And to the Company he ſpake and ſaid,
Hear me *Eumæus* and you all his Friends,
I ſtay here helping to conſume your meat.
My mind me to the City rather bends.
For Bread and Wine there begging I ſhall get.
But I muſt then entreat you to provide
Some good man to go with me. Being there,
Neceſſity it ſelf will be my guide
To find the houſes where there is good chear.
And if I go unto *Ulyſſes* Doors,
Unto *Penelope* I can tell news,
And make my ſelf well known unto the Woors
And they to give me meat will not refuſe.
I can do any ſervice that they will,
(Thank *Mercury* to whom I owe that good)
Few be they can compare with me for ſkill
To make a Fire, or to cleave out Wood,
To roaſt and carve Meat, or Wine to give out,
Or any thing that Great Mens Servants do.
Ay me (*Eumæus* ſaid) Poor man, what thought
Is this of yours? D'ye long to periſh ſo?
As you muſt do, if you among them ſtay.
Their inſolence is known up to the ſky.
You are not like their Servingmen. For they
Are young, and are apparell'd handſomely

With

With Coat and Veſt. Their heads and faces ſhine
With Unguents ſweet. Stay therefore here with me.
There's none that at your ſtaying doth repine.
Nor I, nor any of my Company.
Telemachus when he comes home agen,
Shall give you Garments, a fair Coat and Veſt;
And good ſhooes alſo to your feet, and then
See you convoy'd to what place you think beſt.
To this *Ulyſſes* anſwered, and ſaid,
O that *Jove* lov'd you but as well as I!
You have me from a wretched wandring ſtaid.
The Belly brings to men much miſery.
Then ſaid *Ulyſſes*, Since I am to ſtay,
Say of *Ulyſſes* Parents, if you know
His Father and his Mother, whether they
Be both remaining yet alive or no.
To this *Eumæus* ſaid, *Laertes* lives,
But woſully and weary of his life;
Still for the abſence of his Son he grieves;
But more lamenteth the death of his Wife.
The loſs of her was that firſt made him old.
She di'd for grief, thinking her Son was dead.
As ſad a death it was as can be told.
May we from ſuch death be delivered.
While ſhe was living, though ſhe grieved were,
When cauſe there was I could have aſkt her mind
Freely. For why, with her own Daughter dear
She brought me up, and never was but kind.
This Daughter *Ctimene*, when come of age
(For ſhe the youngeſt was) to *Same* went
To a rich man given in marriage.
But I well clad in Coat and Veſt was ſent
(And ſhooes upon my feet) into the field,
For ſhe a purpoſe had to do me good.
But now the time does no ſuch kindneſs yield.
And yet the bleſſed Gods provide me food.
For they ſo well have multipli'd my Swine,
That we have ſtill enough of meat and drink,
And wherewithal to make a poor man dine,
Although the Suiters riot make them ſhrink.

But ſince this woe *Penelope* beſel,
'Tis harſh to her to hear of buſineſs:
Yet Servants need her both to aſk and tell
All that belongeth to their Offices,
And alſo ſometimes, may be, need they had
I'th' houſe to eat, and carry ſomewhat home
Of that whereof Servants are moſt part glad,
And which unto their Lodges never come.
Ho, ſaid *Ulyſſes*, ſince it doth appear
You were a Traveller when but a Boy,
Tell me, I pray, what your Adventures were,
And what your ſufferings were upon the way.
Was your Town plunder'd by the Enemies,
And you brought hither as a part o'th' prey?
Or been by Thieves (for you were no ill prize)
As you kept Sheep or Cattle, brought away?
Then ſaid *Eumeus*, Since to hear the Story
Of how I hither came it is your pleaſure,
Sit patiently, the Wine there ſtands before ye.
For ſleep and joy the long nights give us leaſure.
It is not good too ſoon to go to bed.
For too much ſleep is but a wearineſs.
The reſt that will may go, and (morning ſpread)
Drive forth the Swine; which is their buſineſs.
Mean while let us ſit here, and drink, and chat,
And Stories of our ſad Adventures tell.
For much contentment there is ev'n in that,
To them that ſuffer'd have and come off well.
But to my Story now. An Iſle there is
Under the Tropique of the Sun, not great,
Call'd *Syria*, but very fertile 'tis, (Wheat.
Well ſtor'd with Kine, and Sheep, and Wine and
Where Famine never enter'd nor Diſeaſe
Amongſt the people. When a man was aged,
Dian and *Phœbus* made him die with eaſe,
And gentle ſhafts the pain of death aſſwaged.
Two Towns it had. Their Laws were not the ſame;
But of them both my Father was the King.
Phœnician Merchants, Rats, then thither came,
And in their Ships did many Baubles bring.

There

There then was in my Fathers houſe a Maid,
Phœnician born, that well could ſow and ſpin;
As waſhing Clothes ſhe at the Seas-ſide ſtaid
One of theſe Merchants ſooth'd her into ſin.
(For good work women may be made do that
If flatter'd well.) And then he aſkt her name,
And whence ſhe was. And truth ſhe told the Rat.
From *Sidon* (ſaid ſhe) a rich Town I came,
And Daughter am of wealthy *Arybas*.
But *Taphian* Thieves took me by force away,
As homewards from the field I going was,
And ſold me to this man with whom I ſtay.
Then ſaid the Merchant-man that did her wive,
Will you to *Sidon* home return with me,
And ſee your Parents? They are ſtill alive,
And rich as heretofore. I will, ſaid ſhe,
If you and all your company will ſwear,
At *Sidon* you will ſet me ſafe aſhore.
And when all ſworn, and agreed on it were,
The woman ſpake again, and this ſaid more:
If any of you ſee me in the ſtreet,
Or at the Well, ſpeak not at all to me,
Leſt any of the houſe ſhould chance to ſee't,
And tell my Maſter. Jealous he will be,
Put me in Bonds, and ſeek you to deſtroy.
Buy quickly what you buy, and ready be
And ſecret. When you mean to go away,
Then ſend a privy Meſſenger to me.
For all the Gold I can lay hand upon
I'll bring, and ſomewhat elſe Boat-hire to pay.
For I the charge have of my Maſters Son,
Much profit he will yield if brought away.
Playing without I'll take him by the hand
And lead him to the Ship. Much worth he'll be
Tranſported into whatſoever Land.
And home again (this ſaid) returned ſhe.
A year it was before theſe Merchants went.
Mean while they buy and lade the Ship. And when
They had their fraught ſtraightway a man they ſent
To bid the Maid make haſte away. And then

A

A man unto my Fathers houſe they ſent,
A crafty Merchant with a Chain of Gold
And ſhining Amber, on which were intent
My Mother and her Maids. They much behold,
And take into their hands, and for it bid.
Mean while the man a nod gave with his head.
The woman quickly underſtand him did;
And by the hand me out a door ſhe led.
Aboard went he. The woman lookt about,
Saw ſtanding on the Tables many a Cup
Left by my Father and his Gueſts gone out.
And preſently ſhe three of them took up.
Out went ſhe leading me that ſimple was.
The Sun went down, and duſky was the way,
And to the ſhip we unpurſued paſs
To th'Haven where the Merchants Veſſel lay.
And then go they, and with them we aboard.
And ſail'd before the wind ſix days and nights.
And to us *Jove* a fair gale did afford
Diana on the ſev'nth the woman ſmites.
And ſuddenly into the Smk ſhe fell
And her they throw into the Sea for chear
To fiſhes. But the reſt arrived well
At *Ithaca*. *Laertes* bought me there.
You ſee now how I hither came. Then ſaid
Ulyſſes, Truly you have paſt much woe.
But *Jove* in part your ſorrows hath allai'd,
That in a good mans houſe at eaſe are now,
That gives you meat and drink with a good will.
With him you live a happy life. But I
Have longer wandring been, and muſt be ſtill.
Thus 'twixt themſelves did they ſay and reply,
Then went to ſleep. The night was almoſt paſt.
And with the Morn *Telemachus* was nigh.
Quickly his Mates take down the Sails and Maſt,
And row the ſhip to land, and there her tie.
Then on the Beach they quickly break their faſt.
And with freſh water temper their old Wine.
And when deſire of meat and drink was paſt,
I'll (ſaid *Telemachus*) go to my Swine,

But

But to the City will return at night,
Next Morn I'll feaſt you with good fleſh and wine,
Your labour in my Paſſage to requite.
And then ſaid *Theoclymenus* divine,
What will you do mean while (I pray) with me?
Unto your Mothers houſe muſt I go too,
Or to ſome other man commended be?
Then anſwered *Telemachus*, No, no.
To bring you to my houſe in vain it were.
My Mother in my abſence you'll not ſee.
She ſeldome to the Suiters doth appear.
At top o'th' houſe at work ſtill ſitteth ſhe.
But I will recommend you to another
In *Ithaca* of beſt repute; his name
Eurylochus, and beſt he loves my Mother.
And what my Father did would do the ſame.
But folded up it lies yet in *Joves* lap,
Whether he firſt ſhall marri'd be or dead.
As he this ſaid, there did a Faulcon hap,
(*Apollo*'s Bird) to fly above his head
Dexter, and in his pounces held a Dove.
And as he plumed her the feathers fell
Scatter'd as they deſcended from above
(Which *Theoclymenus* obſerved well)
Betwixt *Telemachus* and the Ships ſide,
And to *Telemachus* ſaid ſecretly,
This from the Gods is, and doth good betide
Both to your ſelf and your Poſterity.
I knew that it portended at firſt ſight,
No family but yours was here to reign.
O, ſaid *Telemachus*, that that were right, (gain,
Such love, ſuch gifts you then ſhould from me
As men that ſaw you ſhould your fortune bleſs.
Pyræus then his friend was ſtanding by.
To him he then his Stranger did addreſs:
You are my beſt friend of the company,
Unto your care this Stranger I commend
To be well treated till I come again.
Though long you ſtay (ſaid he) I do intend
The beſt I can your friend to entertain,

And

And with ſome Gift. Then to the ſhip he goes,
He and his Mates. They on their Benches ſit.
Telemachus then putteth on his ſhooes,
And takes a Spear that for his hand was fit.
The Ship about they to the City row.
Telemachus purſuing his deſigne,
On foot unto *Eumæus* forth did go,
His faithful Servant, Maſter of the Swine.

LIB. XVI.

Eumæus and *Ulyſſes* riſen were,
And men, for Dinner, ſent out to fetch hogs,
And fire was made. *Ulyſſes* chanc'd to hear
One tread without, and whining of the Dogs
That barked not. And to *Eumæus* ſaid,
Some one of your acquaintance now comes in.
I hear his feet. The Dogs are well appai'd.
Theſe words ſcarce ſaid, *Telemachus* was ſeen.
Eumæus, who then temp'ring was of wine,
Lets fall his Cups, and meets him at the door;
Kiſſes his head and hands and both his eyne,
And preſently with tears his eyes run o're.
As when a loving Father ſees his Son
That had been ten years abſent, and for whom
He had lamented long, come home alone;
So glad was he *Telemachus* was come,
And hug'd him as one that had ſcap't but than
From death, and weeping ſaid, O are you come?
I never thought to ſee you more, ſweet man,
Since firſt I knew to *Pyle* you went from home.
But come, come in dear heart, that I may fill
My ſelf with looking, you're not oft among

Your

Your Herdſmen in the field, but almoſt ſtill
I'th' City, in the Suiters diſmal throng.
Yes, ſaid *Telemachus*, for why, I come
To ſee you, and to aſk about my Mother,
Whether ſhe ſtill remaining be at home,
Or gone be with a Suiter one or other,
Leaving her Huſbands Chamber and his Bed
With Cobwebs hung for want of furniture.
No, ſhe yet ſtays (*Eumæus* anſwered)
And great the grief is which ſhe doth endure ;
And day and night the tears fall from her eyes.
Telemachus went in. His Father there
To give him place did from his Chair ariſe.
Sit ſtill, ſaid he, I'll find a Seat elſewhere
In my own houſe. This man will one provide.
This ſaid, he paſt unto another Seat,
To which *Eumæus* a Wool-fell appli'd
With Ruſhes under it. Then brought in meat,
Trenchers of meat roaſted the day before,
And in a Baſket ſets on bread of Wheat,
And in an Ivy Tankard Wine good ſtore.
And o're againſt *Ulyſſes* takes his ſeat.
Then on the meat prepar'd their hands they laid.
When Thirſt and Hunger nothing more requir'd,
Telemachus unto *Eumæus* ſaid,
And thus about his new-come Gueſt enquir'd,
Father (ſaid he) I pray you tell me now
His own, his Fathers, and his Countries name.
And farther I deſire you let me know
Where are the Mariners that with him came
Unto this place. And tell me this likewiſe,
Where rideth the good ſhip that brought him to't.
For verily I can no way deviſe,
How he ſhould come on Horſback or on Foot.
To this *Eumæus* anſwered agen :
He ſays himſelf that he was born in *Creet*,
And ſeen the Cities has of many men,
Wandring about. For *Jove* ſo thought it meet.
Theſprotian Rats got him aboard their Ship,
And fore[illegible] were in *Ithaca* to land.

There

There he found means to give them all the ſlip.
So came to mine, and from mine to your hand.
I give him you, as you think beſt to uſe.
To this again *Telemachus* replies,
That which you ſay, *Eumæus*, is bad news.
How to receive him I cannot deviſe.
I am too young to ſave him with my hands,
If injury be done him by the Wooers.
And at this time my Mother doubtful ſtands,
Whether to ſtay within my Fathers doors,
And with the people her good name maintain,
Or with that Suiter wed and go away,
That to her ſhall afford the greateſt gain.
But ſince the Stranger at your houſe doth ſtay,
I'll give him Garments a good Coat and Veſt,
A Spear in's hand, and good Shoes to his feet,
And him convey to what place he thinks beſt.
Or if to keep him here you think it meet,
I'll hither for him Garments ſend and food,
That he no charge be to your Family.
To ſet him with the Suiters 'tis not good
For me nor him, they ſo unruly be.
He'll be derided there, and I ſhall grieve,
But 'gainſt ſo many men what can be done?
The ſtrength of one man cannot him relieve.
Ulyſſes then made anſwer to his Son,
O Friend (ſaid he) it bites my heart to hear
What of the Suiters in your houſe you ſay,
How 'gainſt your mind they proudly domineer.
Is it becauſe you willingly give way?
Or that your people by Divinity
Adverſe are to you or your Government?
Or are your Kindred that ſhould ſtand you by
In Quarrel and in Battle, diſcontent?
O, were I young and of the mind I am,
Or that I were the Great *Ulyſſes* Son,
Or he himſelf, and wandring hither came,
I'd have my head cut off by any one,
If I were not reveng'd upon them all.
And though they were too hard for me alone,

I'd

I'd rather in my own houſe fighting fall,
Than daily ſee ſuch ugly things there done.
Strangers abus'd; Maids tous'd ill-favourdly,
And Corn and Wine conſumed without end,
And to no purpoſe fooliſhly. For why,
They never ſhall arrive where they intend.
Then ſaid *Telemachus*, No word o'th' Gods
Hath me deprived of the peoples love;
Nor any Brother is with me at odds,
Nor any other cauſe I know but *Jove*.
How many Lords within theſe Iſles do ſway,
Same, *Dulichium*, *Ithaca*, and *Zant*,
So many Suiters duly every day
For Marriage with my Mother my houſe haunt.
Whilſt ſhe can none put off, and will none marry,
They ſpend my Corn and Wine, and cattle kill,
And eating here, and drinking ſtill they tarry,
And me perhaps at laſt they murther will.
But what they ſhall do none but God can tell.
But Father go you to *Penelope*,
And let her know I am arrived well.
And let no other perſon know but ſhe.
And after you have told her tarry not.
Make haſte. At your return I ſhall be here.
For many are they that my death do plot.
True, ſaid *Eumeus*, but not ill it were
To let *Laertes* know it by the way,
Who when his grief but for *Ulyſſes* was,
Did overſee his Workmen all the day,
But ſince by Sea to *Pylus* you did paſs,
He neither overſees his Huſbandry,
Nor eats his meat, as ſtill he did before,
But groaning and lamenting wofully
Liveth. *Telemachus* did thus reply,
The caſe is hard. But grieved though he be,
Let him alone; go not out of your way.
For firſt I wiſh my Father here to ſee,
If in my choice to have my wiſhes lay.
But pray my Mother thither ſend a Maid,
To tell *Laertes* ſecretly the news.

When

When tō him thus *Telemachus* had ſaid,
Eumæus on his feet ti'd on his ſhooes.
Ulyſſes and his Son now left alone,
Came *Pallas* to them. At the door ſhe ſtood.
But by *Telemachus* ſhe was not known.
Gods are not known but by whom they think good.
Ulyſſes knew her. Fair ſhe was and tall,
And of a grave wiſe Matron had the look;
And by the Dogs perceiv'd was. For they all
Whining and terrifi'd the place forſook.
A ſigne *Ulyſſes* ſhe made with her brow.
Then he went forth, and ſhe unto him ſpake.
Son of *Laertes*, wiſe *Ulyſſes*, now
Your Son with your deſigne acquainted make.
And when you have the Suiters fate contrived,
Go to the City both. 'Twill not be long
Before I at your Combate be arrived,
And give you my aſſiſtance in the throng.
Then ſtroakt him over with a wand of Gold,
And preſently his Rags were Cloak and Coat.
His Cheeks were plump. His Beard black to behold.
To which his goodly locks unlike were not.
This done, the Goddeſs mounted to the Skies.
Ulyſſes to the houſe again retir'd.
But from him then his Son turn'd off his eyes.
So much this alteration he admir'd.
He thought it was ſome God, and to him ſaid,
You are ſome God deſcended from the Sky.
Your colour's better, better you arraid.
Save us. Our Gifts ſhall on your Altar lie.
And then *Ulyſſes* ſaid, God I am none.
What ail you with the Gods me to compare?
For I your Father am whom you bemoan,
And for whom you have had ſuch pain and care.
And then embrac'd and kiſs'd his Son, and wept,
So that the ground he ſtood upon was wet,
Though hitherto his eyes he dry kept,
But by his Son believ'd he was not yet.
You're not (ſays he) my Father, but ſome Spright
That flatters me into more miſery.

Of

Of mortal men there's none that has the might
To do such things without a Deity.
A God indeed can mans decay redeem.
You were but now an old man ill arrai'd.
And now like one new come from Heaven seem.
To this *Ulysses* answered and said,
Telemachus be not amaz'd too much.
Other *Ulysses* you shall never see.
I am the man, although my luck be such,
As after twenty year not known to be.
The change you see was by *Athena* wrought,
That made me what she list (for she can do't)
A Beggar old, or Youth in a fine Coat,
And handsome Cloak, and other Garments to't.
For easie 'tis for Gods, on mortal men
To lay on glory and the same displace.
This said, *Ulysses* sat him down. And then
Telemachus his Father did embrace,
And then they both toge her wept and sob'd.
As Eagles or as Vultures when they see
Their Nests by Country-people spoil'd and rob'd,
And young ones kill'd before they fledged be;
So wept these two, and weeping there had staid
Perhaps until the closing of the day,
But that *Telemachus* t' *Ulysses* said,
Father, how came you t' *Ithaca* I pray?
Where are the Seamen that set you ashore?
For sure I am you could not come by land.
In a good Ship, said he, I was brought o're
From th' Isle *Phæacia*, and left o'th' Sand.
That people, Strangers all that thither come,
Convoy unto the place where they would be.
And when I was desirous to go home,
At *Ithaca* asleep they landed me
Enricht with Presents, Garments, Gold and Brass.
And in a Cave I hidden have the same.
And, as I by *Athena* counsel'd was,
The Suiters fate to weave I hither came.
Tell me how many now they are. That we
Consider may if we two and no more

Shall

Shall be enough to get the Victory,
Or muſt we of ſome elſe the aid implore?
O Father (ſaid his Son) you are renown'd
For a good Counſellour, and man of might.
But very hard the thing is you propound,
That two men ſhould againſt ſo many fight.
They are not only ten, or two times ten,
But many more. Their number (let me ſee)
From out *Dulichium* two and fifty men;
And with them luſty Serving-men twice three.
From *Same* choſen men come twenty four.
Twenty from *Zant*, and twelve of *Ithaca*.
Medon the Squire, a Fidler, and what more?
Two Cooks that of a Feaſt had learnt the Law.
'Twill be but ill revenge to fight them all.
Therefore I think it beſt to look for aid,
And ſome good Neighbour to aſſiſt you call.
To this *Ulyſſes* anſwered and ſaid,
Conſider then and caſt it in your mind,
Whether we two, *Pallas* and *Jove* to boot
Will ſerve, or muſt we other Succours find?
Then ſaid his Son, O Father, that will do't.
Thoſe friends indeed would ſerve us very much.
Immortals againſt Mortals have great odds;
Higher they ſtand, and of themſelves are ſuch,
As would too hard be for all th'other Gods.
Yes, ſaid *Ulyſſes*, if the Woo'rs and I
Come but to Battle once, 'twill not be long
Ere ſuch good aids will have the Victory,
And make an end of this unruly throng.
But you *Telemachus* go early home
To morrow morning; mingle with the rabble.
I after you will with *Eumæus* come
Like to a Beggar old and miſerable.
Where if you ſee me us'd ill-favour'dly,
Thrown at or pull'd about the houſe by th'heels,
As unconcern'd, endure it patiently,
What pain ſoever thereby your heart feels.
But yet with gentle words you may perſuade them.
For ſure I am they will not you obey,

The

The Gods Immortal have ſo ſtupid made them
As on themſelves to bring their fatal day.
But now to what I ſay attentive be.
When *Pallas* ſhall me prompt, I'll with my head
Make you a Signe. Aſſoon as that you ſee,
Let th' Arms in th' Hall away be carried.
And ſay (if any Suiter aſk wherefore)
The fire hath hurt them, and they are not now
Such as *Ulyſſes* left them heretofore,
When with the *Greeks* t'*Ilium* he did go.
Or ſay, For fear ſome Quarrel ſhould ariſe
By th' indiſcretion of one or other,
You thought the counſel would not be unwiſe, (other.
To take them thence. One drawn Sword draws an-
But two Spears, two Swords, & two Shields keep ſtill,
To take in hand when we the onſet make.
Jove from miſtruſt and *Pallas* keep them will.
And farther from me this inſtruction take.
As I your Father am, and you my Son,
Of my return a word let no man hear,
Father, or Wife, or Servant any one.
To ſpeak of it in company forbear.
But let's of the Maid-ſervants you and I
Endeavour what we can to know the mind.
And your Men-ſervants alſo I would try,
From whom you honour or diſhonour find.
Father, then ſaid *Telemachus*, you'll ſee,
I am not loſe of tongue. But 'tis not good
The men to queſtion. 'Twill loſt labour be,
Becauſe without the houſe they have their food,
Though there they havock of your ſubſtance make.
Do as you pleaſe. 'Tis a long buſineſs
Of ev'ry one of them account to take.
Inform your ſelf of th'womens wickedneſs.
I would not willingly go up and down
To ev'ry Lodge, what there is done to ſee.
For our work done, theirs will be better known,
If you with Signes from *Jove* acquainted be.
Thus they diſcours'd. The Mariners mean while
Had brought into the Haven of the Town

The

The Ship that brought *Telemachus* from *Pyle*.
Then drew it up to land, the Sayls pull'd down.
The Presents unto *Clytius* they bear,
And to *Penelope* a man they sent,
That of her Sons arrival she might hear,
And how unto *Eumæus* Lodge he went,
And sent the Ship to put her out of fear,
Left she should for his absence longer weep.
Eumeus was for the same bus'ness there,
He from his Lodge, the other from the Deep.
He told the Queen th' arrival of her Son.
And to her Maids the other told the same.
And when they both their Messages had done,
Back to *Telemachus Eumæus* came.
At this the Suiters vext, lookt down and sad,
And out o'th' Gates together went, where they
Amongst themselves a consultation had,
And to them thus *Eurylochus* 'gan say.
'Tis very strange, *Telemachus* is come.
We thought he never should return agen.
But since 'tis so, to call our Fellows home,
Let's hire and man a Boat with Fishermen.
His words scarce out, *Amphinomus* comes near,
And turning towards th'Haven them espi'd
Furling their Sails, and laughing said, Th'are here,
You need not any Messenger provide,
Some God sure told him of them, or else they
Saw the ship coming by, but were too slow
To overtake her. This said, they away
Down to the waters-side together go.
And up unto the land the ship they hale;
Their Servants what was in her bear away.
And then to consultation they fall,
Nor with them suffer'd any else to stay.
To them *Antinous* began and said,
The Gods *Telemachus* have strangely kept.
Our Scouts from Morn to Night o'th' Mountains staid,
Nor on the land by night we ever slept,
But rowed up and down until 'twas day.
We thought he could not scape in any wise.

And yet some Dæmon brought him has away.
Come, let us how to kill him here devise:
For whilst he lives our work will not be done.
Crafty he is, and can his purpose hide,
Nor have we yet sufficiently won
The people of the Town with us to side.
The multitude to counsel he will call,
And ranting tell them that we go about
To murther him, and so enflame them all,
That from our Country they will cast us out,
And make us beg our bread. Which to eschew
Let's kill him in the Fields, or in the Way;
Divide his goods amongst us as is due;
His Houses to his Mother leave we may,
To give to him with whom she means to marry.
If this you like not, but that he shall stay,
And have his Fathers state, then let's not tarry,
But each man to his own house go his way
And there contend who shall the best endow her,
And in her favour the superiour be.
Or let the Fates dispose the happy hour
To whom she has a mind to. So said he.
Then spake *Amphinomus* the Noble Son
Of the rich *Nisus Aretiades*,
Amongst the Wooers inferior to none,
And best of all *Penelope* did please.
Telemachus (said he) I would not kill.
'Tis dangerous to slay the Royal Blood.
But let us first of *Jove* enquire the will.
If he Command, I'll do't, and say 'tis good.
If he forbid, I wish you to desist.
So said *Amphinomus*, and 'twas thought fit.
And presently the Council was dismist.
And then into the house they go and sit.
And now *Penelope* resolv'd to appear
Before her Suiters sitting in the Hall.
For to her Son she knew they Traytors were.
Medon that with them was had told her all.
Down to the Hall she went, and in the Door
Having a Woman at each hand, she said,

And

And proud *Antinous* rebuked ſore.
Antinous, you Traytor impudent (he ſaid)
In *Ithaca* the Glory you have got
Of Wit and Eloquence. You are beſi'd.
Madman, what ail you my Sons death to plot,
And to his Strangers here to ſhew ſuch pride?
Poor Strangers have their Paſport from the Gods.
To do them wrong is great Impiety.
And worſe between themſelves to be at ods.
You know your Father hither once did fly,
Fearing the People who he had offended,
Joyning with *Tophian* Thieves to make a prey
Of *Theſprote* Cattle, and were here defended
Againſt the *Theſprotes*, though our friends were they.
They ſlain him had, and ſeiſed his eſtate,
But that *Ulyſſes* ſaved him, and now
For to requite him what d'ye, O ingrate?
You eat his cattle, and his Wife you wooe,
And kill my Son, and daily me moleſt.
Deſiſt, I tell you, and the reſt perſwade
To leave theſe evil courſes, you were beſt,
To this *Eurylochus* then anſwer made.
Icarius Daughter, wiſe *Penelope*,
Fear not. None ſhall lay hands upon your Son,
As long as I am living and can ſee,
Who does, his blood ſhall on my Spear down run.
His Father oft has ſet me on his knee,
And given me good Wine, and good meat roſt.
Afraid of any Woo'r you need not be.
Telemachus of all men I love moſt.
Of death from Gods hand none can warrant you.
But as for us you may ſecurely ſleep.
So ſaid he, and yet then his death did brew.
Away went then *Penelope* to weep,
And wept till *Pallas* came and clos'd her eyes.
And to *Ulyſſes* and his Son at night
Eumæus came. A Swine they ſacrifice.
And then did *Pallas* from the Sky alight,
And with her Rod return'd *Ulyſſes* old,
And ill arral'd, for fear he ſhould be known

T'*Eumeus* or *Penelope*, and told
By them to others, and abroad be blown.
Telemachus then to *Eumeus* ſaid,
Eumeus, are you come? what news from Town?
The Suiters are they come that me way-laid?
Or do they for me ſtill look up and down?
Then ſaid *Eumeus*, I did not enquire,
Upon my Meſſage only was my mind.
That done, to make haſte back was my deſire.
But there I chanc't a Meſſenger to find,
Sent by your Mates to tell *Penelope*,
And he the news t'your Mother firſt did tell.
I ſaw a ſhip that new came in from Sea,
But whether that were it, I know not well.
Aboard were many Arms and many men.
And though I were not ſure, I thought 't was it.
Telemachus on's Father ſmiled then,
But ſo as that *Eumeus* could not ſee't.
Then came their Supper in, which they fell to.
A Supper good they had, and were well pleaſed.
And when their hunger had no more to do,
With gentle ſleep their fear and care diſſeiſed.

LIB. XVII.

SOon as the roſie Morning did appear,
Riſeth *Telemachus*; his ſhooes puts on;
And takes into his hand his heavy Spear;
And haſteth to the City to be gone.
And ſaid unto *Eumeus*, Father, I
Am going to the City, there to ſee
My Mother, that will never ceaſe to cry,
And ſob till in her ſight I ſtanding be.

But

But the poor Stranger guide you to the Town,
With broken meat and wine himself to feed,
Such as he gets by begging up and down.
I cannot maintain all men that have need.
Tak't how he will. For I love to speak plain.
Then said *Ulysses*, Sweet Friend; nor would I
Here in the Country willingly remain.
For Beggars wants great Cities best supply.
Here at the Lodge no service I can do.
And now to learn of others am too old.
With this man to the City I would go,
But warm me first I would. For very cold
This Morning is. I fear this hoary frost:
Far hence the Town is, and my Garments thin;
And which I reason have to fear the most,
My rags will to the air betray my skin.
Telemachus then speedily went home,
With mischief to the Suiters in his head.
And when he to the Palace-gate was come,
T'a Pillar sets his Spear, and entered.
Eurycleа was cov'ring Chairs i'th' Hall,
And saw him first, and straight unto him went;
And then the other women-servants all
Declared with much kissing their content.
Then like *Diana* or fair *Aphrodite*,
Penelope came shedding tears of joy,
And on his shoulders laid her arms milk-white,
And kist his head and eyes, and thus did say:
Telemachus my dear Child, are you here?
I never thought again your face to see,
Since of your Father news you went to hear
At *Pyle* by Sea, without acquainting me.
But tell me what at *Pyle* they of him say.
Mother (said he) pray let me take my breath,
My thoughts in great disorder are to day;
I come but now from out the jaws of death.
But with your Maids go to your Chamber now,
And in your fairest Garments you array,
And to th'Immortal Gods all make a Vow
A perfect Hecatomb to them you'll pay,

If *Jove* be pleas'd our losses to restore.
But I unto the Market-place must haste,
To treat a Stranger whom I sent before,
And till my coming with *Piræus* plac't.
Penelope then to her Chamber went,
And put her self into her best array.
Her vows to all th'Immortal Gods she sent
A perfect Hecatomb to them to pay,
If *Jove* be pleas'd her losses to restore.
Telemachus in hand then takes his Spear,
And with two Dogs at's heels went out a door;
And *Pallas* made him like a God appear.
The people all admir'd him as he came;
The Suiters all about him gathered,
And spake him fair, while in their hearts they frame
Plots and devices how his blood to shed.
But he his seat amongst them quickly quits,
To *Mentor* and his Fathers antient friends
Altherses, *Antiphus*, with them he sits,
And there the time discoursing with them spends.
Piræus not long after cometh in,
And brings his Stranger with him to the place,
Who there a very little while had been
But that *Telemachus* hard by him was.
Then said *Piræus* to *Telemachus*,
Send of your women some to fetch away
The goodly Presents you left at my house.
No, said *Telemachus*, let them yet stay,
I know not yet the event of our affairs.
If th'Wooers kill me and my Goods divide,
I rather had they should be yours than theirs.
If I kill them, and God be on my side,
Then send them, and I'll take them joyfully,
And brought away the Stranger with him home.
And by and by the Suiters thither hie.
And when they all into the house were come,
On Couches and on Chairs their Cloaks they lay,
And presently into their Baths they go.
And bath'd and oyl'd again themselves array,
And sat them down. And Supper ready now,

A

A Maid then water in a Golden Ewre
To wash their hands over a Bason brings.
The Bason also was of silver pure.
Another on the Tables lays good things,
That in her keeping were, and sets on Bread.
Penelope sat spinning in the door.
And then they heartily fell to and fed.
And when desire of meat and drink was o're,
Unto her Son *Penelope* then spake.
I will, said she, upon my bed lie down,
Though there I ever weeping lie awake,
Since he went with *Atrides* to *Troy*-Town,
Since you would not vouchsafe to let me know
The news you heard, before these men came in.
Mother (said he) the truth I'll you now.
We went to *Pyle*, and *Nestor* we have seen.
And lovingly we entertained were.
For as a Father entertains his Son
Come home from far; so were we treated there,
And welcome to his Children every one.
But that *Ulysses* was alive or dead,
He met with no man that could tell him true.
But us to go to *Sparta* counselled,
And said, If any, *Menelaus* knew.
And us with Coach and Horses did provide
(Where we saw *Helen*, bane of *Greece* and *Troy*)
He also sent his Son with us for Guide,
And thither come receiv'd we were with joy.
Atrides of my coming askt the reason.
I told him all the truth. He answer'd then,
Oh ho, into the strong mans house by Treason
Are entred many weak and heartless men.
As when a Stag and Hind entring the den
Of th'absent Lion, lulls his whelps with tales
Of Hills and Dales, the Lion comes agen
And tears them into pieces with his nails;
So shall *Ulysses* all these rascals slay.
Oh that the Gods *Apollo*, *Pallas*, *Jove*,
Amongst the Suiters bring him would one day,
Such as when with *Philomelide* he strove,

And threw him flat, and made the *Argives* glad,
If such *Ulysses* once amongst them were,
Short would their lives be, and their wedding bad.
But of the matter, whereof you enquire,
On my own knowledge I can nothing say,
Nor will with rash conjectures you beguile.
I told was with *Calypso* he doth stay
(By *Proteus* an old Sea-God) in an Isle,
And would come home, but wants both ship & men
To pass him o're the broad back of the Main.
This said, we took our leaves, a fair gale then
Quickly convei'd us o're the liquid plain.
After *Telemachus* had spoken thus,
Penelope her heart was ill at ease.
And then spake to her *Theoclymenus*.
Wife of *Ulysses Laertiades*,
This man (said he) knows not, hear me. For I
Joves mind foresee. *Jove* first, and then the Ghost
That takes the care of this blest family,
And dwelling in it doth maintain the roost,
You know *Ulysses* is now in this Isle,
Sitting or creeping, and observes these Wooers,
What evil deeds they do. And he the while
The Destiny contriveth of the doers.
I saw the same at Sea by Augury,
And said unto *Telemachus* no less.
Oh that the Gods would make it true, said she,
I'd so reward you that men should you bless.
While they together thus within discourse,
The Suiters were gone out to throw the Stone,
And Darts upon the Green before the doors
As they at other times before had done. (brought
Now Supper-time drew near. Sheep home were
From every field. Then *Medon* to them spake,
(Who 'mongst the Suiters had most favour got)
Come in, says he, and care of Supper take.
For of these Games, I see you have your fill.
In supping early damage there is none.
Agreed they were; none thought the motion ill.
They then into the Hall went every one.

On

On Couches and on Chairs their Cloaks they throw,
Great Sheep, fat Goats enough they sacrifice
And franked Swine, and from the Herd a Cow.
Mean while *Eumeus* to the City hies,
Ulysses with him, to whom thus he said,
Come Father, let us to the City go,
Since 'tis my Masters will. You should have staid
If my advice you would have hearken'd to,
But the Commands of Masters are severe;
The time o'th' day already is much spent.
And though it will be late e're we be there,
I fear, e're it be night you will repent.
And then *Ulysses* to *Eumeus* said,
I hear, I understand, I pray go on.
Only of rugged way I am afraid,
Give me a good strong staff to lean upon.
Then on his shoulder he his Scrip did throw;
Given he had a great Staff to his mind,
And they two to the Town together go,
Leaving the Swineherds and the dogs behind.
Ulysses like a Beggar old and lame,
And all his Rayment ragged was and wretched.
But when they near unto the fountain came,
From which the Citizens their water fetched,
The fountain sweetly streaming and well made
B'*Ithacus Neritus*, *Polector* Kings,
That flieth from a high and chilling shade,
Where in a Poplar Grove arise the Springs,
And there an Altar is, and on the same
The Passengers to th'Nymphs pay offerings.
When we were there, *Melanthus* to us came,
And Goats, the fattest of his Herds, he brings.
Whither now goest thou with this Beggar here,
This trouble-feast, who begging scraps and snufts,
(Not Swords and Kettles) many blows shall bear
Of flying foot-stools, and get many cuffs.
Would thou wouldst give him me my Lodge to keep,
And lead my Goats afield with a green bough,
And live on Whey, and my Goat-houses sweep,
And his great knee unto such service bow.

But hang him, he has such a custome got
Of idleness with begging of his food,
That labour for his living he will not.
But this I tell you, and 'twill be made good,
When he within *Ulysses* house appears,
Many a footstool in the Hall will fly
From out the Suiters hands about his ears.
This said, he pass'd, and kick'd him going by.
Ulysses still stood firm upon the path,
Thinking to strike him with his great Staff dead,
Or otherwise to kill him in his wrath.
But in the end his wrath he conquered.
Eumæus then held up his hands and pray'd:
Nymphs of these Fountains, Daughters of Great *Jove*,
If the fat Gifts here by *Ulysses* laid
Upon your Altars were receiv'd with love,
Grant that he may come safely home again
By some good Spirit to his house convai'd.
Then (to *Melanthius* said he) all in vain
Will be your triumph, and your pride allai'd,
Wherewith you to the Suiters daily go,
And Knaves remain the Cattle to abate.
Then said *Melanthius* again, O ho!
How boldly does this Dog, this Raskal prate.
Whom one day I shall from hence ship away,
And make of him somewhere abroad good gain.
Would th' Wooers, or *Phœbus*, but as surely slay
The Son, as 'tis t'expect his Father vain.
When this was said, away he went apace,
And coming to the Suiters in the Hall,
Against *Eurymachus* he took his place,
Whom best he loved of the Suiters all.
And there the waiters set before him meat.
The Women of the Pantry brought him bread.
Ulysses and *Eumæus* were not yet
Arriv'd, but near, for close they followed,
And of the Fiddle they could hear the din.
Ulysses said unto *Eumæus* then,
'Tis a fine House *Ulysses* dwelled in,
And eas'ly known from those of other men,

The

The Court with Wall and Hedge is feneced ſtrong,
Having ſtrong Gates, with two Locks great & faſt,
Some Feaſt here is; I hear the ſound of Song,
And Fiddle, which with Feaſt the Gods have plac't.
Then anſwered *Eumæus*, 'Tis well gueſt,
And other things you mark as well as this.
But let us now conſider what is beſt,
In that which at this time our buſ'neſs is,
Go you in firſt, and put your ſelf among
The Suiters; or if you think better ſo,
I'll firſt go in, but do not you ſtay long,
Leſt you of one another take a blow.
I hear, I underſtand. Go you in firſt.
The Seas and Wars have taught me patience.
Of all my ſuffrings this is not the worſt.
Of blows and throws I have experience.
And may the Suiters henceforth have the ſame.
The Belly forceth Mortals to much Woe.
But there is no force can the Belly tame.
It ſets the good Ship on the Sea to go
Which t'one another evil fortune bears.
While they diſcourſed thus before the door,
Ulyſſes Dog held up his head and ears,
Argus by name, that had been long before
Well lookt to, ere *Ulyſſes* went to *Troy*.
They with him cours'd the wild Goat, Deer, and Hare;
But all the while his Maſter was away,
The Servants of his keeping took no care.
But on the Dung before the Door he lay,
Which there was heap'd to manure Fields & Leas,
From many Mules and Cattle faln away.
There lay the old Dog *Argus* full of Fleas.
And as *Ulyſſes* near was couch'd his ears
And fawned with his tail, but could not riſe,
And which *Eumæus* did not ſee, the tears
Ready to fall were from *Ulyſſes* eyes.
And then *Ulyſſes* to *Eumæus* ſaid,
This is a very well-ſhap'd Dog I ſee.
'Tis ſtrange to ſee him on a Dunghil laid.
I know not whether alſo ſwift he be.

Or

Or for his beauty only was he fed,
As Lords make much of Dogs for being fine,
And at their Tables see them cherished.
Then answered the Master of the Swine:
The Master of him is of life bereft.
If now he were the same for shape and deed
He then was when *Ulysses* here him left,
You'ld quickly see he had both strength & speed.
There was no Beast he once saw in the Wood
That could escape him. For not only swift,
But also at a Sent was very good.
But now himself scarce able is to lift.
For why his Master being dead and gone,
He was not left unto the Womans care.
And when the Master is not looking on,
Men-servants of their duty careless are.
For half the vertue taken is away
Of whosoever is to service ti'd.
This said, into the house he went his way.
And *Argus* having seen his Master, di'd.
Telemachus, the first that saw him enter,
Unto him nodded to come to his Seat.
A Chopping-board was near him by adventure.
He took up that, whereon to eat his meat.
And near *Telemachus* he plac'd the same.
A Waiter sets before him flesh and bread.
And after him *Ulysses* also came
Like an old Beggar torn and tattered.
And said t'*Eumæus*, Give the Beggar this,
And bid him go and try the charity
Of all the rest; and tell him hurtful 'tis
For Beggars to have too much modesty.
Eumæus then streight went unto the Guest,
And said, *Telemachus* doth give you this,
And bids you try your fortune with the rest,
For modesty to Beggars hurtful is.
And then *Ulysses* to *Eumæus* says,
God bless *Telemachus* and make him great,
And always grant him that for which he prays.
And then with both his hands receiv'd his meat.

And

And as the Fiddle with the Feast gives o're,
Ulysses when he eaten had his meat,
Sate quiet on the Sill and said no more.
But still amongst the Woo'rs the noise was great.
Then *Pallas* comes and stands *Ulysses* by,
And bids him try the Suiters as they sat
Which of them had, which wanted charity,
Though they the same men would be for all that.
Then rising up, before the first he stands,
And to the right hand onward still he goes
To every one, and holds up both his hands,
Like one that well the Art of begging knows.
They gave him meat, and wondred at the man,
And one another askt, Who is't, and whence.
And then *Melanthius* to speak began:
I saw him, said he, but a little since
Brought hither by the Master of the Swine.
But who he is, his kinred, and his place,
It is not in my power to divine.
This said, *Antinous* in choler was.
O Noble Master of the Swine, said he,
What made you here to introduce this Guest?
Think you that yet too few the Beggars be,
That you must needs invite this trouble-feast,
Your Lords estate the sooner to eat up?
Good as you are (says he) you say not right.
No man a Stranger e're call'd in to Sup,
And him on no acquaintance did invite,
Unless he were a man that most men need,
Prophet, Physitian, or Armourer,
Or Fidler at a Feast; for when men feed
A Song doth add delight unto the chear.
These use to be invited ev'ry where.
Who ever call'd a Beggar in to eat?
But to the Servants you still cruel were,
And of them all you me the worst did treat.
But I care little whilst *Penelope*
Alive is, and *Telemachus* her Son.
Telemachus then bad him silent be.
Eumæus (said he) let him now alone,

He loves to quarrel, and ſet others on.
Then to *Antinous* he turn'd and ſpake,
Is this as from a Father to his Son,
To b'd me, make my Gueſt my houſe forſake?
I'll never do't. Give him what Alms you will,
Nor ſhall my Mother, nor I, nor a man,
Nor woman that here dwelleth take it ill.
But eat than give, it ſeems you better can.
Then ſaid *Antinous*, Theſe words are great,
And paſſionate, but ſpoken without need.
If thus we all go on to give him meat,
He may himſelf three months together feed.
This ſaid, his Footſtool to his foot he drew.
Ulyſſes with his Scrip went to the Sill,
(For it was full) meaning to beg anew.
And firſt he tries *Antinous* his will.
Give a poor Stranger (ſays he.) You appear
Amongſt the *Achæans* here to be the beſt.
For like a King you look, and reaſon 'twere
You ſhould in bounty exceed all the reſt.
And I abroad your goodneſs will make known.
I could for riches once with moſt compare,
And kept a great and free houſe of my own,
And aſkt what want you, man, not what you are.
And many Servants had, and things that paſs
For happineſs amongſt us mortals all,
Till t'*Ægypt* I by Knaves perſwaded was
To Sail. I'th' *Nile* we let our Anchors fall.
There I my Fellows bid aboard to ſtay,
And guard the ſhips; and ſome to places high
I ſent to watch. But mov'd by lucre they
On Plunder and on Rapine had their eye.
The fields they waſte, and kill the men, and make
Women and Children Captives. Their the cry
Arriving at the City, Arms they take,
And next day early to the fields they hie
With Horſe and Foot. Then thund'red the Field,
Their Armour lightned. My men fright'ed were.
Some taken and made ſlaves, ſome flying kill'd,
And all the reſt ran ſcatter'd here and there.

Toth'

To th'King of *Cyprus* I was made a Gift,
Dmetor by name, the King of *Ægypt*'s Guest.
And to come hither thence, I made hard shift.
Then said *Antinous*, Stand off you're best.
What Devil to molest us sent this Rogue
Unmannerly, that with such impudence
To beg presumeth here, and to cologue?
Stand off. Or ill at ease I'll send you hence.
They that have given have done foolishly,
And at another's cost been charitable.
No wonder in such superfluity.
Ulysses then retired from the Table.
O, O, said he, I had but little skill,
That from the Aspect have inferred wit.
Not give (I see) a crum of salt you will
To a poor man that humbly asketh it.
Antinous at this enrag'd at th'heart,
Look'd on *Ulysses* angerly, and said,
To part hence safely thou not likely art;
Since to my face thou dar'st me thus upbraid.
This said, he threw the Footstool at his head,
Which touch'd his shoulder, but remov'd him not.
Then to the Sill himself he rendered,
Shaking his head with vengeance in his thought.
Ulysses then unto the Suiters spake.
A man (said he) not much is griev'd a blow
In fighting for his Kine or Sheep, to take.
But he did for his Belly at me throw.
If any care the Gods of poor men have,
Antinous before he marri'd be,
It like enough to go into his Grave.
Antinous replies, Sit quietly
And eat your meat, lest taken by the heels
The Servants hale and drag you out o'th' Gate,
Or use you worse, your tongue so runs on wheels.
At this the rest all discontented sate,
And one among the rest unto him said,
Antinous, it was unjustly done
To use a Stranger so. The Gods arraid
In poor mens habits mens deeds look upon,

And

And notice take, who well does, and who ill.
Telemachus was grieved at the heart
For what was done, but did no tear distil,
But shook his head, and hop'd to make them smart.
When what had pass'd was told *Penelope*,
Apollo strike him to the heart, said she.
If I my wish had, said *Eurynome*,
No Suiter of them all the morn should see.
Then said *Penelope* again, 'Tis true,
They all be enemies, and mean us evil.
But he the fiercest is of all the Crew,
And rageth in the house like any Devil.
A Stranger in distress comes to the door,
Whom want constrained had to beg his bread.
The rest all give him somewhat of their store,
But he a Footstool throweth at his head.
While she thus and her Women talking were,
Ulysses supping sat upon the Sill.
I fain (said she) would have the Beggar here.
Fetch him *Eumeus*, talk with him I will.
I'll ask him if *Ulysses* he have seen,
For many men and Cities knoweth he.
Eumeus then made answer to the Queen:
If once the Suiters would but silent be,
You would be pleas'd his History to hear.
Three days and nights he stai'd with me an end.
And of his sufferings much he told me there
When new arriv'd; but came not to the end.
As when a man that knows the Art of Song,
Sings lovely words with sweet & well-tun'd voice,
The man that hears him thinks not the time long;
So I in his strange story did rejoyce.
He said *Ulysses* was his Fathers Guest,
In the Isle of *Crete* where reigneth *Minos* race.
Himself (he said) with many woes oppress,
The Fates at last him tumbled to this place.
And that he heard *Ulysses* is hard by,
And that into *Thesprotia* he's come
Alive and well; enriched mightily;
With Treasure which he now is bringing home.

Then

Then ſaid *Penelope*, Go call me hither
The Beggar, I my ſelf will aſk him all.
And mean while let the Suiters chat together
Where they think beſt without or in the Hall.
For merry they muſt be, ſince they feed here,
And their own Corn and Wine and Cattle ſave,
And with our Cattle make themſelves good chear,
And on our Corn and Wine no mercy have.
For ſuch as was *Ulyſſes* here is none,
That ſhould defend us from their injuries.
But were he hither come, he, and his Son,
Would bring deſtruction on theſe enemies.
This ſaid, it chanc'd *Telemachus* to ſneeze.
She laught, and for the Beggar calls agen.
You ſee *Eumæus*, *Jove* with me agrees,
And certainly ſlain ſhall be all theſe men.
Go call the Beggar, and ſay this from me,
If I find true what he ſhall to me ſay,
He ſhall with Coat and Veſt rewarded be.
Eumæus to the Beggar went his way.
And when he near him was, Father, ſaid he,
Penelope deſires to ſpeak with you.
About *Ulyſſes* ſhe inform'd would be,
And ſaid, If ſhe find all you ſay be true,
She clothe you will with a fair Coat and Veſt,
Which you ſtand moſt in need of. But for food
By begging in the Town you'll get it beſt,
Where they relieve you will that ſhall think good.
Ulyſſes to *Eumæus* anſwered,
Penelope I quickly can inform.
For he and I have jointly ſuffered.
But from the Suiters I much fear a ſtorm.
Their inſolence is known up to the Sky.
Juſt now a Footſtool one threw at my head,
When given him no cauſe at all had I,
Nor could I by her Son be ſuccoured.
Therefore intreat *Penelope* to ſtay
Untill the Sun be ſet and Suiters gone,
And by the fire-ſide hear what I can ſay.
You ſee what woful Garments I have on.

Then

Then back *Eumæus* went with his excuſe,
And came without him to *Penelope*.
How now (ſaid ſhe) does he to come refuſe?
They that are baſhful but ill Beggars be.
Not ſo, O Queen (ſaid he) he is diſcreet.
He prays you ſtay till ſetting of the Sun,
Fearing ſome danger from the Woo'rs to meet.
And for you alſo then 'twill beſt be done.
I ſee (quoth ſhe) the Stranger wants not wit.
For in the world never ſo many men
Contriving miſchief did together ſit.
So ſaid *Penelope*. *Eumæus* then
Went down and put himſelf into the throng,
And to *Telemachus* ſaid in his ear,
I have been abſent from my Swine too long.
I go, and to your care leave all things here,
And chiefly of your life to have a care.
Many there are that bear you evil mind,
And how to take your life contriving are.
But may they firſt their own deſtruction find.
Then ſaid *Telemachus*, And ſo 'twill be.
Farewel. But I adviſe you firſt to dine.
The buſ'neſs here leave to the Gods and me.
Then dined he and went back unto the Swine,
Next morning with more Victims to return.
And full he left the Hall and Court with men,
Who there themſelves to Song and dancing turn.
For leſs than half the day remained then.

Lib. XVIII.

THen came a Beggar to *Ulyſſes* Gate:
The man to ſee to was both great and tall,
Though but a lither fellow. Down he ſate
Boldly within the Porch before the Hall.
He had a greedy Gut, and named was
At firſt *Arnæus*, then *Irus*; for he went
On errants oft, when ever there was cauſe.
The Wooers favour made him inſolent.
This Beggar thought to drive *Ulyſſes* thence.
Doſt ſee thoſe Princes how they wink at me,
And by the heels would have me pluckt thee hence?
Though to do that I ſhould aſhamed be.
Go from the door Old man leſt I ſhould do it.
Up therefore quickly and be gone; ariſe
Before that with my fiſts I force you to it.
Ulyſſes frowning anſwer'd in this wiſe:
Strange man, I neither do thee harm, nor ſay
Thee any ill. Here's room for thee and me.
I do not envy you the meat which they
Shall give you here, how much ſo e're it be.
Envy not other men; I think you are
As well as I a Beggar; but forbear
To threaten me too much. You're beſt beware,
Old as I am, leſt I your lips beſmear
And breaſt with blood, and ſo have better room.
For to *Ulyſſes* houſe I'm confident
Thou never wilt be able more to come.
This made the Beggar more impatient.
O (ſays he) how the Raſkal prates! 'Twere well
To beat the Raſkals teeth out, while his Tongue

Thus

Thus runs on wheels, till to the ground they fell.
Let these see fight the Old man with the Young.
Whilst in great heat they quarrell'd at the door,
They by *Antinous* observed were,
Who laughing said there never came before
Such sport to th'House. The Beggars standing there
Will go to cuffs, I pray let's hold them to it.
Then up they start, and round about them stand.
There are o'th' fire good puddings full of suit,
Of these, let him that conquers lay his hand
On which he will. So said *Antinous*,
And have the priviledge, and none but he
To beg within the Porch before the house,
And of our talk at meat a hearer be.
The motion pleas'd. And then *Ulysses* spake;
The match is hard, an Old man 'gainst a Younger,
Yet this my belly bids me undertake.
And I'm acquainted more with blows than hunger.
But I must first intreat you all to swear
Not to help *Irus*, nor a heavy hand
To lay on me, but both of us forbear,
And justly 'twixt us both as Neuters stand.
When all had sworn, then said *Telemachus*,
Stranger, if thou dare combat with this man
None else shall do thee hurt. *Antinous*,
Eurymachus, and I defend you can.
This said, *Ulysses* cover'd kept his gear,
But shew'd his shoulders wide, & his strong thighs.
His large breast and his brawny arms appear.
And *Pallas* standing by inlarg'd his size.
At which the Suiters greatly wondered,
And one unto another softly said,
Irus has pull'd an old House on his head.
And *Irus* then was mightily afraid.
But yet by force the Servants brought him out,
His flesh still trembling on his limbs with fear,
Shew not thy self a Coward and a lout;
Nor fear a man worn out with many a year.
For if he get the better, thou shalt go
Unto King *Takim*, and there by his Law

Thy

Thy nose and ears, and privy parts also
Shall be cut off, and dogs shall eat them raw.
This made him quake more yet. Into the lists
They brought him so. Both ready were to fight.
Ulysses then thought how to use his fists,
Whether to beat him down or kill him quite.
But not t'offend the Suiters thought it best
To strike him gently. And when they were near
Irus did hit *Ulysses* on the breast.
Ulysses Irus struck just under th'ear.
He broke the bones, at's mouth the blood gusht out.
He fell, squeakt, shed his teeth. The Suiters were
With laughter almost dead, that stood about.
Ulysses drag'd him to the utter-gate,
And set him to the hedge, as 'twere a Signe,
And put a Staff in's hand. As there he sate.
Ulysses bad him keep out Dogs and Swine.
Think not thy self, quoth he, of Beggars King
(That art a very wretch) and wandering Souls.
This said; ore's head he threw the twisted string
By which his Scrip hung rag'd and full of holes.
Then sat him down i'th' Porch. The Suiters enter
All laughing in, and as they passed by
Greatly congratulated his adventure.
Stranger, said they, *Jove* and the Gods on high,
Grant thee whatever thou shalt most desire,
That hast reliev'd us from the Rascal there.
We'll send him to King *Takim* in *Epire*.
And glad *Ulysses* was his praise to hear.
Antinous a Haggas brought fill'd up
With fat and blood, and to't *Amphinomus*
Two loaves of bread, and with't a gilded Cup
Of lusty wine, and said unto him thus:
Hail, Father, Stranger, Rich and Happy be
As ere you were; though many miseries
Oppress you now. He answer'd him, I see
Amphinomus, you prudent are and wise.
So was your Father. *Nisus* was his name.
Prince of *Dulichium*, both rich and wise.

You

You are his Son, as I am told by Fame;
Therefore I will a little you advise.
There's not a weaker Creature lives o'th' ground,
Or goes, or creeps upon it than a man
Who whilst he's strong, and all his limbs are sound,
He makes account that fail he never can.
But when the Gods shall have decreed him woe,
He less indures it than another can.
Such is the nature *Jove* has assign'd to
This weak and short-liv'd Creature called Man.
For I my self was rich, and lived in
Great plenty, and was very insolent,
Bold on my strength, my Father, and my Kin,
Therefore let no man be too confident.
But rather quietly God's Gifts enjoy.
These Suiters here bring this into my mind
Who of an absent man the Goods destroy,
And that at last unto their cost they'll find.
For this I tell you (mark well what I say)
That he will soon, nay very quickly come,
And that will be to some a heavy day.
Pray God that at his coming you keep home.
This said, he drank, and to *Amphinomus*
Return'd the Cup, who shook his head in vain.
For not long after by *Telemachus*
Amongst the rest of th'Wooers he was slain.
Then *Pallas* puts *Penelope* in mind
T'appear unto the Wooers, that she might
Before her Son and Husband honour find,
And further bring the Suiters thoughts to light.
Penelope then laught not knowing why.
Eurynome (said she) my mind says go,
And shew your self before the Company.
Which heretofore I never thought to do.
I hate them, yet I mean to go to th'door,
And bid my Son their company to shun
And mix himself with those ill men no more.
Dear Child, said the old woman, 'tis well done.
Go tell him whatsoever you think fit,
But wash away the tears first from your eyes,

And

And 'noint your Cheeks; they must sometimes remit
And hide their grief, that will be counted wise.
You have your wish, your Son now is a man.
Penelope then answered her again;
Restored be my beauty never can:
'Nointing and washing now are all in vain.
The Gods, *Eurynome*, then took away
All beauty from me when *Ulysses* went
With *Agamemnon* to the Siege of *Troy*;
Such words afford me now but small content.
Call *Hippodamia* and *Autonoe*.
For why, I am asham'd my self alone
Amongst so many men in sight to be.
They shall go with me, on each side me one.
But when th'old woman was gone out, and staid,
Then *Pallas* pour'd sweet sleep upon her eyes,
And on her face a greater beauty laid,
And also made her limbs of larger size,
And whiter than the purest Ivory.
Having so done the Goddess rise to th' Skies.
Her Maidens coming made a noise, and she
Awak'd, and with her hand she strok'd her eyes.
I've had (said she) a very gentle sleep.
O that *Diana* such a gentle death
Would send me presently, nor let me weep
My life out, nor with sorrow give me breath,
Sorrow for my dear Husband, best of all
The *Grecian* Princes, and that said, then down
She goes to th Porch before the door of th'Hall
With her two Maids, she would not go alone;
And so stood at the door within their sight,
But with her Scarf her Cheeks a little shaded.
A Maid stood at her left hand and her right.
When we appear'd Love all their hearts invaded.
Her speech then to *Telemachus* sh'addrest,
Telemachus (said she) your Wit's less now
Than when you were a Boy. 'Twas then at best.
And backward more and more it seems to grow.
Now you are tall, and come to mans estate,
And 'counted are the best mens Sons among,

Of

Of your diſcretion you begin t'abate.
Why elſe d'ye let your Stranger ſuffer wrong?
If you your Gueſts thus treat, what think you, can
Men ſay of you, that's good or honourable?
You'll be reproach'd and ſcorn'd of every man,
And taken for a man unhoſpitable.
Mother, ſaid he, you well may angry be;
And yet I better know what's good and ill
Than heretofore. But theſe men hinder me.
I cannot without help, do all I will.
The Quarrel 'twixt my Gueſt and *Irus* was
None of the Suiters act, by chance it roſe,
As they ſate begging, from ſome other cauſe,
And *Irus* only bare away the blows.
O *Jupiter* (I wiſh) and all the Gods,
That all your Suiters were in *Irus* caſe,
(Who yonder ſits like one that's drunk, and nods)
Either here right or in ſome other place,
Unable to go home. *Penelope*
And her lov'd Son ſo talkt. And then
Eurymachus, if all the Lords (ſaid he)
Which now through *Argos* bear rule over men
Should ſee you now, more Suiters you'ld have here
(For you do far, all Woman-kind ſurpaſs)
And come betime to taſte of your good chear.
None ſuch for fair and prudent ever was.
No, no, ſaid ſhe. For when *Ulyſſes* went
With th'*Argive* Princes to the War of *Troy*,
The Immortal Gods took from me my content,
And with it all theſe Ornaments away.
Were he come home that took a care of me,
I ſhould more honour have and beauty ſo.
But now I lead my life in miſery,
The Gods ſome evil on me daily throw.
My Huſband when he parted hence to fight
For *Agamemnon* 'gainſt the *Trojans*, laid
At taking leave on my left hand his right,
And all thoſe words of counſel to me ſaid:
Expect you cannot (Wife) that we that go
Over the Sea unto the Siege of *Troy*

Shall

Shall all come ſafe away. The *Trojans* know
How t'uſe the Dart and Bowe too, as men ſay;
And are good Horſmen alſo, and can ſee
All their advantages in ranged field.
Therefore I know not what my luck will be,
Either to come again, or to be kill'd.
My Father and my Mother I therefore
To you commend, to ſee them cheriſhed,
As they are now, or (in my abſence) more.
And when *Telemachus* is grown, then wed.
Take whom your ſelf like beſt, and leave this houſe.
This ſaid, he parts. Ay me the time is come
I muſt embrace a Marriage odious,
And I muſt leave this my moſt bleſſed home.
Suiters were wont when they a woman woo'd
Of Noble Parentage, to pleaſe her all
They could, and ſtrive who moſt ſhould do her good;
Mine daily eat and drink me up in th'Hall.
This ſaid, *Ulyſſes* was well pleas'd to ſee
His wife draw Preſents from them, and was glad,
And th'Wooers by her over-reacht to be
With her fine words, when other thoughts ſhe had.
Then ſaid *Antinous*: *Penelope*,
Fair and wiſe daughter of *Icarius*,
Receive what e're by us ſhall offer'd be.
It is not good, good Preſents to refuſe.
Yet till you chuſe ſome one whom you think beſt
To be your Huſband, we reſolve to ſtay,
And be each one of us your conſtant Gueſt,
And never abſent from your houſe a day.
And with *Antinous* they all agree,
Who her preſented with a fair, large, rich
And divers-colour'd Robe, with four times three
Buckles of pure and beaten gold, and which
As many claſps of Gold had joyned fit.
Eurymachus his Preſent was a Chain
Of Gold and Amber-Beads alternate. It
Shin'd bright as is the Sun-ſhine after rain.
Eurydamas two Pendants gave, of which
Each had three Gems and poliſht very bright

And both for Art and Workmanship were rich,
Reflecting to the eye a lovely light.
Pysandrus Son of *Polyctorides*
Gave her a costly Necklace. All the rest
With some good Gift endeavoured to please
The fair and wise *Penelope* the best.
This done, unto her Chamber up she went
With her two Maids that did her Presents carry.
Th'Woo'rs with dancing and with merriment,
(Their wonted pastime) for the Ev'ning tarry.
The Ev'ning came, and then th: Lamps were lighted,
And Torches, and the Fir-staves long lain dry,
Which to that purpose had with Tools been fitted
And ready lay to light the Company.
The Lights the Maids took up by turns and bore them.
Then said *Ulysses*, Maidens, if you please,
To save your pains, I'll bear the Light before them.
I'm us'd to labour and can do't with ease
Though they should stay and sit up till to morrow.
You may go up unto the Queen and there
Sit and spin with her, and divert her sorrow.
At this the Wenches 'gan to laugh and jeer.
And one of them (*Melantho*) him revil'd
With bitter words. Her Father *Dolius* hight.
Penelope did treat her as her Child
And in her company did take delight.
But yet she could not put away her grief.
The Wench was fair, and too familiar was
With Prince *Eurymachus*, one of the chief
Of all her Suiters. And this woman 'twas.
And thus she said, Sure (Stranger) thou art mad
That wilt not here nor elsewhere go to bed.
Is it because thou too much wine hast had?
Or is't a humour in thy nature bred
To prate so boldly in such Company?
Thy Victory o're *Irus* may perhaps
Have made thee wild. A better man than he
May chance to send thee hence with bloody chaps.
Ulysses looking sourly answered,
You bitch, *Telemachus* shall streight-way know

These

These words, He'll cause thee to be tortured.
They fearing he would do't, away they go.
Ulysses ready stood to take in hand
A Torch when bidden; casting in his mind
How he might safely carry on the grand
Mischief against the Woo'rs he had design'd.
And *Pallas* yet not suffer'd them to keep
Themselves in any bounds of modesty,
But fix *Ulysses* anger yet more deep.
Eurymachus then said to th' standers by
To make them laugh, *Ulysses* to disgrace,
Hear Sirs I pray, what now comes in my thought.
The man comes opportunely to this place,
'Tis sure some God that him has hither brought
To give us greater light. For from his head
Methinks I see arise another flame
Besides the flame the Torch gives, and so spread
Upon his bald pate doubled has the same.
Then says t'*Ulysses*, Man wilt thou serve me
To pluck up Thorns & Bry'rs, and Trees to plant?
Thou shalt have meat enough, and clothes, and fee,
And shooes, and whatsoever thou shalt want.
But since thou hast been us'd to idleness
I doubt thou ne'r wilt labour any more,
But rather feed thy carcass labourless,
And wandring choose to beg from door to door.
This said, *Ulysses* answer'd him agen:
Eurymachus, if we two were to try
Our labour, in a large green meadow, when
The days are long, the weather hot and dry,
With equal Sithes from morning unto night;
Or with two equal oxen fed and strong
Were fasting put to plow to try our might
Which of us labour could indure most long;
Or if an enemy to day should land,
And I a helmet had fit for my head,
And Target, and two fit spears for my hand,
Then you should see whether I fought or fled,
And not reproach m' of sloth or poverty.
You are too cruel, and you do me wrong

And think your self a man of might to be,
Because they weaker are you live among.
But should *Ulysses* come and find you here
You'ld think the door (though it be very wide)
As you are running out too narrow were.
So glad you'ld be your heads to save or hide.
To this *Eurymachus* with bended brow,
And furious eye, answer'd, Wretch that thou art,
And dar'st so saucily to prate. How now!
'Twill not be long before I make thee smart.
Is it because thou too much Wine hast had?
Or is't thy nature always to be bold?
Or is't thy have beaten *Irus* makes thee mad?
This said, upon a Footstool he laid hold,
And threw it at him, but it hit him not.
Ulysses sunk on's knees, the stool flew o're
His head, and a Cup-bearer next him smot
On the right hand, and down he falls o'th' floor.
Much the disorder then was in the room,
And one unto another next him said,
I would this Beggar hither had not come,
But somewhere else before had perished.
For what ado about a Beggar's here?
The pleasure of our Dinner all is lost.
Then said *Telemachus*, Can you not bear
(Madmen) your wine and chear both boil'd & rost?
When fill'd, why do you not go home and sleep?
Go when you will, I drive you not away.
The Suiters at this boldness bit the lip,
And thought it strange, but yet did nothing say.
Then said *Amphinomus*, Let's not fall out
With any man for speaking truth, nor be
Rude and unkind. Cup-bearers, bear about
To every man the Cup of Charity.
And so go each man home, for now 'tis late
(Leaving the Stranger with *Telemachus*,
Whose Guest he is) and our selves recreate
With gentle sleep each one in his own house.
Then *Meleus* to each man presents a Cup,
Whereof unto the Gods they offer'd part.

When

When this was done each one his wine drank up,
And then unto their houſes they depart.

LIB. XIX.

Ulyſſes in the houſe remain'd; and ſtaid
Contriving how the Suiters to deſtroy.
And ſtreightway to *Telemachus* he ſaid,
Carry the Armour in the Hall away.
And tell them gently (if they aſk wherefore)
The fire has hurt them, and they are not now
Such as *Ulyſſes* left them heretofore
When with the *Greeks* he did to *Ilium* go.
Or ſay, for fear ſome quarrel might ariſe
By th' indiſcretion of one or other,
You thought the counſel would not be unwiſe
To take them thence. One drawn ſword draws another. *Telemachus* then calls his Nurſe, and ſaid,
Euryclea, ſhut all the rooms up faſt.
Be ſure to keep within door every Maid,
Till I my Fathers Arms have elſewhere plac't.
The ſmoke does ſpoil them all. But I will now
Free them from ſoot. I'm glad (ſaid ſhe) at laſt
To ſee your huſbandry. But I would know
Who 'tis ſhall light you when the Maids are faſt.
My Gueſt (ſays he) this Stranger whom you ſee.
For here he feeds, and nothing has to do.
How far ſoever hence his dwelling be,
I think 'tis reaſon he ſhould help me too.
The Nurſe did what commanded ſhe had been.
They laid up Helmets, Bucklers, Swords & Spears;
And *Pallas* with a Lamp came in unſeen,
And up and down the Light before them bears.

Then (Father) ſaid *Telemachus*, I ſee
The walls, beams, roof, and all the pillars ſhine
Like any fire, and certainly there be
Within the houſe ſome of the Powers Divine.
Peace (ſaid *Ulyſſes*) be not curious,
The purpoſe of the Gods you cannot find.
Go you to bed. I muſt go through the houſe
To find the Womens and your Mothers mind.
Telemachus then to his Chamber went
In which before he wonted was to lie,
Leaving his Father in the houſe, intent
On how (with *Pallas*) to make th'Wooers die.
Forth comes *Penelope* into the Hall
More than *Diana*, more than *Venus* fair;
Her Maids upon her were attending all,
And ſet down for her a moſt ſtately Chair
Made by *Icmalius* of ſilver plate,
And Ivory turned, white as any ſnow,
And Footſtool thereto fix'd. And there in State
Sat down the fair *Penelope*, and now
The Houſmaids enter in and take away
The Tables, and the Bowls, the Cups, and Bread
Which (th'Wooers gone) about the room ſtill lay;
And having made a fire there, went to bed.
Melantho then *Ulyſſes* bitterly
Rebuk'd again. Art thou here (ſaid ſhe) ſtill,
To peep at th'Women in the night, and ſpy
What they are doing? An't may be haſt the will
To ſtay all night. Go quickly. Get thee gone
Th'aſt ſupt. Leſt thou be driven out of door
With brands of fire. To this new inſolence
Ulyſſes anſwer'd gentlier than before.
Why d'ye purſue me thus? Is it becauſe
I am not fine, but have ill Rayment on?
The time has been I rich and wealthy was,
And Beggars I did much beſtow upon.
Not looking on the men, but on their want.
And many Servants had. Of that which makes
Men called Rich, I knew not any ſcant.
But *Jove* not only Riches gives but takes.

Think

Think therefore that your Beauty will decay,
Or of your Miſtreſs you may loſe the grace,
Or that *Ulyſſes* may come back one day.
And though he ne're return unto his place,
His Son *Telemachus* knows all you do;
Knows better now what's good, and what is worſe.
Then be hereafter modeſter. Go to.
Penelope o'reheard all this diſcourſe.
Bold Bitch (ſaid ſhe) I know what deeds you've done,
Which thou ſhalt one day pay for with thy head.
Did not I tell thee when the Woo'rs were gone
That I to ſpeak with him had ordered?
Eurynome, I've much to ſay, ſaid ſhe,
Unto this man. Set here a Chair, that ſo
Sitting I may hear him, and he hear me.
For there are many things I'd from him know.
Ulyſſes ſat. *Penelope* began.
The Queſtion I will aſk you firſt is this.
What is your name, and who your Parents be,
And further tell me where your Country is.
When ſhe had ſaid, *Ulyſſes* thus replies,
O Queen, through all the world your prayſes ring.
Your vertues known are up unto the skies,
No leſs than of ſome great and happy King,
That maintains Juſtice, and whoſe fertile ground
Bea's ſtore of Wheat and Barly and whoſe Trees
Are charg'd with fruit, and all his ſheep ſtand ſound,
And under him a valiant people ſees.
And therefore aſk me what you will beſide,
My Kin and Country to my ſelf I'd keep.
For then my grief I can no longer hide,
Or think thereon, but ready am to weep.
Which here would be no ſeemly thing to do.
For why, your Maids might peradventure think,
And you your ſelf, it may be think ſo too,
My tears came not from ſorrow but from drink.
Stranger (ſaid ſhe) my Beauty, Form, and Worth
Th'Immortal Gods took from me then away
When firſt *Ulyſſes* with the *Greeks* went forth
To that abominable Town of *Troy*.

But were he here, that had the care of me,
I ſhould more honour have, and beauty ſo.
But now I lead my live in miſery.
The Gods upon me troubles daily throw.
For all the Lords that in theſe Iſlands be,
Same, *Dulichium*, and woody *Zant*,
And *Ithaca* it ſelf, Suiters to me,
My houſe continually together haunt.
And there devour my Cattle, Corn and Wine,
So that of Strangers I can take no care,
Nor can my ſelf diſpoſe of what is mine,
Nor Meſſengers receive that publike are.
But longing for my Huſband ſit and pine.
They preſs for Marri'ge, I to put it by.
Then came into my thought (ſome Power Divine
Sure prompt me) to ſet up a Beam. So I
A Beam ſet up, and then began to weave.
Suiters (ſaid I) ſince dead *Ulyſſes* is,
Stay yet a little while and give me leave
To make an end but of one buſineſs.
I muſt for old *Laertes* make a Cloth,
Which in his Sepulchre he is to wear.
T'offend the Wives of *Greece* I ſhould be loath.
For to accuſe me they will not forbear.
They'll ſay I very haſty was to wed,
If I go hence and not provide a ſhroud
Wherein *Laertes* muſt be buried,
Out of his wealth. That might have been allow'd.
My Suiters all were well content. And then
All day I wove; but ere I went to bed,
What I had wov'n I ravel'd out agen.
Three years my Suiters I thus fruſtrated.
In the fourth year my women me betrai'd;
And in they came while I the Web undid.
I could the wedding now no more avoid,
But I was rated by them much and chid.
What I am next to do I cannot tell;
My Father and my Mother bid me marry;
My Son is weary, and takes not very well
That th'Woo'rs devouring him ſhou'd longer tarry.

But

But for all this I long to know your Stock.
For ſure you come not of the fabled Oak,
Nor are, I think, deſcended from a Rock.
To this *Ulyſſes* anſwering thus ſpoke:
Wife of *Ulyſſes*, ſince you ſo much preſs
To know my Kindred and from whence I come,
Although the telling grieve me, I'll confeſs,
For I have now long abſent been from home.
In the wide Sea a fertile Iſland lies,
Innumerable therein are the men,
Creta by name. Many diverſities
There are of Tongues; and Cities nine times ten.
There dwell *Achæans* and *Cydonians*,
And antient true *Cretans*, *Tribachicks*,
And alſo *Doriehs* and *Pelaſgians*,
Who divers Dialects together mix.
And *Cnoſſus* the prime City was of theſe
Where *Minos* reigned; the great *Minos* that,
Who often uſed with great *Chronides*
Familiarly of old to ſit and chat.
Minos my Fathers Father was, and he
Deucalion begot. *Deucalion*
Firſt got *Idomeneus*, and then got me.
He went to *Troy*. My name is *Aithon*.
There 'twas I ſaw *Ulyſſes*. He came in
As he went homeward, and with much ado
T'*Amphiſus*. For by winds he forc'd had been
This place, though no good Port, to put into.
Then ſtreight went up, *Idomeneus* to ſee,
With whom he had acquaintance, as he ſaid.
'Twas ten days after that, or more, that he
For *Troy* with th'other *Greeks* his Anchors waid.
I entertain'd him kindly with my own.
Gave him a handſome Preſent too, and then
I made him to be feaſted by the Town
Upon the Publike Charge himſelf and men.
Twelve days the wind continued at North,
Which kept the Fleet perforce within the Bay.
On the thirteenth th'wind changed, and came South,
And then they ſet up Sail and ſteer'd for *Troy*.

'Twas so like truth, she wept. As when the Sun
Dissolving is the Snow upon a Hill,
Innumerable streams of water run,
And the low Rivers of the valley fill:
So wept she for her Husband sitting by;
Who griev'd and piti'd her, but never wept;
As hard as horn or iron was his eye,
And by designe himself from tears he kept.
After with weeping she was satisfi'd,
Stranger, said she, I'll ask you somewhat now
By which most certainly it will be tri'd,
If you my Husband as you say did know
Or entertain'd him, and his company.
What kind of person was he, and how clad?
How serv'd? To this *Ulysses* made reply.
Though twenty year ago it be, and bad
My memory; yet what I can recall,
I will relate. He wore a purple Vest
Unshorn, and lin'd. Before embroider'd all.
Two clasps of Gold. And in it was expresst
A Hound that did between his forefeet hold
A Faun that sprall'd and labour'd to get free.
Which was so lively done, and all in gold
Performed was, that wonder 'twas to see.
His Coat (I market) so soft it was and fine
As is the fold of a dry Onion,
And as the Sun, did gloriously shine
And women gaz'd upon him many a one.
Such were his Garments, but I know not whence
He had them. You know better that than I;
Whether he so apparell'd went from hence,
Presented by some of his Company,
Or given to him somewhere by some Guest.
For he was much beloved far and near,
And of th'*Achæans* all esteem'd the best.
Amongst the *Greeks* he hardly had his Peer.
And I him gave, a Purple double Vest;
A Sword and Coat edged with fringes trim,
And brought him to his ship. Amongst the rest
A Herald was; and I'll describe you him.

Round

Round shoulder'd was he, curled was his hair,
Swarthy his face, *Eurybates* his name.
Ulysses to him much respect did bear,
Because their thoughts for most part were the same.
When he had done, she could no longer hold,
But wept again, and sorer than before;
For she found true the tokens he had told.
But when this show'r of tears was passed o're,
Stranger (said she) I pitied you before;
Now as a friend you shall respected be.
'Twas I gave him th'Apparel he then wore
And the Gold Buckles, to remember me.
But I shall never see him more at home;
In an unlucky hour he cross'd the Main
To that accursed Town of *Ilium*.
Then thus *Ulysses* answer'd her again:
O Noble Wife of *Laertiades*,
Blemish no more those your fair eyes with tears,
For your *Ulysses*. Set your heart at ease.
Not that your sorrow as a fault appears.
What Woman that her Husband of her youth,
And to whom Children she had born had lost,
Could choose but grieve and weep, although in truth
She could not of his Vertue greatly boast?
But that you would give ear to what I say.
I say *Ulysses* is not far from home;
He's in *Thesprotia* hence a little way
Alive, enrich'd with Presents he is come.
His ship and men all perisht in the Main,
Then when he left the Isle *Trinacie*,
Because *Sols* Sacred Kine his men had slain,
Hurled they were by *Jove* into the Sea.
Ulysses only scap'd; for sitting fast
Upon the torn-off Rudder by the Waves,
After much labour came to land at last
In th' Isle *Phæacia*. There his life he saves.
Much honour there and precious gifts he got.
They ready were to have convey'd him home
Safely to *Ithaca*, but he would not;
Else long ago he might have hither come.

But a

But he thought best to travel longer yet,
And pick up Presents which way e're he went,
Before his going home much wealth to get.
For at designing he was excellent.
Phidon himself King of *Thesprotia*
Swore to me this; and that both Ship and men
VVere ready to convey him t'*Ithaca*,
His Country. But he could not stay till then.
For now a Vessel ready to set forth
Stood for *Dulichium*. But he shew'd me all
Ulysses Treasure, which might serve, for worth
Ten ages to maintain a man withal.
But he (he said) was gone o're to the Main,
There at *Dodona* with *Jove*'s Oak t'advise
How to return to *Ithaca* again;
As he was openly, or in disguise.
So then he's safe; and soon he will be here.
He cannot from his house be long away.
And which is more, I will not doubt to swear,
And witness call the Gods to what I say.
Hear *Jove*, of Gods the best, and high'st; and then
The Guardian of the house that we are in.
Ulysses shall come to this place you know,
E're this month end, or when the next comes in.
Penelope than answer'd; Stranger, Oh
That this would so fall out, you then should see
Such friendship from me, and such gifts also,
That men should bless, and say you happy be.
But, Maids, go wash his feet, and make his bed,
Lay on warm Rugs and handsom covering,
His limbs to cherish till the day be spread.
Then wash and 'noint him that my Son may bring
And set him in the Hall at Dinner by him.
For he that wrongs him shall not be allow'd
To come into my house another time.
How angry at it e're he be, and proud.
Stranger, by this I mean to let you see
I better know to entertain my Guest
Than many women do, though poor he be,
Far from his home, and in vile Garments drest.

To

To this *Ulysses* answer'd her again,
O Noble wife of *Laertiades*,
Since I left *Crete*, on Shipboard I have lain.
Soft and fine bedding give me little ease.
Many a night have I past without sleep,
And often slept have on a homely Couch,
The custome I have so long kept I'll keep.
Nor shall your Maidens my feet wash or touch
Such as wait on you, but if there be any
Old woman here that hath endured much,
As I have done, and years have lived many,
I am content my feet be wash'd by such.
Then said *Penelope*, Ne're man came here
Within my house from forein Countrey yet
So prudent as you are, whose answers were
To every thing so wise and so discreet.
There is a woman such as you desire,
That nurst and brought up that afflicted man,
Though she be very weak, she'll make a fire,
And wash your feet, but nothing else do can.
Rise *Eurycleа*, wash the feet of one
That's like your Lord Such feet and hands were his,
Woe makes men old as well as years that run.
So said *Penelope*. And th' old woman rise.
And weeping held her hand before her eyes.
O my dear Child, O *Jupiter* unkind!
Who more devout, who burnt to him more thighs,
Or fatter, or doth lesser favour find?
He prai'd to live so long that he might see
Painless, the education of his Child
Telemachus, but granted 'twill not be.
He now perhaps is where he is revil'd
And mockt by women in some great mans Hall,
As thou, O Stranger, hast been scorned here,
And wilt not suffer any of them all
Either thy feet to wash or to come near.
I'll wash your feet as I am bidden by
Penelope, and for your own sake too.
It is not her command alone. There lie
Thoughts on my heart that urge me thereunto.

Poor

Poor Paſſengers come hither very many,
But one ſo like *Ulyſſes* never came.
For Perſon, Voice, and Feet I ne'r ſaw any
Come to this houſe that had ſo near the ſame.
Ulyſſes anſwer'd, Woman, ſo they ſay
All that have ſeen us both. It may be ſo.
She with her Kettle bright then went her way
For water wherewithal her work to do.
Cold water ſhe brings in, and pours on't hot.
Ulyſſes ſate by th' fire, but turn'd that thigh
That had the ſcar to th'dark, that ſhe might not
Find it and force him t'appear openly.
She was not long about him when ſhe ſpi'd
The Scar a Bore had made above his knee
When he was hunting on *Parnaſſus* ſide,
At's Grandfires in his Unkles Company.
His Grandfire was *Autolycus*, that was
His Mothers Father nam'd *Anticlia*.
He in Hermetique Arts did moſt ſurpaſs,
And to his Daughter came to *Ithaca*,
That newly of a Son was brought to bed.
Euryclea laid the Child upon his knee.
Autolycus, you are to give, ſhe ſaid,
The Name. How ſhall it named be?
Then ſaid *Autolycus*, Since I of many
Both men and women have incur'd the blame,
A fitter name I cannot think on any.
Therefore I ſay, *Ulyſſes* be his name.
And when he's grown a man ſend him to me,
To Mount *Parnaſſus*, whither if he come,
He ſhall of what I have, partaker be,
And from me go not ill contented home.
And this the cauſe was that he thither went.
Autolycus and's Sons there take *Ulyſſes*
By th'hand, expreſſing very great content.
Antithea his Grannam his head kiſſes
And both his eyes. *Autolycus* appoints
His Sons to have the Supper very good.
A Bullock fat they kill, flay, cut in joynts,
Roaſt, and in Meſſes diſtribute the food.

And

And ſo they feaſted till the day was done.
And when 'twas dark parted and went to ſleep.
But when *Aurora* had proclaim'd the Sun
Which ready was above the Hill to peep,
Then to *Parnaſſus* up the Hunters go,
The Hounds before went ſearching out the ſent.
Autolycus his Sons were there alſo.
Ulyſſes with them; next the Dogs he went.
And in his hand ſhook a longſhaded Spear.
The Dogs drew tow'rd a wood. So cloſe it was
That neither rain nor wind e're entred there,
Nor yet the beams o'th' Sun could through it paſs.
And heaps of wither'd leaves there lay therein.
Within this thicket lay a mighty Bore.
Only the noiſe of Hounds and men came in,
When they were very near, and not before.
The Bore ruſht out, and fire was in his eye,
Bridled his neck. *Ulyſſes* ready was.
The Bore firſt wounded had *Ulyſſes* thigh.
The Spear did through the Boars right ſhoulder paſs.
Slain was the Bore. And of *Ulyſſes* wound
His Unkles took the care, and ſkilfully
They caus'd it to be cloſed up and bound,
And with a Charm the blood ſtopt preſently.
His wound ſoon cured very glad they were
And him with many Gifts ſend glad away.
At home they aſk, and he relateth there.
The Story of the hunting of that day.
Euryclea on the wound had laid her hand,
And well aſſured was 'twas none but he.
Which made the water in her eyes to ſtand.
And now her joy and grief one paſſion be.
Her Speech ſtuck in her Throat; her hand lets fall
Her Maſters foot. That down the Kettle threw.
The water runneth out about the Hall;
And knowing now what ſhe but thought was true,
You are *Ulyſſes*, ſaid ſhe, O my dear.
And tow'rd *Penelope* ſhe looxt aſide,
As if ſhe meant to ſay, Your Huſband's here.
But *Pallas* that did mean the truth to hide

Still

Still made the Queen to look another way.
And he with one hand ſtopt the Nurſes breath,
With th'other held her faſt to make her ſtay.
Why Nurſe, ſaid he, mean you to be my death?
Since at your breſt I nouriſhed have been,
And none but you knows me in this diſguiſe;
Theſe twenty years I here was never ſeen.
Let none elſe know it in the houſe. Be wiſe.
For this I tell you, and will make it true,
That of the women ſome I mean to ſlay.
VVhen by my hand the Gods the Woo'rs ſubdue,
If you bewray me, you ſhall fare as they.
Then ſaid *Eurycl*ea, VVhat needeth this?
You know my heart can hold like ſtone or braſs.
And who is honeſt, who diſhoneſt is
I'll tell you, if your purpoſe come to paſs.
No Nurſe, then ſaid *Ulyſſes*, tell not me.
You need not. I ſhall know them ev'ry one.
Permit all to the Gods, and ſilent be.
For they beſt know what beſt is to be done.
Then out ſhe went more water to fetch in,
The firſt being ſpilt. He waſht and 'nointed was.
And covered the place where th'wound had been.
And nearer to the fire his Chair he draws.
Then to them came *Penelope*, and ſaid,
Stranger, I'll aſk you but a little more.
'Tis almoſt bed-time, and when we are laid,
Our grief in gentle ſleep is paſſed o're.
But all the day my tears are my delight,
Or of my womens work the care I take.
And after I am gone to bed at night
A thouſand diſmal thoughts keep me awake.
As *Philomela* ſitting in a tree
Mourns with a lamentable voice and ſhrill
For *Itylus*, and turneth reſtleſly,
Whom *Zethus* Son did by misfortune kill:
Juſt ſo my mind divided is in twain;
Whether to keep my Servants with my Son,
And my dear Huſbands bed, and here remain,
Or marry one o'th' Suiters, and be gone.

To

To marry and be gone I could not yet,
My Son too young was yet to rule th'eſtate.
And now grown up, it makes him vex and fret
To ſee them daily feaſt within his Gate.
I'll tell you now a dream; expound it you.
I've twenty Geeſe feeding i'th' yard without.
A mighty Eagle from the Hills down flew,
And brake their necks; dead they lay all about.
The Eagle ſtraightway mounted out of ſight.
I dreaming wept. To ſee them at the trough,
Feeding on ſteeped wheat, I took delight.
And to bemoan me Ladies came enough.
And then methought the Eagle came again,
And on a Beam which through the wall did ſtart.
He ſat, and ſaid in humane Language plain,
Child of *Icarius* trouble not your heart.
The thing you ſee is real, not a dream.
The Geeſe the Wooers, I the Eagle was,
And now return'd and ſitting on the Beam,
I am your Huſband, and will bring to paſs
The death of all your Suiters. Then wak'd I,
And went into the Court my Geeſe to ſee,
And found them all there feeding heartily,
Unhurt, and well as they were wont to be.
Woman, then ſaid *Ulyſſes*, no man can
Expound this Dream but as himſelf has done,
That ſays and does. *Ulyſſes* is the man.
The Suiters will be killed every one.
Then ſaid *Penelope*, Dreams are without
Such order as to make a Judgment by;
And at two Gates, men ſay, they iſſue out,
The one of Horn, th'other of Ivory.
Theſe that paſs through the Horn, to men of ſkill,
Never ſay any thing but what is ſooth;
But find a word of truth you never will
In theſe that come through th' Elephantine tooth.
But I much fear that my Dream came this way.
For I have promiſed to quit this place,
And come already is th'unlucky day
That muſt determine who ſhall gain my grace.

Twelve

Twelve Axes here *Ulysses* set a row
Like twelve Boats laid along upon their sides,
And at a distance standing with his Bowe,
Through ev'ry one of them his arrow glides.
And this shall to my Suiters be the Prize.
He that most easily shall bend the Bowe,
And through the Axes all his Arrow flies,
Leaving this blessed house with him I'll go.
Then said *Ulysses*, Let the Suiters try
If they can bend the Bowe, and thorow shoot
Through th'Axes if they can, for sure am I,
Ulysses will be here before they do't.
Stranger, said she, whilst you discourse, my eyes
To sleep will never be enclin'd. But since
The force of Nature on all Mortals lies,
I up into my Chamber will go hence,
There is my Bed, washt nightly with my tears
Since first *Ulysses* went to cursed *Troy*,
Wailing my Husbands absence wak'd with fears;
And yours in what part of the house you'll say.
This said, unto her Chamber up she went,
And with her all her Maids. And there she lies.
And for her Husband did afresh lament,
Till *Pallas* threw a sweet sleep on her eyes.

LIB. XX.

ULysses in the Court lay out adoors
On a Cow hide; and on him skins of sheep
New kill'd and sacrificed by the Woo rs.
There lay he, but he could not fall asleep.
Eurynome a Rug laid on him too.
Out came the Maids that wont were to commit
With

With the proud Wooers gigling and laughing ſo,
And pleaſing one another with their wit,
As made *Ulyſſes* in his mind to caſt
Whether to ſtart up quick and kill them all,
Or let them now go on and take their laſt
Farewel of thoſe they had to do withal.
As when a Bitch ſtands by her Whelps and ſpies
A Stranger coming near will bark and grin;
So at this ſight of their debaucheries
Ulyſſes heart provoked barkt within.
Hold heart, ſaid he, when *Cyclops* eat my men,
Thou didſt endure till counſel ſet thee free;
The danger now is leſs. Hold out agen.
And ſo it did, though he lay reſtleſly.
As one that has raw fleſh upon the fire,
And hungry is, is ever turning it;
So turneth he himſelf with great deſire
'Gainſt th'Wooers to deviſe ſome miſchief fit.
Then *Pallas* came and ſtanding at his head
In Womans ſhape, O wretched man, ſaid ſhe,
What makes you toſs and turn ſo in your bed?
The houſe is yours, your Wife and Son here be.
Then ſaid *Ulyſſes*, I was caſting how
I might alone theſe Suiters inſolent,
That always here are many, overthrow;
And if I kill them, then again invent
How to eſcape and ſave my ſelf by flight.
To this the Goddeſs anſwered, and ſaid,
Another man would truſt a meaner wight,
Though mortal, and rely upon his aid.
But I a God immortal am, and ſay,
Though fifty Bands of men ſhould us oppoſe,
You ſhould their Herds of Cattle drive away.
Enjoy ſecurely therefore your repoſe.
A torment 'tis to watch all night, to one
That is already drencht in miſery.
Sleep then. This ſaid, ſweet ſleep ſhe threw upon
His eyes, and from him mounted to the Sky.
And now *Penelope* awak'd and ſat
On her bed weeping. Having wept her fill,

She

She to *Diana* pray'd, and said, O that
You would now shoot your Arrow and me kill,
Or that some great wind me away might bear,
And o're a Rock throw me into the Main,
Ne'r to be heard of, or as th' Daughters were
Of *Pandareus*, whose Parents both were slain
By th' Gods. But *Venus* th' Orphans nourished.
With Butter, and with Hony, and with Wine.
Juno with form and wit them furnished.
Diana gave them stature. Artifice Divine
Pallas them taught. Then *Venus* went to *Jove*
To get them Husbands; for best knoweth he
The Issue of Conjunctions in Love,
Whether for better or for worse they be,
While *Venus* absent was on that affair,
By Harpies foul away they carried be.
And giv'n for slaves to th'Furies in the Air.
Oh that the Gods would so dispose of me;
Or else *Diana* send me under ground,
That I may with *Ulysses* be, and not
To please another meaner man be bound.
Grief all day long is but a woful Lot,
And sleep is some amends. But unto me
It evil Dreams along with it doth bring.
This night my Husband seem'd i'th' bed to be;
No Dream I thought it, but a real thing.
This said, the Morning fringed had the Sky.
Ulysses musing lay upon his bed
With closed eyes, and thought she certainly
Knew who he was, and stood at his beds head.
Then rose he, and his sheep-skins bare away,
And Rug into the house, but the Cow-hide
He carri'd out, and then to *Jove* did pray:
Hear *Jupiter*, with lifted hands he cri'd.
O *Jove* and Gods, if by your will Divine,
Tost both at Sea and Land, I hither came;
By fatal word within, without by Signe,
To me now presently confirm the same.
Jove heard his Pray'r, and straight it thundered.
This made *Ulysses* glad. Then spake a Maid

The

The fatal word. Twelve Maids to furnish bread
Were to grind wheat continually imploy'd.
Eleven their work had done and went to bed.
The weakest still staid grinding, and thus prai'd:
Jove who without a Cloud hast thundered,
Grant me poor Maid my wish, and then she said,
O *Jove* that Father art of Gods and Men,
Let never more these wicked Suiters tast
Meat in this house, nor ever come agen
That pain me thus. This Supper be their last.
Ulysses with this word, and with the Thunder
Well pleased was, and thought assuredly.
With *Pallas* help the Suiters to bring under,
And many though they were to make them die.
Then th'other Maids came in and made a fire
Within the Hall. And then too from his bed
Telemachus rose, puts on his attire,
And Sword and shooes. His Spear with brazen head
He took into his hand, and stood i'th' door,
And to the Nurse *Eurycléa* he spake:
What meat, what lodging had this Stranger poor?
Or was there none that care of him did take?
My Mothers nature (wise as she is) is such
Highly to honour men of less desert;
But for this Stranger perhaps cares not much.
Then said *Eurycléa*, She has done her part;
Wine he has had as much as he thought fit.
She askt him if he had a mind to eat.
He answer'd, that he had no appetite
To bread at present, nor to any meat.
She bad her Maids set up a standing bed.
But he, as one in love with misery,
Would none of that, nor bed, nor coverled,
But on the ground resolved was to lie,
And make his Scrip the Bolster for his head;
And for a Bed to take a raw Cow-hide,
And sheepskins with the wool for coverled
Without the door; and we the Rug appli'd.
This said, *Telemachus* with Spear in hand
To Council goes, and his Dogs follow'd him.

Then

Then *Eurycleа* gives the Maids command
The rooms of th'Houſe to dreſs up and make trim.
Riſe Maids, ſaid ſhe, ſprinkle and ſweep the Hall,
Lay Cuſhions on the Chairs, with Sponges make
The Tables clean, the Temp'rer and Cups all;
And ſee of water that there be no lack.
Go to the Spring, and fetch fair water thence
Quickly. You know to day is Holiday.
The Suiters will not now be long from hence.
So ſaid the Nurſe. The women her obey.
For water to the fountain went twice ten.
The reſt did diligently work within.
The Maids that went for water came agen;
And the proud Woo'rs by that time were come in.
And then came in the Maſter of the Swine
Eumæus, three Swine frankt and fat he brought,
There to be ready 'gainſt the Suiters dine.
In all his Swine-ſties better there were not.
And he unto *Ulyſſes* kindly ſpake;
Stranger how fare you 'mongſt the Wooers here?
Do they more pity now upon you take
Than formerly; or ſtill deride you there?
O, ſaid *Ulyſſes*, that the Gods would give
Theſe men what to their inſolence is due,
Who in a houſe not theirs ſo lewdly live,
As if no modeſty at all they knew.
Then came *Melanthius* from a place hard by.
He had the charge o'th' Goats, & brought the beſt.
And ſpake unto *Ulyſſes* ſpightfully;
Art thou here ſtill to beg, and to moleſt
The Company? D'ye mean before you go
To taſte my fingers? Is there no good chear
In other places 'mongſt the *Greeks*, and ſo
You mean to dwell continually here?
Then came a third, that charge had of the Kine,
Philœtius by name, with him he brought
A Heifer and more Goats, on which to dine,
Over the water, in the Ferry-boat.
Philœtius aſkt *Eumæus* in his ear,
Who's this, that's new come hither, & from whence,
What

What Countryman, and what his Parents were?
For, for his perſon he may be a Prince.
God can make Princes go from Land to Land
And beg, when he will give them miſery.
This ſaid, he took *Ulyſſes* by the hand,
And ſpake unto him kind and lovingly:
Father, I wiſh you as much happineſs
As ever you enjoy'd before. But now,
I ſee you are in very great diſtreſs.
O *Jove!* What God ſo cruel is as thou?
Though born thou wert, yet pitieſt not to ſee
The torments of mankind. To think upon
Ulyſſes makes me weep. It may be he
Thus begs ſomewhere, with ſuch apparel on,
Or elſe he's dead. O then I am undone.
He ſet me o're his Herds when but a Boy;
But infinite they're grown ſince he is gone,
Or man would quickly all Cow-kind deſtroy.
But mine the Suiters force me to bring in
For them to eat, and ne're regard his Son.
The Goods to ſhare already they begin
Of th'owner, that ſo long now has been gone.
And I deviſing was what I ſhould do,
To take my Cattle with me and be gone,
And one or other Prince to give them to.
But that I thought would be unjuſtly done,
For they *Telemachus* his Cattle were.
Again, I thought it labour very ſour
To ſtay and keep my Maſters Cattle here
For others in his abſence to devour.
So here abide I, and my ſelf I flatter
With hope to ſee *Ulyſſes* one day come
Back to his houſe, and the proud Suiters ſcatter.
Thus ſaid the Maſter of the Kine. To whom
Ulyſſes ſaid, Honeſt you ſeem and wiſe.
I therefore will a ſecret to you ſwear
By *Jove* on high you ſhall ſee with your eyes
Ulyſſes (if you wiſh to ſee him) here,
And all theſe domineering Suiters ſlay.
Then, O, ſaid he, that *Jove* would have it ſo.

For

For I should let you see in such a fray
Quickly how much these hands of mine can do.
Eumæus also did like Prayer make
To see *Ulysses* there. So ended they.
While they discours'd, the Suiters counsel take,
How they might make *Telemachus* away.
Then o're their heads an Eagle flew on high
Sinister, with a fearful Dove in's foot.
Then said *Amphinomus*, Let's lay this by,
And think of Supper, for we cannot do't.
The Suiters all approv'd of what he said,
And in they went, and there on Bench and Seat
Within *Ulysses* house their Coats they laid,
And set themselves to kill and dress their meat.
Then from the Herd they sacrific'd a Cow,
And many well-grown sheep, and goats well fed,
And many a very fat and pamper'd Sow
Th' entrails they rosted and distributed.
Eumæus gave out Cups, *Philœtius* bread,
Melanthus from the Temp'rer fill'd out wine.
The Suiters on the meat before them fed
With Stomachs good, and drank the blood o'th' Vine.
Telemachus Ulysses in the Hall
Hard by the threshold sets, and there he sat
On an ill-favour'd stool at Table small,
And gave him his just share of th'entrails fat,
And for him fill'd a great gold Cup with wine.
Sit here, said he, and fare like other men.
Fear neither blows nor scoffs. The house is mine,
Ulysses is the owner of it. When
He first possessed it, he gave it me.
And you my Mothers Suiters, mock no more,
But keep the peace as long as here you be;
For else perhaps arise may trouble sore.
At first the Suiters knew not how to take
Telemachus his words, and silent were,
Admiring that such threatning words he spake,
So many men provoking without fear.
But by and by *Antinous* said thus,
Since *Jove* appeared has in his defence,

Let's

Let's put these threats up of *Telemachus*.
Else we should quickly spoil his eloquence.
So said *Antinous*. But *Telemachus*
Car'd not at all for any thing he said.
When peace within doors was concluded thus,
In other Rites o'th' Feast they were imploy'd.
The Hecatomb they bear throughout the Town
Into *Apollo*'s shady Grove divine.
The upper-joynts in Messes they divide;
So fill'd their Tables and sat down to dine.
The portion of *Ulysses* was no less
Than other Suiters had, nor more. For why,
Telemachus had order'd every Mess
Should equal be, and men serv'd equally.
Amongst the Suiters was a very Knave,
Ctesippus was his name, a rich mans Son;
And therefore hop'd *Penelope* to have
This man to th'Wooers made a motion.
Hear me you Suiters of *Penelope*:
This Stranger here is equal made to us,
And therefore reason 'tis that also we
Should love the Strangers of *Telemachus*:
Lo, here's a Gift I'll give him, that he may
Bestow it, if't please him, on him or her
That empts the Chamber pots, or giv't away
To any of *Ulysses* Bond-men here.
With that he hurled at *Ulysses* head
A Cows-foot, but he turn'd his head the while,
And from the stroke himself delivered.
Then smil'd *Ulysses* a *Sardanique* smile.
Telemachus his anger could not hide.
'Tis well, said he, you did not hurt him here.
For else, believe it you had surely di'd
O'th' place, run through the body with my Spear,
And never found a wife here, but a grave.
Therefore give over this behaviour wild.
Of good and bad I now some knowledge have;
And do not always take me for a Child.
What's past I bear, the havock of my Cattle,
My Corn and Wine consumed lavishly.

'Tis hard for one with many t'enter battle.
Use me no longer as an Enemy.
For fighting to be slain I'd rather chuse,
Than see my Guests or Servants harshly us'd,
My women, as they pass about the house,
To be so basely tug'd, touz'd, and abus'd.
This said, a while the Suiters silent were;
But not long after, *Agelaus* spake.
Let's not, said he, against a truth so clear
Struggle, and what is said in ill part take;
Nor harshly use the Stranger any more,
Nor any Servant of *Telemachus*.
But yet I have a silly word in store
For him, and for his Mother, and for us.
Whilst there was hope *Ulysses* might come home,
The Suiters had done best at home to stay,
Expecting him, and not have hither come.
But since there's none, to's Mother he should say,
Take one of them for Husband; which you please,
And most shall give you. So shall he enjoy
His Fathers means, and eat and drink at ease,
And she with her new Husband go her way.
To this *Telemachus* replying says,
By *Jove*, and by my Fathers misery,
Who now is lost and dead, or somewhere strays
Far off from *Ithaca*, it is not I
That do my Mother keep from marrying
Whom she thinks good. I do advise her still
To take the man that shall most Treasure bring.
But I'll not make her do't against her will.
So ended he. Then on the Suiters faces
Pallas sets up a laughter not their own,
Nor to be stopt; their Senses she displaces,
Their meat was bloody, & their hearts were down.
What is't poor men, said *Theoclymenus*,
Your heads and faces are wrapt up in night;
You weep and groan; the Walls & Beams of th'house
To me seem bloody; and left there is no light.
The Hall and Porch, methinks are full of Sprights
Ready to go to Hell; the Sun has lost

His

His place in Heaven, nor are there any lights;
And diſmal darkneſs hath the Houſe engroſt!
At this they laught. Then ſaid *Eurymachus*,
This Stranger is not very well, let him
By thoſe that wait be guided from the Houſe
To th'Market-place. For all within is dim.
I am, ſaid *Theoclymenus*, not blind,
I can go to the Market-place alone.
I have both eyes and ears, and feet and mind.
With theſe I can go hence. Guide need I none.
And go I will. For evil is hard by,
Which none of you the Suiters ſhall eſcape
That have ſo much abus'd the Family.
This ſaid, he parts, and left the Woo'rs to gape
On one another, and with inſipid jeſts
To vex *Telemachus*, and themſelves pleaſe,
And all upon *Telemachus* his Gueſts.
The words that one of them then ſaid were theſe:
Telemachus, of all men you're leaſt able
To make an entertainment or a Feaſt.
For firſt you for this Beggar ſet a Table,
Who eats and drinks as ſtoutly as the beſt,
But can no work do, nor has any force;
A very burthen to the earth. And this
A Prophet would be, and loves to diſcourſe
Of Ill to come. My counſel therefore is
That you would put theſe Strangers both aboard
Some ſhip, and ſend them into *Sicily*.
They that way may ſome profit you afford.
Thus ſaid the Woo'rs, but little cared he,
But ſilently the ſigne expecting ſtood
His Father ſhould have giv'n of falling on.
Penelope mean while ſat where ſhe could
Hear plainly what was ſaid by ev'ry one.
And now the Suiters merry Supper made,
And laughing ſat, and fed on much good cheer.
But After-Supper worſe none ever had.
For of the wrong themſelves beginners were.

LIB. XXI.

PEnelope the Suiters ſtrength to try (Bowe,
Who ſoon'ſt could bend her Noble Huſbands
And through the Axes make his Arrow fly,
And whom ſhe was to marry now to know,
To a high Chamber up the ſtairs ſhe went,
Wherein *Ulyſſes* pretious goods did ſtand.
There hung upon a Pin the Bowe unbent
The well made Key ſhe carri'd in her hand.
This Bowe was given him by *Iphitus*
At *Sparta*. But *Ulyſſes* with him met
Firſt at *Meſſena*. For it fell out thus.
Ulyſſes then was there about a debt.
Meſſena-men their ſhips had put aſhore
At *Ithaca*, and thence had ta'ne a Prey
Of ſheep, which was in number fifteen ſcore,
And with the Shepherds carri'd them away.
This was the cauſe *Ulyſſes* thither went.
'Twas a long way, and he ſcarce paſt a Boy.
But by his Father and the Lords was ſent
To aſk reparation for this anoy.
But *Iphitus* twelve Mares had loſt. Each one
A young Mule had that follow'd her behind
(Which of his death were the occaſion)
And at *Meſſena* theſe he thought to find.
But as he was returning back again,
And came unto the houſe of *Hercules*,
That mighty man firſt did him entertain,
And after, killing him his Mares did ſeize.
This was the man that to *Ulyſſes* gave
The Bowe. And from him had a Sword and Spear.

But

But *Hercules* had ſent him to his Grave,
Ere they had taſted one anothers chear.
This Bowe he carried not to *Ilium*,
Nor ever had made uſe of it in fray.
But often had it in his hand at home.
For only as a Monument it lay.
Penelope now ſtanding at the door,
Quickly the Bolt ſtrook back with her great Key.
The Valves fly open ſuddenly and roar;
As when a great Bull roars, ſo roared they.
Penelope went in, and up ſhe ſtept
Upon a board whereon were ſtanding Cheſts,
In which 'mongſt odours ſweet the clothes were kept,
The coſtly Garments, Robes, and Coats and Veſts.
Thence to the Bowe ſhe reacht, and from the Pin
She took it as it hung there in the Caſe.
And ſitting down, her lap ſhe laid it in.
Aloud ſhe wept, and tears ran down apace.
And when ſhe long enough had weeping been,
The Bowe ſhe did unto the Suiters bear,
And Quiver with it full of Arrows keen.
The Axes by her women carri'd were.
Then with her Scarf ſhe ſhaded both her cheeks,
Having a Waiting-woman on each hand.
Unto her Gallant Suiters thus ſhe ſpeaks:
Hear me you luſty Suiters that here ſtand
Uſing this Houſe not yours, continually
To eat and drink in, at anothers coſt;
And for it do pretend no reaſon why,
But as contenders who ſhall love me moſt.
Lo here; to him I make my ſelf a prize,
Who this good Bowe with greateſt eaſe ſhall bend,
And whoſe aim'd Arrow through theſe Axes flies.
With him from this moſt bleſſed houſe I'll wend.
This ſaid, *Eumæus* th'Axes and the Bowe
By her command unto the Suiters bears;
And as he went, his eyes for grief o'reflow.
Nor could *Philœtius* abſtain from tears.
For which *Antinous* gave them this reproof:
You fooliſh Clowns, what ails you to ſhed tears?

Has she not for her Husband grief enough?
That you must add your sorrow unto hers.
Sit silently, eat and drink quietly.
Or if you needs must weep, go weep without.
Leave the Bowe here, the Suiters strength to try,
And that it may be carried round about.
Not that I think there's any man among
Us all can bend it as *Ulysses* could
(For I remember him though I were young)
So said he, though he thought he bend it should,
And also shoot through th' Axes every one,
Though he were only the first to be shot.
For he the other Suiters had set on,
And was the first contriver of the Plot.
Telemachus then to the Suiters spake,
Sure *Jove*, said he, bereav'd me has of sense.
My Mother tells me she'll a Husband take,
And leaving me depart with him from hence;
And I here merry am that should be sad.
But be't as 'twill, the Game must now begin,
For such a wife as ne're *Achaia* had,
Nor in *Mycen'* or *Argos* was e're seen,
Nor *Pyle*, nor *Ithaca*, nor in *Epire*.
But what need I set forth my Mothers praise?
You know't your selves. Therefore I you desire
To put off all excuses and delays.
And I my self will be the first to try
This mighty Bowe, whether I can or no,
And through the Axes make the Arrow fly.
'Twill grieve me less to let my Mother go;
Since I have strength to bend my Fathers Bowe.
Why should I doubt of governing his State?
And from him presently his Coat did throw
And Sword, and then fell to delineate
The ground whereon the Axes were to stand.
On one long line he set them all upright.
The Woo'rs admir'd the justness of his hand;
For why, the like was ne'r done in his sight.
Then went he to the Sill to try the Bowe.
Thrice he essaid it and was near it still,

And

And thrice again relenting let it go.
Once more had done it. But 'twas not his will.
For then his Father checkt him with a wink.
Alas, then said *Telemachus*, must this
Be all my strength? Too young I am I think.
Come, let one take the Bowe that elder is.
This said, the Bowe and Arrow he laid by,
And to the Seat went where he sat before.
Then said *Antinous*, The Bowe let's try
In order as we sit. Let him therefore
Try first, whose Table next the Cupboard is,
And so to the right hand up one by one.
The other Suiters all approved this.
Leiodes was the first; so he begun;
His place was low'st. He to the threshold went
To try his force. But to his tender hand
And feeble arms the Bowe would not relent.
Then down he laid it there, and lets it stand;
And to the Suiters spake: This Bowe says he,
I cannot bend, some other tak't in hand.
It's like of many Lords the death to be,
When by the strongest it comes to be man'd;
For better 'tis to die than live and miss
The hopes you hither come for ev'ry day.
And what is't any of you hope but this,
That you *Ulysses* Consort marry may?
But when he shall this Bowe have understood,
Let him some other Lady wooe at ease
Amongst th' *Acheans* whom he shall think good,
And let *Penelope* take whom she please.
This said, the Bowe and Arrow he set by,
And to the Seat went where he sat before,
And by *Antinous* was angerly
Assoon as he had spoke, rebuk'd therefore.
What say you? That this Bowe the death shall be
Of many Lords? Why so? 'Cause you have not
The strength to bend it? Others have, you'll see,
But you for bending Bowes were not begot.
Then to *Melantheus* he turn'd and said,
Let fire be made, and a great Chair set by't,

And let upon it Cushions be laid,
And let us have good store of Tallow white
T'anoint and warm and supple make the Bowe,
And try if we perhaps may bend it then.
Fire, Chair, and Cushions came and greace enough,
But to no purpose; too weak were the men.
Antinous yet and *Eurymachus*
Gave it not over; these two were the best
Of all the Suiters that came to the house.
No hope at all remained for the rest.
Eumæus and *Philætius* then went out
Together; after them *Ulysses* went,
And when they were the Gate and Court without,
Himself unto them to discover meant.
And fair he spake them: Master of the Kine,
And you *Eumæus*, Master of the Swine,
Shall I keep in, or speak a thought of mine?
To speak it out my heart does me encline.
What if *Ulysses* should come suddenly
Brought by some God, and stand before this rout,
On whose side, his or theirs would you then be?
What your mind prompts you to speak freely out.
Then answer'd him the Master of the Kine,
O that the Gods above would have it so.
You'ld see the vertue of these hands of mine.
The Master of the Swine then said so too.
When now the hearts of both of them he knew,
He spake again and said, 'Tis I am he,
That after twenty years return to you;
And know you longed have this day to see.
Of all my Servants I find only you
That wish me here. If therefore it shall please
The Gods by me the Suiters to subdue,
I'll give you wealth enough to live at ease,
And Houses near me, and shall wedded live,
And Brothers of *Telemachus* shall be.
And that you may assuredly believe
Ulysses speaks it, you a signe shall see.
With that he pull'd his Rags beside his thigh,
And lets them see the place the Boar had rent

Then

Then when upon *Parnassus* Mountain high
He with his Unkles Sons a hunting went.
And then they fling their Arms about *Ulysses*,
And kiss his hand and shoulders, weeping sore;
And he again embraced them with kisses,
Nor had till Sun-set weeping given o're
But that *Ulysses* hinder'd it. Give o're, said he,
Your weeping, lest that some one come out hither,
And tell within what here without they see.
Go in, but one by one, not all together.
First I'll go in, and then come you. Now mark.
I'll pray the Suiters I the Bowe may try.
If to my motion they refuse to hark,
Give it into my hand as you pass by.
And you *Eumæus* bid the women shut
The House-doors all, nor suffer any one
O'th' men without the House his head to put.
And though within they hap to hear men grone,
That they stir not, but ply their business.
The utter-Gate *Philœtius* lock you fast,
That to the House there may be no access.
This said, into the Hall again he past,
And after him his Servants. Now the Bowe
Was in *Eurymachus* his hand by th'fire.
He warm'd and rub'd, and did what he could do.
But for to bend it he was ne're the nigh.
At this he vext, and took it heinously,
And, O, said he, 'tis not for my own part
I troubled am, but for the Company.
'Tis chiefly that, I take so much to heart.
Nor is it for a wife that I complain;
For in *Achaia* Ladies be enough,
But that we hope *Penelope* to gain,
Although we cannot bend *Ulysses* Bowe.
Then said *Antinous*, 'Twill not be so.
This day unto *Apollo* sacred is,
And not a day for bending of a Bowe.
Therefore to lay it by is not amiss.
And let the Axes stand still as they do;
(For 'tis not like they will be stoln away.)

And so go in and offer Wine unto
The God. The Bowe may till to morrow stay.
And bid *Melanthius* in the morning bring
Goats of the fattest, and whereof the savour
May from *Apollo* of all Archers King,
For bending of the Bowe procure us favour.
They all agree. Into the house they went.
The Officers for hands the water hold;
The Waiters fill the Cups, and them present.
And when they drunk had each man what he would,
Then spake *Ulysses* to the Suiters thus:
Hear me, ye Suiters, what I have to say,
Antinous, and you *Eurymachus*,
For to you two 'tis chiefly that I pray.
Since you the bending of the Bowe remit
To th' Gods to give to whom they please; & they
To morrow doubtless will determine it,
Let me now of the Bowe make an essay.
That I may know whether my strength be spent,
And what I could before now cannot do.
Whether I still be firm or do relent
With hardship, and with want of looking to.
These words of his made all the Suiters mad
With fear that he indeed would bend the Bowe.
Antinous gave him language very bad.
Thou wretched Stranger, is it not enough
That of our Feast thou hast an equal part,
And that of our discourse (and none but thou
Stranger and Beggar) made a hearer art?
'Tis wine that makes thee not thy self to know.
For wine serves all men so that drink too much.
Wine hurt *Eurytion* the Centaur great.
His carriage in *Perithous* house was such
Among the *Lapithæ* sitting at meat,
That angry with't they were, and all arose,
And with sharp iron cut off both his ears,
And with the same they pared off his nose.
Away the cause of his own harm he bears.
From that day on, Centaurs and men are foes.
Themselves men hurt by wine immoderate,

So if you bend the Bowe, your ears you'll lose.
For you'll find here no prating Advocate.
But to King *Tokim* forthwith you shall go,
And he will of you make a cruel end.
Therefore sit still, and let alone the Bowe;
Nor with men younger than your self contend.
Then said *Penelope*, I'd have you know,
Antinous, that you do very ill
To wrong *Telemachus* his Guest. What though
He bend the Bowe, d'ye think I take him will
For Husband? I am sure you think not so.
Let none of you be sad with fear of that.
Then to her said *Eurymachus*, No no;
That's not the thing that we be troubled at.
'Tis of our Honour that we jealous be.
For how will men and women, think you, prate,
But that such Suiters wooe *Penelope*
As could not bend *Ulysses* Bowe, but that
A Beggar that past by by chance could bend it?
Which unto us will be no little shame.
Who (said she) live on others means and spend it,
Should not stand much on Honour and on fame.
Besides, this Stranger is well made and tall,
And of a great man says he is the Son.
Give him the Bowe to try his strength withal.
For this I'll promise him, and see it done.
If he do bend it, I'll on him bestow
Good Clothing and a handsom Coat and Vest,
Shooes to his feet, Dart, Sword with edges two,
And send him to such place as he thinks best.
Then spake to her *Telemachus* her Son:
Mother, to give the Bowe or to deny't,
Is in my pow'r, and hinder me can none
In *Elis*, or *Achaia*, or here right
From giving it unto this Stranger here,
If I think fit. But Mother, pray go now
Up to your Chamber, and look to your work,
And leave to us to dispute of the Bowe.
She mused on, and thought his counsel wise;
And being in her Chamber sore did weep

For

For th'absence of her Husband, till her eyes
By th' Goddess *Pallas* closed were with sleep.
Eumæus now had brought the Bowe about,
And come it was to where *Ulysses* sat.
The Suiters all at once then cried out,
Swineherd, Rogue, Lout, what meanest thou by (that?
If the Gods please to favour our designe,
Thou shalt be slain and carried out of sight,
And there devoured be by thy own Swine.
This put *Eumæus* into a great fright.
Telemachus then roar'd on th'other part,
Bear on the Bowe (t' obey all is not best)
I'll pelt thee (though that thou my elder art)
With stones home to thy Hogsties like a beast.
For I the stronger am: O that I were
But so much stronger than these Suiters all,
I soon of some of them the house should clear.
They laught at this, and bated of their gall.
Eumæus then took up the Bowe agen,
And gave it to *Ulysses* in his hand.
This done, *Eurycl a* he called then.
It is, said he, *Telemachus* command
To lock the doors all; and that if you hear
Noise in the house of blows, or groaning men,
Let none go forth, but at their work stay there.
This said, *Eurycl a* went in agen,
And lockt the doors. *Philœtius* likewise
Went silently and shut the utter-Gate,
And with a Ship-rope that lay by, it ties,
And coming back sits where before he sate;
And lookt upon *Ulysses*, who to know
What work the worms had in his absence made,
This way and that way turning was the Bowe.
At this the Suiters one t'another said.
This Beggar surely has no little skill
In Bowes or in Bowe-stealing, or of's own
He has one lik't, or make one like it will,
He doth examine it so up and down.
Another said, As he shall bend the Bowe,
So let him find, as he is begging, Alms.

So

So mockt they. When he view'd it had enough,
And holden it a while had in his palms,
He bent it. As a Fidler does not spend
Very much labour the sheeps gut to strain;
So he, *Ulysses* his strong Bowe to bend,
Did put himself to very little pain.
Then with his left hand he the string essaid.
It sounded like the singing of a Swallow.
The Suiters then began to be afraid,
And mighty claps of Thunder straightway follow.
Joves Token very welcome was t'*Ulysses*.
Then to the Bowe he set a shaft, and there
Sitting, shot through the Axes, not one misses.
The rest of th'Arrows in the Quiver were.
Then turning to *Telemachus*, he said,
I have not sham'd you, nor have miss'd one Axe,
Nor long a bending of the Bowe I staid.
You see then that the Woo'rs me falsly tax.
But now 'tis time for After-suppering
Ere day be done, and taking such delights,
As Cups, Discourse, and pleasant Musique bring;
For these of Feasting are the common rites.
Then to his Son with's eye he beckoned.
Telemachus that well him understood,
With Spear in hand and Helmet on his head,
Came unto him; and close by his Chair stood.

LIB. XXII.

U*Lysses* then himself delivereth
Of his foul Rags, and leaps up to the Sill
With Bowe in hand and Arrows tipt with death,
And spake to th'Wooers, boasting of his skill.

Suiters,

Suiters, ſaid he, this Match is at an end.
Jove ſpeed me now. Another Mark have at,
Which none ere ſhot at yet. *Apollo* ſend
Me luck to hit. As he was ſaying that,
T'*Antinous* the Shaft he did addreſs,
Who had the Cup in's hand about to drink.
Than of his death he thought of nothing leſs.
For one amongſt ſo many who would think,
How ſtrong ſoever, durſt do ſuch a thing?
The Arrow pierc'd his neck from throat to poll:
The wound receiv'd, he turns round ſtaggering;
The blood ſtream'd out; away he threw the Bowl;
And overturn'd the Table with his feet;
Both bread and meat lay ſcatter'd in the Hall.
The Suiters buſtle and in cluſters meet,
Of this great man amazed at the fall.
Then one of them unto *Ulyſſes* ſaid,
Stranger, this was ill ſhot; thou killed haſt
The greateſt man in *Ithaca*. Thou'ſt plaid
Thy laſt prize. To the Crows thou ſhalt be caſt.
But yet they held their hands; for why, they thought
'Twas done by miſadventure, not contriv'd.
For proud and fooliſh they perceived not
The fatal hour was to them all arriv'd.
Then ſaid *Ulyſſes* with a ſullen eye,
Dogs, dead you thought me, and ſpent my eſtate;
With you my women you compell'd to lie;
And would have wedded, whilſt I liv'd, my Mate.
No fear you had neither of Gods on high,
Nor of revenge from any mortal man;
But now a vengeance to you all is nigh.
At this they frighted were and looked wan;
And each one peept about what way to take
To ſave his own life, if he could, by flight.
None but *Eurymachus* t'*Ulyſſes* ſpake.
If you *Ulyſſes* be, you ſay but right.
Much harm is done you both in houſe and field;
But this *Antinous* Author was of 't all;
He ſet us on, and here lies juſtly kill'd.
For wedding of your wife his care was ſmall.

His

His care was how to make himſelf here King
(Which *Jove* not ſuffer'd him to bring to paſs;)
And to deſtruction how your Son to bring
He chiefly thinking and deſigning was.
And ſince that he deſervedly is ſlain,
Spare your own people; we'll repair what's done.
And what is ſpent we will make up again,
And recompence with twenty Cows each one;
And Braſs and Gold till you be ſatisfi'd.
If not, there's no man can your anger blame.
To this *Ulyſſes* with a ſour look repli'd
Your whole eſtates, and added to the ſame
How much ſoever you can elſewhere get
Too little is to bind me to deſiſt,
Until the Suiters ſhall have paid their debt.
Two ways before you lie, take which you liſt,
To fight or flie, if you will death avoid.
But fly, I think you cannot. So ſaid he.
Eurymachus then to the Suiters ſaid,
The man will not lay down his Bowe you ſee;
But ſince 'tis in his hand, and Arrows by,
And ſtands upon the threſhold of the door,
His ſhafts will fly at us continually,
And till we all be ſlain will not give o're:
Let's therefore take up Tables for defence
Againſt his ſhafts, and (Sword in hand) run all
Unto the door at once and drive him thence,
And people of the Town together call.
This ſaid, his Sword with double edge he drew,
And thunder'd him with words. But howſoever
A deadly ſhaft firſt from *Ulyſſes* flew
That enter'd at his breſt and ſtuck in's liver.
Down fell his Sword, he turns himſelf quite round,
And throws his blood about him every way;
Kicks down the Table, meat and Cup, to th'ground,
And with his brow beating the floor he lay;
And ſprawling made the Seat ſhake with his feet;
And endleſs darkneſs lay upon his eye.
Then roſe *Amphinomus* and death did meet.
He thought from thence to make *Ulyſſes* fly.

But

But by *Telemachus* prevented was,
That slew him with his Spear upon the place.
From back to breſt the well-thrown Spear did paſs;
Down with a thump he falls upon his face.
Telemachus i'th' body left the Spear.
For why, he had good reaſon to miſtruſt
Amongſt ſo many Swords, if he ſtaid there,
He might be killed by ſome blow or thruſt,
Then to his Father as he by him ſtood,
To fetch down Arms, ſaid he, 'Twill do no harm,
Two Spears, a Buckler, and a Helmet good,
And both *Philœtius* and *Eumæus* arm.
Run quickly, ſaid *Ulyſſes*, while there be
Arrows remaining, leſt they force me ſhou'd
To quit the door. Then quickly up ran he
Unto the room wherein the Armour ſtood.
Eight Spears, four Bucklers, and four Helmets good
He took, and to his Father came again.
And firſt he arm'd himſelf, and ready ſtood.
The two good Servants themſelves armed then.
Ulyſſes Arrows till they all were gone
Kill'd each his man, and one by one they fall.
But when they all were ſpent and left was none,
He ſets his Bowe to lean againſt the wall.
Over his ſhoulder he his Buckler caſt,
And puts his well-made Helmet on his head.
The two Spears with his hand he griped faſt.
And then his poſture he conſidered.
There was i'th' wall a certain window high,
By th' Sill whereof a way lay to the Street,
To which he bad *Eumeus* have an eye,
And near it ſtand. But one way was to it.
Then *Agelaus* to the Suiters ſaid,
Why does not ſome man to that window haſt,
And to the people cry aloud for aid,
That ſo this Shooter may have ſhot his laſt.
Then ſaid *Melanthius*, No, no, tis in vain;
The ſtreet-door and the Court-gate ſtand ſo cloſe,
That one good man the place may well maintain
Againſt how many ſ'ever them oppoſe.

But

But well, I'll fetch you Armour to put on,
And weapons I will bring you out of hand.
For where they by *Ulysses* and his Son
Were laid, I know the room and where they ſtand.
Then up he went. Twelve Buckl'rs he brings thence.
As many Spears, as many Helmets too.
The Suiters then prepar'd for their defence;
And now *Ulysses* knew not what to do.
But to *Telemachus* he turn'd and ſaid,
Th'ill women ſure, or elſe *Melanthius* has
For th'Wooers gotten Arms and us betrai'd.
No, Father, anſwer'd he, my fault it was.
The door I left unlockt, and but put to,
Which ſome body obſerv'd. *Eumeus* now
Go lock it faſt. Withal conſider who,
The women or *Melanthius* ſerv'd us ſo.
Whilſt thus they talk, *Melanthius* went once more
To fetch down Arms; *Eumeus* ſaw him then,
And told *Ulysses*, Him we thought before
To be the man, is th'ther gone agen.
Shall I go now and kill him (if ſo be
I can) or bring him hither to you, to endure
What you think fit for all his villany?
Then ſaid *Ulysses*, We two will be ſure
Telemachus and I, to keep theſe men
From going out, and therefore go you two
And bind his hands and feet together. Then
Betwixt his body and his legs put through
A Rope, and at his back tie boards: And ſo
Cloſe to a Pillar hoiſe him up on high
Unto the beams of th'houſe, that he may know
His fault, and feel his pain before he die.
Then up they went, and ſtood without the door
On each ſide one. *Melanthius* was within
At the far end, looking for Armour more.
And after there he long enough had been,
Out with a Helmet in one hand he came,
A Buckler in the other, great but torn.
Laertes in his youth had born the ſame,
But now with lying it was mouldy worn.

As

As he came out they seiz'd him suddenly,
And in again they drag'd him by the hair;
And then his hands unto his feet they tie,
And up they hoise him as they bidden were.
This done, *Eumæus* said unto him jeering,
In that soft bed, *Melanthius*, easily
You will observe the Mornings first appearing,
That for the Woo'rs your Goats may ready be.
Then armed both, and locking up the Door,
And breathing courage to *Ulysses* come.
So that upon the threshold there were four;
But many were the Suiters in the room.
Then down unto *Ulysses Pallas* came
In *Mentor*'s shape, to whom *Ulysses* said,
You are my friend, and our age is the same;
For old acquaintance let me have your aid.
Though thus he said, he thought it *Pallas* still.
The Suiters clamor'd, *Agelaus* spake:
Mentor beware, the course you take is ill
Against us all *Ulysses* part to take.
For 'tis our purpose when these two are slain
Father and Son, that you the next shall be,
And of your rashness suffer shall the pain,
And with his Substance your own mix will we.
Nor shall your Sons, Daughters, or Wife live here.
Pallas was angry at these words of his,
And chid *Ulysses* then, and ask'd him where
His Courage was. And what, said she, is this
The man that bravely fought nine years at *Troy*,
And kill'd in fight so many gallant men,
And he whose prudence did the Town destroy,
And whines so at his coming home again?
Come hither Milk-sop, says she, stand by me,
And how your old friend *Mentor* shall requite
The kindness you have shewn him, you shall see.
Yet presently she would not end the fight.
For further yet she would the courage try
Both of *Ulysses* and *Telemachus*.
And in a Swallows shape she up did fly,
And sat upon a black Beam of the House.

Mean

Mean while the Suiters by *Agelaus*,
Amphimedon and *Demoptolemus*,
Eurynomus, *Piſandrus*, *Polybus*
The beſt of all the Suiters in the Houſe,
(For many had been killed with the Bowe)
Encourag'd were. Friends, ſaid he, let's be bold,
And at them all our good Spears let us throw.
So ſhall we make the man his hands to hold.
Mentor with theirs, his fortune will not mix,
He and thoſe hopes are gone. Upon the Sill
There are but four. Let's throw at once but ſix,
That if *Jove* pleaſe, we may *Ulyſſes* kill.
When he is gone, the reſt we need not fear.
The Suiters all approved this adviſe.
And then they lanced ev'ry man his Spear;
But *Pallas* made it fall out otherwiſe.
For from the Beam ſhe ſoon blew here and there
The flying ſtaves, whereof one hit the door;
The two ſide poſts, and the walls wounded were.
When of the Spears the danger was paſt o're,
Then ſaid *Ulyſſes*, Now our turn it is
To caſt our Spears at this unruly rout;
That not content with former injuries
Do what they can to take our lives to boot.
This ſaid, and taking aim, their Spears they threw.
Ulyſſes killed *Demoptolemus*.
Telemachus Euryades then ſlew.
Eumæus with his Spear kill'd *Elatus*.
Piſandrus by *Philætius* was ſlain.
The Suiters then to the rooms end retreat,
And to the four gave time to take again
The Spears that in the wounds were ſticking yet.
Again they lanced ev'ry man his Spear.
The Swallow on the Beam ſtill puts them by;
And by the door, walls, poſts receiv'd they were.
Telemachus and *Eumæus* only
Had little ſcratches; one upon the Wriſt:
Eumæus on the ſhoulder. But the ſkin
Scarce broken was. And both the other miſt.
And then the four amongſt the throng threw in

Their

Their Spears again. And then *Ulysses* slew
Eurymachus. And by *Telemachus*
Was slain *Amphimedon*. *Eumæus* threw,
And killed *Polybus*. *Philœtius*
Then smot *Ctesippus* and through pierc'd his breſt,
And over him inſulting thus he ſaid,
Bold Prater that in love art with thy jeſt,
And to ſay any thing art not afraid,
For the Cows foot *Ulysses* thrown take that.
Ulysses kill'd too *Damastorides*.
Telemachus Leiocrates laid flat
With Spear in hand. When they had killed theſe,
Pallas aloft held forth her frightful ſhield.
And then as Cattle ſtung with a gad-fly,
In heat of Summer run about the field,
So round about the Hall the Suiters flie.
As when the Vultures ſtoop down from the Hill
Upon the Fowl; theſe couch cloſe to the plain,
Threatned with heavy Clouds, they ſlay and kill,
Theſe cannot fly away, nor turn again;
So they upon the Suiters fiercely fall,
And winding with them as they ſhift their ground,
They killing went. All gore-blood was the Hall,
And made with thumps and groans a diſmal ſound.
Leiodes then kneel'd at *Ulysses* feet
To beg his life. I came, ſaid he, as Prieſt,
And told them their behaviour was unmeet,
And always gave them counſel to deſiſt.
But nothing that I ſaid would they obey,
And of their own deſtruction Authors are.
There's not a woman in the houſe can ſay
I did amiſs. Muſt I like theſe men fare?
To this *Ulysses* with a ſour look ſaid,
Did you come with the Suiters as their Prieſt?
Then ſurely for them you have alſo prai'd,
That of my coming home I ſhould have miſt,
That with theſe men you daily might here board
Your ſelf, your wife, and children. Therefore die.
With that he took up *Agelaus* Sword,
Which when he did fell from him and lay by.

And

And with it at a ſtroke cut off his his head.
But *Phemius* the Minſtrel ſcaped free.
For thither he came not for meat or bread;
The Suiters forc'd him of neceſſity.
He had his Fiddle in his hand, and ſtood
Within the door, and ſtudi'd what to do,
Whether unto *Ulyſſes* go he ſhou'd,
Or out a door unto the Altar go
I'th' Court, whereon with many a fat beaſt
Ulyſſes oft devoutly had ſerv'd *Jove*,
And having paus'd, at laſt he thought it beſt
To go t'*Ulyſſes* and his mercy prove.
Then down he laid his Fiddle on the floor,
Between the Temp'rer and a ſtudded Chair,
Then went and fell upon his knees before
Ulyſſes, and thus to him made his prayer.
Save me *Ulyſſes*, and conſider that
If you me ſl y, it after you will grieve.
I am a Singer, but was never taught.
For Song to me the Gods did freely give.
I ſing to Gods and men, and have the ſkill
To ſing to you as to a God. Therefore
Of cutting off my head lay by the will.
Beſides, *Telemachus* can tell you more;
I was not hi her drawn with ſmell of roaſt.
But many men and ſtrong brought me by force.
Telemachus that knew this was no boaſt,
Cri'd out, Hold Father, 'tis not our beſt courſe
To ſl y the innocent; and I would fain
Save *Medon* too, that lov'd me from a Boy,
And took care of me, if he be not ſlain
By coming in your or your Servants way.
Under a Seat *Medon* himſelf had laid,
And wrapt himſelf up in a raw Cow-hide,
And hearing what *Telemachus* had ſaid,
Skipt nimbly out, his Cow-ſkin caſt aſide,
And falling at *Telemachus* his knee
He to him ſaid, O Friend, loe here I ſtand.
Forbear I pray, and to your Father be
A means that alſo he may hold his hand.

For

For whilſt his anger 'gainſt the Suiters ſtaid,
That waſted have his goods, and him deſpis'd,
Killing each way about him, I'm afraid
He might perhaps kill me too unadvis'd.
Ulyſſes hearing anſwer'd thus agen,
Take courage man. There is no danger nigh.
And this remember and tell other men
That Juſtice better thrives than Knavery.
Go now into the Court and ſtay without
Both you and *Phemius*, that I may do
The buſ'neſs in the houſe I am about.
Then out into the Court away they go.
And on the Altar of the God they ſat
Looking about, ſtill fearing to be ſlain.
Ulyſſes to be ſure that none remain
Alive, and under Seats or Tables ſquat,
Searcht well the Hall, and found they all were dead.
As fiſhes on the ſhore lie out, and by
The heat of *Phaethon* be murdered,
So did the Woo'rs one on another lie.
Then to *Telemachus Ulyſſes* ſaid,
Tell *Eurycleа* I would ſpeak with her.
Telemachus his Father ſtraight obey'd,
And ſcraped at the door that ſhe might hear.
Nurſe (ſays he) Mother of the Maids come out.
My Father to you ſomewhat has to ſay.
She heard him well, and preſently without
More words the door ſhe open'd with her Key.
And found *Ulyſſes* ſtanding 'mongſt the dead
Beſmear'd with blood. As when a Lion has
Upon a Cow at paſture newly fed,
With goary breſt and chaps; ſo dight he was;
Th'old woman there beholding ſo much blood,
And Carcaſſes ſo many lying dead,
At ſuch a mighty work amazed ſtood;
And was about to whoop, but hindered
Was by *Ulyſſes*. Hold, ſaid he, within
Your joy, and let it not appear in vain.
To glory over dead men is a ſin.
Theſe men the Gods, and their own ſins have ſlain.

For

For neither from above they fear'd the Gods,
Nor men reſpected good or bad beneath,
And therefore now have felt the Heav'nly Rods,
And brought upon themſelves untimely death.
But tell me Nurſe how many women be
That me diſhonour and do wickedneſs.
Fifty, ſaid ſhe, do ſerve *Penelope*,
And learn to work and wait, no more nor leſs.
Of theſe there twelve be that are impudent,
And care not for me, nor *Penelope*.
Telemachus was young; the Government
To him of Maids might not well truſted be.
But now I'll to my Ladies Chamber go,
Where ſhe's aſleep. Some God has clos'd her eyes.
To tell her you are here. But he ſaid, No;
Firſt call thoſe women who do me deſpiſe,
And have behav'd themſelves diſhoneſtly.
Euryclea obeys, and goes her way,
And call'd thoſe women; Come away, ſaid ſhe,
Telemachus i'th' Hall does for you ſtay.
Mean while *Ulyſſes* call'd *Telemachus*
Unto him, and his faithful Servants two,
Truſty *Eumæus* and *Philœtius*;
Hear me, ſaid he, what I would have you do.
Make theſe lewd women carry hence the dead,
The Chairs and Tables in the Hall make clean,
And when that buſ'neſs they have finiſhed,
Into the Court make them go forth agen,
Into that narrow place 'twixt th'houſe and hedge,
Till they forget the Suiters Venery,
Make them of your ſharp Swords to feel the edge,
And for their ſtoln unclean delight to die.
Then came the women down into the Hall
Wailing, and tears abundantly they ſhed,
And preſently unto their work they fall.
Into the Porch they carry out the dead.
Ulyſſes giving order ſtandeth by.
Telemachus then and *Philœtius*,
Alſo *Eumæus* do with ſhovels ply (houſe,
The Pavement dawb'd with blood, and cleanſe the
Scraping

Scraping together duſt and blood; and that
The women alſo carry out adore.
But when this buſineſs now an end was at,
There reſted for them yet one buſineſs more.
They brought them thence into the narrow place,
From whence there was no hope at all to fly.
You, ſaid *Telemachus*, for the diſgrace
Done to me and my Mother, muſt not die
An honeſt death. This having ſaid, he ſtretcht
Between two Pillars high a great ſtrong Rope,
That with their feet the ground could not be reacht.
Hung there, they ſprawl'd awhile, but could not drop.
Then down they drag'd *Melanthius*; and his Noſe
And Ears with cruel ſteel from's head they tear;
And brake his Arms and Legs with many blows;
And to the Dogs to eat they threw his Gear.
Their work now done, they waſht their hands & feet,
And to *Ulyſſes* in the Hall they went,
Who having found the place not very ſweet,
For Brimſtone call'd to take away the ſent.
Eurycl a, ſaid he, fetch Brimſtone hither,
And Fire, and alſo wake *Penelope*;
And bid her Maids come to me all together,
But haſten them to come. Then anſwer'd ſhe,
Dear Child, 'tis well ſaid. But firſt let me go
And bring you better Cloaths, a Coat and Veſt.
Theſe Rags become you not. Then ſaid he, No.
Bring me fire firſt, and after do the reſt.
Then fire ſhe brought and Brimſtone preſently,
Wherewith he fired both the Court and Hall.
The Nurſe then up goes to the Rooms on high
To call the Maids. T'*Ulyſſes* they came all.
They weep and ſob, and all embrace *Ulyſſes*,
And kiſs his head and ſhoulders, ſhake his hand;
And he again ſaluteth them with kiſſes.
Weeping for joy they all about him ſtand.

LIB. XXIII.

TH'old woman to the upper Rooms aſcended,
To wake *Penelope*, and let her know
Her Huſband was return'd. Her joy amended
Much had her pace, and well ſhe ambled now.
And ſtanding at her head, Riſe Child ſaid ſhe;
The Gods at laſt have granted you your wiſhes.
Come down into the Hall, where you ſhall ſee
The ſo long by you wiſht-for man *Ulyſſes*.
The Suiters he has killed ev'ry one,
Who needs the Stewards of his houſe would be,
In deſpight of *Telemachus* his Son;
And live upon his Subſtance laviſhly.
To her again *Penelope* thus ſpake:
The Gods, *Eurycleа*, ſure have made you mad.
The Gods can wiſe men fools, and fools wiſe make:
The Gods have done you hurt, more wit you had.
You do me wrong, that know how little ſleep
I have enjoyed ſince he went to *Troy*.
I never ſo well ſlept ſince, but ſtill weep.
And now you come and wake me with a toy.
Be gone, if't had been any Maid but you
I ſhould have ſent her not well pleas'd away.
But to your age ſome more reſpect is due.
Go down again into the Houſe you may.
Dear Child, ſaid ſhe, I mock not, for 'tis true.
Ulyſſes is i'th' houſe. That Stranger's he.
Telemachus and no man elſe him knew.
And known to others would not let him be,
Till they theſe proud and naughty men had kill'd.
Penelope then ſtarting from the bed

Embrac'd the Nurſe; her eyes with tears were filld.
And as yet doubtful ſtill ſhe queſtioned.
Euryclea is all this true you ſay?
Is he indeed come home? Be ſerious.
How could he the proud Suiters all deſtroy,
He being but one, they many in the Houſe?
Nor ſaw, nor aſkt I, but I heard the groans
Of dying men; for up we all were ſhut
Within our doors, and lockt up all at once;
And of our lives into a fear were put;
Till me your Son *Telemachus* call'd out
To come t'*Ulyſſes*. In the Hall he ſtood.
And there in heaps the ſlain lay him about,
That like a Lion ſtood beſmear'd with blood;
You would have joy'd to ſee him. Now they lie
I'th' Court all in one heap. But buſie he
Is airing of the houſe, a great fire by;
And for to call you hither has ſent me.
But come, that in each other you may joy.
For now at laſt your wiſhes granted be;
Ulyſſes come; your Son is paſt a Boy;
And their revenge upon the Woo'rs they ſee.
Nurſe, anſwer'd ſhe, triumph not out of Seaſon.
For to be glad to ſee him in the houſe,
You know there none is that have ſo much reaſon,
As I have and our Son *Telemachus*.
But 'tis not truth you tell me. What you ſay
Will come at laſt to nothing elſe but this,
It was ſome God that did the Suiters ſlay,
Having the ſight of what they did amiſs.
There never man came to them that can boaſt
He parted from them without injuries.
So by their wickedneſs their lives they loſt.
Ulyſſes may have periſht for all this.
Euryclea to this again repli'd, (come?
Dear Child, what words are theſe that from you
Ulyſſes ſtands i'th' Hall at the fires ſide,
And yet you ſay he never will come home.
But well, I'll tell you now a ſure ſigne:
When I was waſhing of his legs and feet,

I saw where th'wound was giv'n him by the Swine;
And had then told you had he thought it meet.
But with his hand for that cause stopt my breath.
Come, I will lay my life on't willingly.
If it be false put me to cruel death.
To this, *Penelope* did then reply,
The purpose of the Gods, wise though you be,
You know not, Nurse. But I'll go to my Son,
And there upon the place with him I'll see
What men are slain, and who the deed has done.
Then down she went consulting in her breast,
Whether at distance it were best to try,
Or else directly go unto the Gueſt,
And there receive and kiss him presently.
But when into the Hall she entred was,
Where sitting was *Ulysses* in the light
Of a good fire, she went and took a place
That was to where he sat just opposite.
Ulysses lookt o'th' ground expecting what
His wife would say, but long time she spake not.
But gazing on her husband mute she sat,
As one that's in a trance, and has no thought.
But by and by surveying him she thought
'Twas he. But seeing him so ill arraid,
Her mind was chang'd. She thought that he 'twas not.
Telemachus his Mother chid, and said,
Mother, hard-hearted Mother and unkind,
Why sit you at such distance from my Father,
And have so little care to know his mind?
When many Questions you should ask him rather.
Another woman would not keep off so
From her own Husband that away had staid
Twenty years long, and suffer'd so much woe,
But at their meeting somewhat would have said.
Son (said she then) I am astonisht so,
I cannot speak, nor look him in the face.
But whether he *Ulysses* be or no,
I shall be certain in a little space,
For we have signes between us of our own,
Which we shall soon know one another by;

That to none living but our ſelves are known.
Ulyſſes to his Son then ſmilingly
Said, Lex (*Telemachus*) your Mother try me,
Perhaps ſhe know me better will anon.
The cauſe why now ſo little ſhe ſets by me,
Is that I have ill-favour'd Garments on.
But now let you and I look well about.
Who kills one man, unleſs great friends he have,
Muſt leave his Kin and Country, and go out.
But we have kill'd both many men and brave.
Therefore conſider what is to be done.
Father (ſaid he) let that be your own care.
So wiſe as you are men ſay there is none.
Our hands to do your pleaſure ready are.
Why then I'll tell you what is beſt to do.
Put on your Coats; and let the women all
Into the Hall in their beſt Garments go;
The Minſtrel play; and they to dancing fall;
That he that ſtands without, or dwelleth nigh
Unto the houſe, or travelleth that way,
When he ſhall hear ſuch mirth and melody,
May think, This ſurely is the Wedding-day.
That ſo before this ſlaughter Fame have ſpread,
Depart we may from hence into the field,
And 'gainſt the people of the Town make head,
And take ſuch counſel more as *Jove* ſhall yield.
When this was ſaid, the men their Coats put on.
The Damſels dreſs themſelves, the Minſtrel ſung
And plaid upon his Fiddle, and each one
To dancing fell, with it the Palace rung.
And one that heard this as he ſtood without,
Said to another by him, She is Matri'd.
Fie, Fie, ſhe could no longer now hold out.
So ſaid he, ignorant how things were carri'd.
Mean while *Ulyſſes* bath'd and oynted is
B'*Eurynome*, and alſo richly clad
With a fair Robe and Coat. And beſide this,
Taller and greater *Pallas* made him had.
And varniſhed with black his curled head.
As one by *Vulcan* and *Athena* taught

Gold

Gold upon Silver skilfully had spread;
So *Pallas* on *Ulysses* beauty wrought.
Then from the Bath he like a God came in,
And sat him down before his wife again;
And with her to discourse did thus begin.
Woman (said he) to speak to you is vain.
Above all women hardned is your heart.
What woman else that had her Husband seen
After twice ten years absence thus apart
From him to sit, contented would have been?
Make me a Bed, Nurse, what should I do here?
Man, said *Penelope*. Nor mightily
I magnifie nor scorn you. What you were
When you went hence, full well remember I.
But go, Nurse, make for him the bed that he
Himself fram'd, by the Chamber-door without.
Thus said she, but to try if that were he,
Yet griev'd him to the heart, and made him doubt.
Woman, said he, who has remov'd my bed?
It cannot be but by a force Divine.
With my own hands 'twas wrought and finished,
To th'end thereby it might be known for mine.
I'th' Court an Olive-tree stood great and tall,
Thick as a Pillar. I about it made
A Chamber. Of good stone I made the wall.
And cutting off the boughs the roof I laid.
And in the wall a good strong door I form.
When this done, I cut up by the root,
And smooth'd with Iron Tools a lusty Corm,
And setting it upright fixt the bed to't,
And pierc'd the wood with wimbles where 'twas meet,
And laid on Silver, Gold, and Ivory.
A purple-thong unto the door I fit.
This is the signe for you to know me by.
Whether it still remain I cannot tell,
Or ta'ne away and down be cut the Tree.
This said, and she the signe remembring well,
The tears rowl'd from her eyes. Thus weeping she
Acknowledgeth and runneth to *Ulysses*;
About his neck her milk-white arms she lays,

And both his shoulders and his head she kisses,
And, O *Ulysses*, be not angry says,
The Gods have giv'n you wisdom, but deni'd
To satisfie our youth with mutual joy;
Take it not ill I have you thus far tri'd;
Since horrour hath possest my mind alway
Lest some deceitful man (for such there be
Too many in the world) should hither come,
And flatt'ring bring me into infamy.
Helen of *Argos* would have staid at home
And not gone with th' Adulterer of *Troy*,
Had she consider'd that th' *Achean* Lords
Might chance to come and fetch her thence away
Again into her Country with their Swords.
This speech inflam'd his love, and wet his eyes.
As a man shipwrackt swimming for his life,
Rejoyceth when the Land he near him spies;
So welcome was *Ulysses* to his wife.
She hung upon him still, nor had let go
Till Morning but for *Pallas*, who would not
Let *Phaeton* and *Lampus*, th' Horses two
That draw the Morn, be set to th' Chariot.
Then said *Ulysses* to *Penelope*,
O Wife! my troubles ended are not yet;
For still there many more remaining be;
Long time 'twill be ere to the end I get.
Tiresias did tell me this in Hell,
When I went thither, of his Ghost to know
Whether I with my Mates should come home well
Or not to *Ithaca* again, and how.
But come, 'tis bed-time, let us satisfie
Our selves with sleep. Then said *Penelope*,
Your bed made ready shall be presently.
But since you mention'd have the Prophesie,
Tell me what said *Tiresias*. I know
You'll tell it me one time or other, why
If you will may you not tell me it now?
To this *Ulysses* did again reply,
Because you long to know't, I tell you then,
Tiresias adviseth me to go

With

With Oar on ſhoulder to a place where men
Inhabit that the briny Sea not know,
Nor ever mingle ſalt with what they eat,
Nor ever ſaw the ſhip with crimſon face,
Nor yet thoſe wings which do the Water beat
(Call'd Oars) to make the good ſhip go apace.
Now mark me well. When you ſhall meet a man,
Juſt at the end of *Neptunes* utmoſt bound
Bearing upon his ſhoulder a Corn-fan,
Stick down your luſty Oar upon the ground.
There ſacrifice to the worlds Admiral
For new admittance a Ram, Boar, and Bull.
Then home again, and offer unto all
The Gods by name a hundred Oxen full.
Your death will not ungentle be, for which
Age ſhall prepare you, and your Soul unglew
Inſenſibly. Your People ſhall be rich
Which round about you dwell. All this is true.
Then ſaid *Penelope*, If this be all,
Since your old age the Gods will happy make,
The ſorrow yet to come can be but ſmall.
Whilſt thus this couple t'one another ſpake
Mean while their bed with cov'rings ſoft was clad.
The Maids return'd i'th'Hall before them ſtand.
Eurynome a Torch to light them had,
And carri'd it before them in her hand.
Then parting left them under Marriage-Law.
Telemachus and the good Servants two,
When they had to the Dancers ſaid Hola,
Unto their Beds within the Palace go.
Ulyſſes and *Penelope* their joy
Converted had into a new content;
She to *Ulyſſes* telleth the annoy
She ſuffer'd from her Suiters impudent;
What havock they had made of Cows and Sheep,
And many Barrels of her Wine had waſted.
And he to her, what hurt o'th' Land and Deep
He done and ſuffer'd had. While his Tale laſted
Well pleas'd ſhe was, and had no liſt to ſleep.
He told her how the *Cicons* he had beaten;

How Lote from love of home his men did keep;
How *Cyclops* his Companions had eaten;
And in revenge how he had made him blind;
How, to convey him home he did obtain
Of *Æolus* a leather-bag of wind,
Which breaking Prison blew him back again.
And how in *Lestrigonia* he lost
His good ships all but one, in which he was;
Told her the wiles of *Circe*; what the Ghost
In Hell, said to him, of *Tiresias*,
To whom he went his fortune for to know,
In a black ship; and with his Mother there
Discoursed; and saw many a one laid low,
That in the *Argive* Host had been his Peer;
And how he heard the tempting *Sirens* sing
In consort, and scap'd safely by; and how
By th'shifting Rocks, *Charybdis* vomiting,
And *Scylla*'s clutches he did safely row;
How to *Cygia* he came, and how
Calypso kept him in a Cave, where she
To be his wife did promise to bestow
Upon him Youth and Immortality.
How to *Phaeacia* he came, where he
Much honour'd was, and thence by Sea did come
Enricht by publique liberality
With Brass and Gold and costly Vestures home.
And at these words sleep seised on his eyes.
When *Pallas* thought *Ulysses* satisfi'd
With bed and sleep, she makes the morning rise,
And day from Mortals now no longer hide.
Ulysses rose, and speaking to his wife,
We have, said he, both of us had much wo;
You for my absence weeping out your life,
And I, because the Gods would have it so.
But since we now again united be,
Look to the goods within. My folds I'll fill
Partly with booty from the Enemy,
And many also my Friends give me will.
Now to my grieved Father I must go,
And therefore with your Maids go up again.

For

For ere the Sun be up, the Town will know
That in my Houſe the Suiters all are ſlain.
Do not ſo much as look out, or enquire.
This ſaid, he puts on Arms. To Arm alſo
His Son and his two men he did require.
Then they got up, and there ſtood armed too.
Then open'd they the door and forth they went.
Ulyſſes led the way Daylight was ſpread.
But *Pallas* out a Town them ſafely ſent
Into the Field, and undiſcovered.

LIB. XXIV.

MEan while unto the Houſe came *Mercury*.
A Golden Rod he carri'd in his hand,
Wherewith he lays aſleep a Mortal eye,
And opens it again with the ſame Wand.
And at the bloody-heap he calls away.
The Suiters Souls. They all about him fly,
And as the Rod directeth them the way,
They follow all, but ſcreaming fearfully.
As in ſome venerable hollow Cave,
Where Bats that are at rooſt upon a ſtone,
And from the ledge one chance a fall to have,
The reſt ſcream out and hold faſt one by one;
So ſcreaming all the Souls together fly.
And firſt paſs by *Oceanus* his Streams,
Then by *Sol*'s Gate, and Rock of *Leucady*;
And then they paſſed through the Town of Dreams,
And in a trice to th'Mead of *Aſphodel*,
And ſaw the Soul there of *Peleiades*
(For there the Souls of wretched Mortals dwell)
And of *Patroclus* and *Neſtorides*.

The Soul of *Ajax* Son of *Telamon*
Was also there, who 'mongst those Warriours tall,
The goodliest person was, except the Son
Of *Peleus*, who did much excel them all.
To these *Atrides* Soul came from hard by,
And theirs whose death had joyned been with his,
And by *Ægisthus* hand were made to die.
Then to *Atrides* said *Achilles* this.
Atrides we thought you of all the Host
That came to fight against the Town of *Troy*,
Had been by the High Gods beloved most;
For in the Army you bore greatest sway.
Yet afterwards the first you were to fall
T'had better been Commanding t'have been slain.
Then had you had a noble Funeral,
And Tomb, whereby your glory might remain.
But now you di'd a miserable death.
To this *Atrides* Soul thus answered,
Happy were you at *Troy* to lose your breath
With other *Argives* that there perished
Fighting about you in your dusty Bed
Stretcht out, your feats of Horsmanship forgot,
But fighting we all day continued,
And till we gain'd your Body ceased not.
Nor had we ceased then, but for the storm.
And then we bare your Body to the Fleet,
And there the blemishes thereof reform
With water fair and warm, and Unguents sweet.
The *Greeks* about you wept, and cut their hair;
Your Mother and her Nymphs then come & roar'd,
Th *Achean* Army was in such a fear,
That they were ready all to run aboard.
But *Nestor*, whose advice most currant was,
Cri'd, Stay you *Argives*, this is not the noise
Of Armed foes, but *Th tis* now doth pass
With all her Nymphs; of them this is the voice.
Then they all fearless staid. And the Nymphs stood
Mourning, and clothed him with Garments meet.
The Muses nine in turn with voices good
Singing, made all the standers by to weep.

And

And ſeventeen days both Gods and men we mourn
On the eighteenth we Sheep and Cattle ſlay.
And then in Godlike Cloaths your Body burn
With many Unguents ſweet that on it lay.
Both Foot and Horſe many the Pile ſuſtain,
And loudly ſhout, and *Vulcan* makes an end.
Only the Bones and nothing elſe remain,
Which with pure Wine and Unguents ſweet we blend,
Your Mother ſent the Urn, by *Vulcan* made,
But given her by *Bacchus*, and therein
Noble *Achill's* your white bones we laid,
Mixt with *Patroclus* you delighted in.
By yours, the aſhes of *Antilochus*,
Whom next *Patroclus* was to you moſt dear,
We placed in an Urn apart, and thus
Over you all one Monument we rear,
High to be ſeen from Sea by them that now,
Or ſhall hereafter ſayling be that way.
Your Mother alſo to the Gods did vow
T'have noble Prizes for the Lords to play.
At Princes Sepultures I oft have ſeen
Propos'd rich Prizes to provoke the ſtriſe
Of noble minds, but that like theſe had been,
I never any ſaw in all my life.
So after death renown'd your name will be.
But what am I the better, to whom *Jove*
Did for my pains a wretched death decree
(Such was the pleaſure of the Gods above)
B' *Ægiſtus* and my own wives bloody hand?
Thus they to one another talkt in Hell.
There *Mercury* came to them with his Band
Of Woo'rs that in *Ulyſſes* Palace fell.
Of theſe *Atrides* knew *Amphimedon*,
(For he in *Ithaca* had been his Gueſt)
And ſpeaking to him firſt, he thus begun.
Amphimedon what ail'd you and the reſt,
To come to this dark place ſo in a throng,
The flow'r of *Ithaca*, of equal years?
If purpoſely a man ſhould ſeek among
Your people all, he ſhou'd not find your Peers.

Were you by *Neptune* drowned in the Main,
And hither sent by fury of the weather?
Or landing to find Booty were you slain?
Or fighting for fair women were sent hither?
Come tell me freely; I have been your Guest.
Know you not I t'your Fathers house did come
With *Menelaus*, *Ulysses* to request
That he would go with us to *Ilium*?
Then said *Amphimedon*, I know it all,
And how we all deprived were of life,
I'll tell you true, and manner of our fall.
Ulysses absent, we all woo'd his Wife.
She none deni'd, nor any married,
But casting how of life us to bereave,
To set a Loom up came into her head,
As if she somewhat did intend to weave.
She sets it up, and did begin to weave.
Suiters (said she) since dead *Ulysses* is,
Stay yet a little while, and give me leave
To make an end has of one business.
I must for old *Laertes* make a Cloth
Which in his Sepulchre he is to wear.
T'offend the Wives of *Greece* I should be loath.
For to accuse me they will not forbear.
They'l say I very hasty was to wed,
If I go hence and not provide a shroud
Wherein *Laertes* must be buried.
Out of his wealth that might have been allow'd.
The Suiters then were all content. And then
All day she wove, but ere she went to bed,
What she had wov'n she ravell'd out agen.
Three years her Suiters she thus frustrated.
In the fourth year her women her betrai'd;
And in we came while she the Web undid.
She could the Wedding now no more avoid.
The Robe when it was finished and done
She washed clean, and it before us laid.
As bright it shin'd as either Moon or Sun.
And then ill Fortune brought *Ulysses* home
To th' House where dwelt the Master of the Swine.

And

And thither too *Telemachus* did come
From sandy *Pylus* lately through the brine.
And both together there our death contrive.
That done, they both unto the City come.
Telemachus the first was to arrive.
The Master of the Swine brought thother home.
Like an old Beggar with a Staff in's hand,
Apparelled in such miserable gear,
That, that was he, we could not understand,
Nor no man else, although he elder were.
We mock, we rate him, throw things at his head.
He patiently endured all his harms,
Until by *Jupiter* encouraged
From out the Hall he took away the Arms;
And in an upper Chamber lockt them fast.
Then craftily he bids his Wife to send
To us his mighty Bowe, our strength to taste.
This the beginning was of our ill end.
For much too weak to bend the Bowe were we.
But when it was unto *Ulysses* brought,
Fearing by him lest it should bended be,
We all at once cri'd out, Hold, giv't him not.
Only *Telemachus* cri'd, Let him try.
And then 'twas put into *Ulysses* hands.
Ulysses bent it very easily.
Then leapt he to the Sill, and there he stands;
And round about he lookt upon us grim;
And first of all he shot *Antinous*,
At whom he took his aim, and killed him;
And with his Arrows, after, more of us.
And one upon another down we fall.
'Twas plain, some present God there gave him aid.
For when he follow'd us about the Hall
Till all on heaps at last he had us laid.
Of Groans and Blows it made a dismal sound.
And thus, King *Agamemnon*, died we.
Our Bodies yet there lie upon the ground.
Our Friends yet unacquainted with it be.
That else would wash our wounds and us lament,
Which to the dead are Ceremonies due.

Then

Then ſaid *Atrides*, O vertue excellent
Of your fair Wife. Happy *Ulyſſes* you,
That with great valour have her repoſſeſt.
My wife *Tyndarens* Daughter was not ſuch.
Your comforts fame will be hereafter dreſt
In noble Songs, and the Sex honour much.
But my wives name ſhall ſtand in Ballads vile,
And ſung in filthy Songs the Sex diſgrace.
Thus they diſcourſing were in Hell. Mean while
Ulyſſes cometh to *Laertes* place.
About it many Lodgings were; wherein
His neceſſary Servants all were laid;
And there they fed, and ſat, and ſlept. But in
The houſe it ſelf one old *Sicelian* Maid,
That of his perſon always had the care.
Ulyſſes then, leſt Supper they ſhould lack,
Said to his two good Servants, For our fare
You muſt again unto the Town go back,
And fetch a Swine the fatteſt in the ſties,
Mean while I'll to the Vineyard go and try
Whether my Father know me an with his eyes,
After ſo long an abſence, that 'tis I.
This ſaid, his Servants armed homeward hie;
And to the Vineyard goes *Ulyſſes* then.
But *Dolius* he there could not eſpy,
Nor any of his Sons or of his men.
His Sons and Servants all abroad were gone
For thorns to mend the hedges of the ground.
Laertes in the Vineyard all alone
Placing of earth about a Plant he found.
On him he had a foul Coat full of patches,
And ugly Leather-Boots, thoſe patcht alſo;
But good enough to ſave his legs from ſcratches.
Gloves of the ſame againſt the Briars too.
A Goatſkin Headpiece he had on to boot.
Ulyſſes when he ſaw him in this plight
Worn out with age and ſo much ſorrow to't,
Under a Tree ſtood weeping out of ſight.
And then bethought him whether it were beſt
T'embrace and kiſs him, and directly ſay,

I am *Ulysses*, or first talk in jest,
And give him time his person to survey.
Resolv'd at last, his Father he goes nigh,
Who with his head down, dig'd about a Plant.
Old man, said he, your skill is good. For why,
Your Garden neither Art nor care does want.
Nor Plant, nor Fig, nor Vine, nor Olive-tree,
Nor so much as a Leek but prospers here.
One thing there wants (I pray not angry be)
You look not to your self. Ill Cloaths you wear,
And also pale and yellow is your hue,
Which cannot be imputed to being aged.
'Tis not because you do no work that you
Be little set by that has you engaged.
There's nothing in your aspect of a Slave.
The look and stature you have of a King,
And the appearance of a King would have,
If you, what's due to age had ev'ry thing.
Whose Servant are you, and who owns the ground?
And say if this be *Ithaca* or no.
For this man whom upon the way I found,
Is not so wise as certainly to know.
I askt him of a friend that I had here
Whether alive he were or dead. But he
Whether he dead, or living still he were,
Unable was at all to answer me.
My house a Stranger on a time was at,
Which of all Strangers I did love the best;
That said he came from *Ithaca*, and that
Laertes was his Fathers name. This Guest
I entertain'd as kindly as I could
With Viands good, whereof I had good store.
And gave him Talents ten of well-wrought Gold,
And beside that I gave him these Gifts more:
A Pot for temper'd Wine of Silver bright; (were
Twelve Carpets fair; twelve Robes; twelve Coats that
All lined through; and twelve more that were light;
And four Maid-Servants, both well taught and fair,
Such as he from a greater number chose.
Then said *Laertes*, *Ithaca* this is,

Now

Now held by wicked men. But you will loſe
Your Preſents all, and of requital miſs.
But had you found my Son *Ulyſſes* here,
He would have kept of Amity the Law,
And well requited both your Gifts and Chear.
But ſay, how long it is ſince you laſt ſaw
And entertain'd my Son, if yet he be;
But he at Sea devoured is by Fiſh
Far hence, or elſe to Beaſts and Fowls is he
Somewhere, poor man, at Land become a diſh;
Neither his Father nor his Mother by,
To wind him and to ſhed tears o're his bed;
Nor yet his Wife weeping to cloſe his eye,
Which are the honours due unto the dead.
Tell me alſo your dwelling and your name,
Your Parents and your City what they be;
And where the good ſhip lies in which you came,
And what men with you came in company.
Or with ſome Merchants in their ſhip, and they
Departing hence have left you here alone?
To this *Ulyſſes* anſwering did ſay,
I'll anſwer to your Queſtions each one.
My City's *Alybas*, and of the ſame
Apheidas is the King. His Son am I,
And called am *Eperitus* by name.
Far hence at the lands end my ſhip doth lie.
And ſince *Ulyſſes* from me went away,
'Tis now five years, and with good Augury
That we ſhould meet again another day,
And joy in mutual hoſpitality.
This ſaid, *Laertes* overcome with woe,
Took up the ſcalding duſt with both his hands,
And pour'd the ſame upon his head of ſnow,
And ſobbing thick and weeping there he ſtands.
Ulyſſes heart up to his noſtrils ſwell'd
With pity to behold his Fathers woe,
And to him leapt; and's arms about him held,
And ſaid, The man you weep and mourn for ſo
Am I, come after twenty years again.
Give over ſobbing now; for (though in haſte),

I tell you muſt, The Suiters I have ſlain,
And made them of their crimes the fruit to taſte.
Then ſaid *Laertes*, If indeed you be
My Son *Ulyſſes*, let me ſee ſome ſigne
To know you by for certain. Then ſaid he,
Behold the wound received from the Swine
On Mount *Parnaſſus*, when I thither went
T'*Autolycus* my Mothers Father, to
Receive the Gifts he promis'd me. You ſent
Me thither, and ſo did my Mother too.
I'll tell your too what Trees you gave me when
I walking once was with you there. And I
Aſkt you of all the Trees the names (for then
'Twixt man and Boy I was.) And ſeverally
As I the Trees names aſkt, you told the ſame.
Pear-trees thirteen; Apple-trees half a ſcore;
Rankles fifty (ſo th' Vines you gave that name)
All [illegible] their ſeaſon Berries bore;
And forty Fig-trees. Th'old man knew it all;
Embrac'd his Son, and with abundant joy
Fainted, and ſinking ready was to fall,
But that his Sons embraces were his ſtay.
Then coming to himſelf he ſaid,
Jove Father and you Gods (Gods there are yet.)
The Suiters for their evil deeds have paid,
But now I fear the Town will on us ſet,
And with themſelves make all the City ſide
In *Cephalonia*. Then ſaid his Son,
Fear not. Of that we'll by and by adviſe.
Eumeus and *Philetius* are gone
To get a Supper ready at your houſe.
This ſaid, into the houſe they come away,
And find *Eumeus* and *Philetius*
At work to cut out meat and Wine allay.
Mean while *Laertes* oyl'd and bathed is,
And by his Maid in ſeemly Garments clad,
And *Pallas* ſtanding by him added this,
A larger ſtature than before he had.
As of a God his preſence did appear.
Ulyſſes ſeeing him admir'd, and ſaid,

Father,

Father, you greater now are than you were,
Some God has Beauty on your perſon laid.
Then ſaid *Laertes*, O ye Gods on high,
Jove, *Pallas*, and *Apollo*, had I been
Such as I was at *Neritus*, when I
Stormed the Town, and armed had come in,
When you and the proud Suiters were in fight,
I had made many of them bend the knee.
And you would have rejoyced at the ſight.
So to his Son *Ulyſſes* talked he.
Supper brought in, they ſit; and then came in
Old *Dolius*, ſent for, from his Huſbandry,
And his Sons weary. Working they had been.
The Nurſe had bidden them come ſpeedily.
They wondered to ſee *Ulyſſes* there.
But he to *Dolius* then gently ſaid,
Pray for a while your wondring to forbear.
We hungry are, and long have for you ſtaid.
Then *Dolius* embraced him, and ſaid,
Since long'd for you are come, and unexpected,
And to us by the Gods have been convey'd;
All hail; and by the Gods be ſtill protected.
But tell me if *Penelope* yet have
The news received of your coming home,
Or ſhall we ſend her word? That labour ſave
(Replied *Ulyſſes*) for ſhe knows I'm come.
This ſaid, he ſat him down. His Sons alſo
With decent words *Ulyſſes* entertain,
And lay their hands in his. That done they go
And by their Father ſat them down again.
Now Fame divulged had the Suiters fate;
And people howling came in ev'ry way.
And gather'd were about *Ulyſſes* Gate,
To fetch the bodies of the dead away.
And thoſe that out of *Ithaca* had liv'd,
To Fiſhermen they gave to carry home.
And ſtaying on the place, though ſorely griev'd,
Amongſt themſelves they into counſel come.
Eupeithes Father of *Antinous*
That firſt of all ſlain by *Ulyſſes* was

Spake

Spake first, and weeping for his Son, said thus.
See how much mischief this man done us has.
He carried hence our Ships and ablest men;
And lost them all, as one that had design'd
Our utter ruine. Coming back agen
He killed hath those whom he left behind.
Come then, let's to him quickly, lest mean while
He should pass over the wide Sea, and get
Protection at *Elis* or at *Pylr*;
And we so sham'd as we were never yet.
'Twill be a scorn to our Posterity
To let the murder of our Children so
Stay unreveng'd, and put up cowardly.
For my part, to my Grave I'd rather go.
Come quickly then, lest we prevented be.
This said, the people for him pity had.
Then came in *Medon*, who had scaped free,
And *Phemius* that scap'd th— and was glad,
And *Medon* to th'Assembly spake, and said,
Ulysses of himself could not have done
This mighty deed without th' Immortals aid.
I saw when present I was looking on,
A God stand by that him encouraged,
In *Mentors* shape he plainly did appear;
And then about the room the Suiters fled,
And fell before *Ulysses* in their fear.
Next him spake *Alitherses*, who alone
Saw Fore and Aft. Hear me, you men, said he.
Of this great slaughter I accuse can none
But ev'n your selves that gave no ear to me,
Nor yet to *Mentor*. We you counselled
The licence of your Children to take down,
That spent the Substance, and dishonoured
The Wife of him that was of such renown.
My counsel therefore to you now is this,
Not to proceed, lest on your selves you bring
More mischief yet, and of your purpose miss.
So said he then, but little profiting.
For more than half with alalaes up start,
And cry aloud, To Arms, go on, proceed.

Bu

But quietly sat still the lesser part,
That with *Eupeithes* Judgment disagreed.
When they had clad themselves in glist'ning brass,
Without the Town they came to Randezvouze
In open field. *Eupeithes* Leader was,
Seeking revenge where he his life shall lose.
Then *Pallas* to her Father came, and said,
O Father, King of Kings, what do you mean,
The War shall last between them, or be staid?
To this her Father answer'd her agen.
Child, why d'ye ask me that? 'twas your request,
The Suiters for their Insolence should pay.
Do what you please, but yet I think it best,
When you have done, that Peace for ever stay;
And ever reign *Ulysses* and his race.
Which to confirm, Oblivion I'll send
Of former Acts the image to deface.
Then gladly *Pallas* did from Heaven descend.
When now *Ulysses* and his Company
Removed had their hunger with good chear,
Ulysses said, Some one go forth and see
Whether the *Ithacesians* be near.
And then one of the young men standing there
Went forth and saw them as he past the Sill;
And turning back, Arm, said he, they are here;
And then they all put on their Arms of Steel.
Ulysses and his Son and Servants, four;
Six Sons of *Dolius*. And the old men
Laertes were and *Dolius* two more.
Aged they were, but necessary then.
Then arm'd, *Ulysses* leading, out they go.
And *Pallas* both in person and in voice
Resembling *Mentor* in came to them too.
Ulysses seeing her did much rejoyce.
And looking on *Telemachus*, he said,
Telemachus this Battle will declare
Who Courage has, who not. Be not afraid.
That you dishonour not your stock beware.
Father, said he, you shall see by and by,
You need not be ashamed of your Son.

Laertes

Laertes this diſcourſe heard joyfully
And to the Gods cri'd out in paſſion,
O ye kind Gods, and happy day is this!
O joy! My Son and Grandſon are at ſtrife
Which of the two the moſt Courageous is,
And ready to buy Honour with his life.
Then *Pallas* to *Laertes* ſaid, My Friend,
Son of *Arceſius*, whom the Gods do love,
With all your force your Spear now from you ſend.
But pray firſt unto *Pallas* and to *Jove*.
He pray'd, and threw his Spear, which th'Helmet ſmot
Of old *Eupeithes*, and went into 's head.
Down dead he fell; the Helmet ſav'd him not.
His Armour rattled, and his ſpirit fled.
And then fell on, *Ulyſſes* and his Son,
Upon the foremoſt both with Sword and Spear,
And ſurely had deſtroy'd them ev'ry one,
Had not *Jove*'s Daughter *Pallas* then been there.
She to the People call'd aloud and ſaid,
Hold *Ithaceſians*. The Quarrel may
Without more blood be ended. They afraid
Of th'Heavenly voice began to run away.
Ulyſſes yet not ceaſed to purſue
The Captains of his foes, till from above
In Thunder *Jove* his ſooty Bolt down threw.
Then *Pallas* ſaid, Beware; offend not *Jove*.
And glad was then *Ulyſſes* to give o're.
By *Pallas* were propounded terms of Peace
In *Mentor*'s ſhape; and each part to them ſwore.
And thus it was agreed the War ſhould ceaſe.

FINIS.

THE CONTENTS.

LIB. I.

IN a Council of the Gods (Neptune absent) Pallas procureth an Order for the restitution of Ulysses. And appearing to his Son Telemachus in humane shape, adviseth him to complain of the Suiters before the Council of the Lords, and then to go to Pylus and Sparta to enquire about his Father.

LIB. II.

Telemachus complains in vain, and borrowing a Ship goes secretly to Pyle by night. And how he was there received.

LIB. III.

Nestor entertains him at Pyle, and tells him how the Greeks departed from Troy; and sends him for further information to Sparta.

LIB. IV.

His entertainment at Sparta, where Menelaus tells him what befel many of the Greeks in their return; that Ulysses was with Calypso in the Isl: Ogygia, as he was told by Proteus.

LIB. V.

The Gods in Council command Calypso (by Mercury) to send away Ulysses, on a Raft of Trees; and Neptune returning from Æthiopia, and seeing him on the Coast of Phæacia, scattered his Raft; and how by the help of Ino he swam ashore, and slept in a heap of dry leaves till the next day.

LIB. VI.

Nausicaa going to a River near that place to wash the Clothes of her Father, Mother and Brethren, while the Clothes were drying played with her Maids at Ball; and Ulysses coming forth is fed and cloath'd, and led to the house of her Father King Alcinous, where being received, the Queen after Supper taking notice of his Garments, gave him occasion to relate his Passage thither on the Raft.

LIB.

THE CONTENTS.

LIB. VII.

Alcinous *entertains him, and grants him a Convoy; and both he and the Lords give him Presents.*

LIB. VIII.

The next days entertainment of Ulysses, *where he sees them contend in Wrestling and other Exercises; and upon provocation took up a greater stone than that which they were throwing, and over-threw them all. And how the King asked his name, his Country, and his Adventure.*

LIB. IX.

Ulysses *relates, first, what befel him amongst the* Cicones *at* Ismarus. *Secondly, amongst the* Lotophagi. *Thirdly, how he was used by the Cyclops* Polyphemus.

LIB. X.

Ulysses *his entertainment by* Æolus, *of whom he received a fair Wind for the present, and all the rest of the winds tied in a Bag; which his men untying, flew out, and carried him back to* Æolus, *who refused to receive him.*

LIB. XI.

His Adventure at Lestrigonia *with* Antiphates, *where of twelve ships he lost eleven, men and all. How he went thence to the Isle* Ææa, *where half of his men were turn'd by* Circe *into Swine; and how he went himself with the other half, and by the help of* Mercury *recovered them, and stayed with* Circe *a year.*

LIB. XII.

Ulysses *his descent into Hell, and discourses with the Ghosts of the deceased Heroes. His passage by the* Sirens, *and by* Scylla *and* Charibdis. *The Sacriledge committed by his men in the Isle* Thrinacia. *The destruction of his ship & men. How he swam on a plank nine days together, and came to* Ogygia, *where he stayed seven years with* Calypso.

LIB. XIII.

Ulysses *sleeping is set ashore at* Ithaca *by the* Phæacians, *and waking knows it not.* Pallas *in form of a Shepherd helps to hide his Treasure. The ship that conveyed him is turn'd into a Rock; and* Ulysses *by* Pallas *is instructed what to do, and transformed into an old Beggar-man.*

LIB. XIV.

Ulysses *in form of a Beggar goes to* Eumæus *the Master*

of

of his Swine, where he is well used, and tells a feigned story, and informs himself of the behaviour of the Wooers.

LIB. XV.

Pallas *sends home* Telemachus *from* Lacedæmon *with the Presents given him by* Menelaus. Telemachus *landed, goes first to* Eumæus.

LIB. XVI.

Telemachus *sends* Eumæus *to the City to tell his Mother of his return. And how in the mean time* Ulysses *discovers himself to his Son.*

LIB. XVII.

Telemachus *relates to his Mother what he had heard at* Pyle *and* Sparta.

LIB. XVIII.

The fighting at Fists of Ulysses *with* Irus. *His admonition to* Amphinomus. Penelope *appears before the Wooers, and draws Presents from them.*

LIB. XIX.

Telemachus *removes the Arms out of the Hall.* Ulysses *discourseth with* Penelope. *And is known by his Nurse, but concealed. And the hunting of the Bore upon that occasion related.*

LIB. XX.

Pallas *and* Ulysses *consult of the killing of the Wooers.* Ulysses *makes himself known to* Eumæus *and* Philœtius.

LIB. XXI.

Penelope *bringeth forth her Husbands Bowe. Which the Suiters could not bend, but was bent by* Ulysses.

LIB. XXII.

The killing of the Wooers.

LIB. XXIII.

Ulysses *maketh himself known to* Penelope, *tells her his Adventures briefly, and in the morning goes to* Laertes, *and makes himself known to him.*

LIB. XXIV.

The Ithacesians *bury the Wooers, and sitting in Council resolve on revenge. And coming near the house of* Laertes, *are met by* Ulysses, *and* Laertes *with* Telemachus *and Servants, the whole number twelve, and overcome, and submit.*

FINIS.

ERRATA.

EPiſt. page 4. line 20. for *of Poet*, r. of the Poet. Lib. 1. page 11. l. 7. for *mean*, r. men. p. 13. l. for *Father*, r. Fathers. p. 14. l. 1. between *to* and *Ulyſſes*, put in *Troy*. p. 17. l. 35. for *you*, r. he. p. 19. l. 7. for *as*, r. and. p. 20. l. 35. put out *yet*. p. 60 l. 1. for *he* r. ſhe. l. 11. put o it *you*. p. 65. l. 15. for *cry*, r. try. p. 76. l. 9. after *air*, put in *had*. p. 110. l. 1. for *at*, r. art. p. 144. l. 5. for *night* r. wight. p. 148. l. 27. between *have* and *dangers*, put in *many*. p 182. l. 30. for *Orſlochus*, r. Orſilochus. p. 184. l. 31. for *and*, r. am. p. 185. l. 8. for *Tho*, r. Thoæ. p. 221. l. 20. for *riſe*, r. roſe. p. 225. l. 21. for *ſee*, r. ſee.